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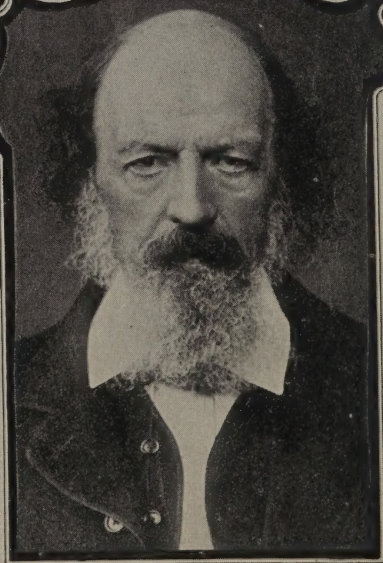
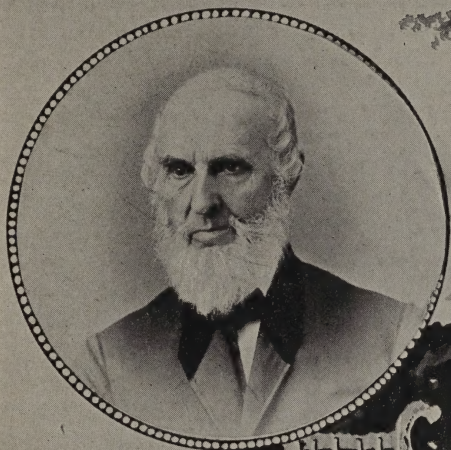
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THE ARENA.

No. XXXVII.

DECEMBER, 1892.

WHITTIER AND TENNYSON.

BY WILLIAM J. FOWLER.

WITHIN a few weeks two great poets have passed from the ranks of the living to the life beyond. Each in widely different ways voiced, as poets may, the hopes, doubts, fears, or ultimate trust and faith of nineteenth-century thought. Born within two years of each other and dying within a month, there seems enough relation between the American John G. Whittier and the Englishman Alfred Tennyson to warrant some thoughts on the resemblances and still more important differences in their characters and their work.

Whittier was the older. Born in 1807 when there was no American literature worthy the name, it was a rare good providence that early put into his hands the homely melodies of Robert Burns. Turning his disadvantages to his gain, as many a man born in poverty has done, young Whittier early mastered a homely, rugged style. He had much of the fire of the later Hebrew prophets, whose thought pervaded his writings, as it was the fountain where he first drew his strength. The English poet was a scholar. He had more of the sense of melody that may be thought essential in a poet. Yet it seems sometimes as if Tennyson's advantage in this had been turned to loss, and that his fancy was the slave, not the master, of the melody he loved to make. Much of his poetry seems the play of a *dilettante*. Even the lightest touch of Whittier's fancy bears the earnest purpose of a master-workman. All of Whittier's work is characterized by intense earnestness, and this atones, in the eyes of the

masses, for defects which critics note. His verses are alive. We do not expect the faultless, smooth immobility in living man or woman, that is the especial merit marble statues may attain. The apparent lack of earnestness in much that Tennyson wrote, detracts from its value in the estimation of a people where "art for use" counts for more than "art for art's sake."

Tennyson's genius, like that of most English poets at the beginning of this century, was inspired by Byron. He was an admirer of the great lyric poet, whose personality impressed all it touched, and whose genius winged his words wherever the English language was spoken. Tennyson has told how profoundly the death of Byron affected him. It occurred before he was twenty years old, at a time of life when genius is most susceptible. When he learned of Byron's death, he wrote: "Byron is dead! I thought the whole world was at an end! I thought everything was done and finished for every one! that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone and carved 'Byron is dead!' in the sandstone."

No one can fail to see traces of the Byronic fashion of morbid thought in this remarkable incident. To Tennyson's impressible nature the memory of Byron was a spell never afterwards wholly thrown off.

The death of Arthur Hallam occurred in 1833. He was a college mate of the poet, and was engaged to be married to Tennyson's sister. He was two years younger than the poet. How profoundly this death affected Tennyson may be guessed from the fact that it sent him for seventeen years into comparative seclusion, and affected the entire current of his after life. "In Memoriam," embalming Arthur Hallam's memory, was completed in 1849 and published a year later. Of necessity this poem is morbid, the product of a mind partly unbalanced by sorrow, and expressing this sorrow to the world as no writer had ever done before. It is the rule of originality that a writer must put something of himself in his work; but Tennyson turned himself spiritually inside out, so that people witness the contortions of his mind much as the accident to Alexis St. Martin a generation ago exposed his digestive organs and enabled curious doctors to note the hidden processes of digestion. It was a sight fit only for doctors to see. In Tennyson's case, too, there was much

doubt at the last whether what was recorded was the normal process, unaffected by the exposure. The doctors generally agreed that the process of digestion was probably interfered with by exposing the digestive organs to unnatural conditions. Certainly thousands have borne as great sorrow as did Tennyson, and have come through suffering to greater strength and clearer faith than did the author of "In Memoriam."

Before the death of Arthur Hallam, Alfred Tennyson was full of the aspirations and hopes which properly mark young manhood. He was in step with the liberal progressive spirit of the early part of the nineteenth century. That death came as a pall to his hopes. He lost step with his time, and became to a certain extent morbid. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" marks his earlier radicalism. In "Locksley Hall" there are signs of a conflict between the lower and higher elements of his nature; but in the end the higher nature barely triumphs. It is the human experience of duality that is found as far back as the Zoroastrian philosophy, and whose expression has always been a favorite subject with the poets. Whittier's great poem, "The Voices," is based on the idea of duality. It is superior to "Locksley Hall," nor is it hard to distinguish in what this superiority lies. The young English poet recounts his temptation under a rejected love to put behind him the ennobling refinements of civilization, and in barbarism lead a life of sensual pleasure. This has been the temptation of millions when purer love was not for them. Though he put the temptation behind him with the scornful line —

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,
he has himself told us why: —

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

Whittier's was a nobler temptation. It was rather from ambition appealing to the higher part of his nature than sensualism appealing to the lower. And "the voice" that Whittier heard was not an airy vision that must seem only half real either to himself or others. It was the awful voice of God through his conscience, calling him to his work, which, when once heard can never be forgotten. So while Tennyson could become a *dilettante*, this was impossible to our greater American poet, with his call to sacrifice

his life for human good. It is not irreverent to say that Whittier's conscience is the same voice that eighteen hundred years ago replied to like temptation with the scornful words, "Get thee behind me, Satan." It was in each case the voice of Love indignantly refusing to accept worldly honors to the sacrifice of the poor and lost, and choosing rather to be the sacrifice for their salvation. Contrast anything in "Locksley Hall" with this voice of God as heard by the poet Whittier in spurning his great temptation:—

Thy task may well seem over-hard,
Who scatterest in a thankless soil
Thy life as seed, with no reward
Save that which Duty gives to Toil.

Not wholly is thy heart resigned
To Heaven's benign and just decree,
Which, linking thee with all thy kind,
Transmits their joys and griefs to thee.

* * * *

The meal unshared is food unblest;
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend;
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

What is it, that the crowd requite
Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?
And but to faith, and not to sight,
The walls of Freedom's temple rise?

Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And, if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won:
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

Whittier, in common with the early anti-slavery agitators, thus giving his life for the poorest of God's children found the promise true. The life lost for love's sake was returned in more abundant measure than he could have dreamed when driven from the city by a Concord mob of its most respected and wealthy residents in 1835. Tennyson by his long searching had not found out God. He could only reach to—

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
"Defects of doubt and taints of blood."

And again —

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Against this cry, almost of despair, rings the strong, clear
voice of Whittier in the "Eternal Goodness" —

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.
Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

Well may men say of Whittier, "Whence had this man such faith." It is Job's faith over again. "Though he slay me yet will I trust him," and Whittier's faith, like Job's, came from a life stripped of all save God. Whittier's career shows how surely spiritual strength grows as does that of the physical system by use and exercise. Early in life he took upon himself the burdens of an oppressed race, and as life advanced his sympathies broadened until his heart went out to the struggling poor and the downtrodden of every land and clime. Tennyson vainly sought perfect comfort for his personal bereavement. Whittier found happiness under far heavier burdens. Over and over again he has spoken of his life as one of great happiness. Well it might be, filled with God's peace even when all men were against him. He might say with Paul, "At my first answer no man stood with me; but all forsook me and fled." Yet he could also add as did Paul, "Howbeit the Lord was with me and strengthened me." One of Mr. Whittier's most touching personal reminiscences is his hymn for the celebration of emancipation at Newburyport in 1865.

Not unto us, who did but seek
The word that burned within to speak,
Not unto us this day belong
The triumph and exultant song.

Upon us fell in early youth
 The burden of unwelcome truth,
 And left us weak, and frail, and few,
 The censor's painful work to do.
 Thenceforth our life a fight became.
 The air we breathed was hot with blame;
 For not with gauged and softened tone
 We made the bondman's cause our own.
 We bore, as Freedom's hope forlorn,
 The private hate, the public scorn;
 Yet held through all the paths we trod
 Our love for man and trust in God.

The hymn closes thus:—

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
 Has mined and heaved the hostile towers;
 Not by our hands is turned the key
 That sets the sighing captives free.

A redder sea than Egypt's wave
 Is piled and parted for the slave;
 A darker cloud moves on in light;
 A fiercer fire is guide by night!

The praise, O Lord! is Thine alone.
 In Thy own way Thy work is done!
 Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
 To whom be glory, first and last!

It was because Whittier loved all men that he had this strong faith in the final dominance of love. Whoever sees this, not merely sees God, but has the strength that only God can give. There is no need in Whittier's case to indulge idle fancies that his life had suffered personal bereavement out of which had grown his faith. Such fruit could not be produced except by that broad sympathy which included all mankind, and that could make the bold appeal as did the Apostle Paul, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?"

Tennyson is not to be judged by contrast with Whittier, but by the adverse conditions of his age and time. No man can hope to escape these conditions save as he early grasps the arm of the Almighty love that it would be blasphemy for human thought to think of conditioning. Contrasted with what preceded him, Tennyson's weaker faith seems bold and daring. It may even have been helpful to Whittier in reaching his own loftier flights. We cannot forego

our gratitude to Tennyson for the measure of religious truth he taught mankind in his song.

Politically Tennyson contrasts more poorly with Whittier than he does in his faith. Tennyson lost step with the forward march of mankind. Like Moses from Pisgah, he saw the future in vision, but did not enter the promised land. The promised future is not so far advanced in England as it is here. Whittier lived in the enchanted grounds of Bunyan's pilgrim in his latter years, but he knew that yet greater glories were coming. Tennyson wrote in early manhood these lines to Lady Clara Vere de Vere:—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

And then in his old age he was pleased to be made Lord Tennyson, and sit and vote among the hereditary rulers of Great Britain. He wrote in "Locksley Hall" of the Coming Federation of the World, and lived to become the implacable enemy of Home Rule for Ireland and an opponent of what is yet to be the Federation of Great Britain, and ultimately may hope to become a part of the Federation of all English-speaking peoples.

All this was, in Tennyson's case, the fearful cost of centering his thought about his personal bereavement. It gave us "In Memoriam," truly the pearl of monodies, but like a pearl a product of morbid conditions. An oyster's existence may well be sacrificed to produce a pearl. Though the pearl that Tennyson has given the world is far more valuable, it is a pity that a human life should be marred to make it.

The world will never outgrow Whittier's thought, because it is based on pure love for mankind. The world never can outgrow that. Other things may fail, but love is from God; love is God, and God endureth forever. But England has already outgrown so much that Tennyson in his later years lived for, that it is generally believed there will be no successor to his post as poet laureate. His lines are, and always will be, valuable as expressing in beautiful and melodious language ideas that the world has outgrown, or is outgrowing, but he will hardly be a teacher of future thought. His eyes turned not to the golden future that Whittier's clear-eyed faith saw. He rather faced the gilded past. As

evidence of Whittier's forecast of the coming good, there is nothing finer in any poet than his hymn "My Triumph." These verses men and women may sing a thousand years hence:—

Hail to the coming singers :
Hail to the brave light-bringers :
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me ;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples.
Sound, trumpets far-off blown ;
Your triumph is my own !

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

The lesson of these contrasted lives is that there is no consolation for sorrowing hearts like work, especially as the poet Whittier found it in work that helps mankind. It is not alone that work absorbs the faculties and prevents brooding over past sorrows ; a thrill of keenest exultation rightly belongs to all who, in even the humblest capacity, are doing what they may to fulfil the round of human duties, make the earth warmer and sweeter, and human lives everywhere better worth living. Such men and women, wherever they be, are co-workers with God, and, workers with God, come in time to share the divine strength and with it the belief in the ultimate extinction of evil or its transmutation into good.

Mrs. Stowe in "Dred," a tale of the Great Dismal Swamp, written before the war, tells a beautiful and true story of Milly, an old colored woman who had escaped after serving years in bondage and after all her children had been sold from her. She worked hard in her old age, spending her money to bring up and send into the world, with all the advantages she could give, as many colored children as she

could secure. "You see," said she, "dis yer's de way I took to get my heart whole. I found it was getting so sore for my chil'en I'd had took from me, 'pears like the older I grow'd the more I thought about 'em; but long's I keeps doing for chil'en it kinder eases it. I calls 'em all mine; so I's got a good many chil'en now."

This poor colored woman had found the secret of happiness so long as sin and sorrow exist in the world. It consists in labor to help men to better, higher lives. In this effort God and all good angels are engaged. Who, then, can prevent its final success? Who, too, shall dare doubt the happiness and success of lives thus engaged in co-working with God, the Almighty love?

But Tennyson also, though in lesser degree, in earlier life grasped this thought. Perhaps a hundred years hence the two lines of "Locksley Hall" that will be most widely quoted will be these:—

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might,
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

So, then, love overcoming self was the earlier Tennyson's ideal. Alas! how few of us realize or even recognize in later life the ideals of youth. He who would do so must subordinate self and strive for that which will enoble and uplift others. Byron learned this truth; he sacrificed self to establish Grecian liberty, and died a martyr to freedom, redeeming in that sacrifice much of the evil that his verse had done. All mothers know this happy secret. It helps to sustain them in the dark hours that come to all. Revery is not sacrifice. Introspection, if carried to extremes, is morbid and injurious. But in working for human welfare the highest energies of the soul may be employed without waste or loss of power. No rust can corrode a life based on love for one's fellow-men, practically exemplified in work to better their condition.

The most remarkable modern religious movement is the insistence on subordinating dogmatic faith to the practical faith that works by love in efforts to benefit humanity.

Human progress thus far has been largely made through overcoming evil. Had there been no holding of men and women as chattels under the slavery system that a generation ago prevailed, such a mission as Whittier's would have

been impossible. Sweet singers will come after him, but none can ever take his place. The advance of humanity in the past half century is an earnest of greater things to come. As Whittier wrote in one of his most prophetic strains:—

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;—

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

The faith, hope, and in fact the future humanity will doubtless be greater every way than men of the present day can realize, even as they are now greater than in the past. But every advance that future witnesses will owe much to these poets and prophets of the nineteenth century. The later years of Mr. Whittier were filled with the happy consciousness of this future of mankind to which he had contributed all that was possible for one life to give. In his earlier years his tone was belligerent, even almost to defiance. He had his message to deliver, his work to do, for the poor and oppressed. Yet even then his belligerency was based on love. It was like the fierce defiance of the lioness guarding her young, or, rather, like a mother battling for her children; for over all the oppressed Whittier's love seemed like that of a woman for her child.

But when the chain was broken and the oppressed were freed, he who so long had been their champion was given the sweet rest and peace that the voice of God bespoke for him at the close of his poem "The Voices":—

Hast thou not, on some week of storm
Seen the sweet Sabbath breaking fair,
And cloud and shadow, sunlit, form
The curtains of thy tent of prayer?

So, haply, when thy task shall end,
The wrong shall lose itself in right,
And all thy week-day darkness blend
With the long Sabbath of delight.

Into this Sabbath of delight both Whittier and Tennyson have entered; for the ideal of Tennyson, also, was the Almighty love that

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

The difference was that while Tennyson sung as an ideal the elimination of self, Whittier realized it in his work; and as to do is more than to sing, Whittier's was the nobler life. Yet, doubtless, the American worker owed much to the English singer. How large a part of the modern spirit of self-sacrifice is owed to this line from "Locksley Hall" only the future will reveal. It has been the inspiration to millions of men and women, and of uncounted noble deeds.

It is most curious to note the boyish shyness and disrelish of praise for himself that came to Mr. Whittier in the closing years of his life. It is ever thus. A great work to do, a great message to deliver, makes men bold. But after the work is done and the message delivered, the soul by that fact rises to new heights and sees vaster vistas of God's work in the world. He must needs become as a child again, and say, "These things are too wonderful for me," as he takes refuge in the infinite love that we have been taught to call "Our Father."

There is in the line from "Locksley Hall" about love striking out the chord of Self a subtle suggestiveness that haunts men's minds until the riddle be solved. Does not the passing away, so nearly together, of these two great poets, one the sweetest singer of his time, the other a worker of a great poem in his life, as in his words, suggest what the answer must be? Both have gone beyond mortal vision. But they have gone to the land where the clear-eyed vision with which our Bible closes saw innumerable hosts singing songs of praise. Is it wrong for those who loved Whittier and Tennyson to think of them as not idle in their new home, already, mayhap, engaged in the old familiar work, but now writing new songs for angelic choirs, to be set to more melodious music than has ever been heard by mortal ears?

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKESPEARE.

BY REV. A. NICHOLSON, LL. D.,
INCUMBENT OF ST. ALBANS, LEAMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

THIS case, as stated in the brief, is an action brought by a claimant. It is not pretended that Francis Bacon made any claim to Shakespeare's plays, but by a fiction or figure borrowed from lawsuits, Bacon is taken to be claimant.

I premise: William Shakespeare in the last decade of Elizabeth was known to fame. "He had now," says Judge Holmes, "acquired a brilliant reputation." His genius was recognized on all sides by contemporary authors, scholars, fellow-dramatists, fellow-actors, some of these his rivals and bitter enemies; for three centuries the Warwickshire poet has held the first place in English literature.

Such is the title of Shakespeare to the property, and he cannot be lightly ousted from possession. The *onus* lies upon the claimants; it is for them to invalidate the title of the possessor and to make good their own — and this, not by mere inuendoes and conjectures, but by evidence and matter of fact.

It would not be possible for me, within the prescribed limits, to cover the whole ground taken by the brief. I confine myself here to the evidences, such as they are, adduced by the claimants for Bacon. If these evidences be worthless, as I hope to show, the claimant has no case.

SECTIONS 1, 2, and 3. — Several points in the evidence at the outset may be readily disposed of: first, the intellect and learning of Bacon; second, the learning and eminence of his family are points not disputed; third, the suggestion that if he wrote for the stage he might possibly, or probably, have concealed his authorship from motives of interest or ambition — this is matter of opinion and conjecture; when it is proved by evidence that Bacon wrote the plays, it will be time enough to imagine motives for concealment.

SECTION 4.—The first document put in for the claimant is an undated letter with postscript, addressed to Bacon by Sir Toby Matthew while abroad. The brief states that this letter was written subsequently to Jan. 27, 1621. We may take that as proved. Even subsequently to March 28, 1623, Bacon, in a Latin letter to Count Gondomar, announces the departure of Matthew for Spain; and on the 29th of May, in the same year, the Duke of Buckingham, writing from Madrid to Bacon, says, "Tobie Matthew is here." Matthew writes from Madrid to Bacon, in reply to a letter from the latter, "I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th of April," simply acknowledging the favor of Lord St. Albans' letter. The brief, however, will have it that the "token" was nothing else than the folio of 1623. But that was impossible; the date of the "token" was the 9th of April, and the date of the folio was the 8th of the following November.—*Halliwell Phillipps*, "*Outlines*," Vol. I., p. 65.

The reference to the folio being out of the question, I come to the postscript, which is as follows:—

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation and of this side of the sea is of your lordship's name, though he be known by another."

Wit, in the idiom of the time, stood in general for intellect. Bacon was in the habit of presenting copies of his philosophical works to Matthew, and, in another letter addressed to the same correspondent while in Spain, he speaks of his great works, the "Advancement of Learning," the history of Henry VII., and the Essays. His chief labor then was, as he states, to revise these works and get them translated into Latin from English, in order to preserve them to posterity, "for these modern languages will at some time or other play the bankrupt with books." In the postscript quoted, I contend there is no reference to any other than the philosophical works of Bacon. There is no mystery in Sir Toby Matthew's compliment; he means, "Of all philosophers, English or continental, however highly any other name may be thought of, I, for my part, put first the name of Francis Bacon." If the statement be not thus general, the reference is without doubt to Galileo. (See Matthew's letters of 25th of April, 1616, and 14th of April, 1619.)

SECTIONS 5 and 6.— These two heads may be taken together. In the case of great contemporary writers, marked by depth of thought, knowledge of the world and man, a wide range of subjects, and a mastery of language, we may, by the help of a copious index for the one and a concordance for the other, multiply parallelisms.

There is no concordance to Robert Greene, yet with a little industry we may collect parallelisms between Greene and the *Promus*; e.g., Mrs. Pott compares *Promus*, 477, "All is not gold that glisters," with the "Merchant of Venice," "All that glisters is not gold"; Greene (*Metamorphosis*) has it, "All is not gold that glisters." We have in the *Promus*, 945, "I will hang the bell about the cattles neck"; for this Mrs. Pott finds no parallel in the plays. We have in Greene (*Metamorph.*) "Tush, cannot the cat catch mice, but she must have a bell hanged at her ear?" Mrs. Pott's parallels to the *Promus* are for the most part vague, and, worse than this, she often misses Bacon's point.

One of the commonplaces of the commentators is to search out parallel passages in all classic writers. We can find such between Job and Homer, between Seneca's plays and David's Psalms (Compare Psalm lv., 4 *seqq.*, with Seneca's *Octavia*, 318 *seqq.*). This topic was long ago anticipated by Dr. Samuel Johnson, a critic without a rival in universal knowledge of English literature. He says (Preface to Shakespeare, p. 36): "Some have imagined deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from works translated in his (Shakespeare's) time; or were such easy coincidences of thought as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences. I have found it remarked that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I, pre sequar*. I have been told that when Caliban says, *I cryed to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion. There are a few passages which may pass for imitation, but so few that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations or by oral communication, and, as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it."

SECTION 7.—The brief says, “Bacon’s love of flowers perfumed his whole life.” The argument here is, Bacon speaks much of flowers, and the author of the plays speaks much of flowers. Therefore, etc. But the author of the plays was a poet, and all poets speak of flowers; and Bacon was a naturalist, and naturalists speak of flowers. Horace and Virgil, as poets, write of flowers, and Pliny, the naturalist, writes of flowers. Moreover, the phenomena of flowers and trees are so full of beauty that the mere statement of the facts is poetry. Take as an instance a chapter from Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, lib., xvi., 40. The prose of the philosopher is an Horation ode without metre.

SECTION 8.—The items of the Northumberland House box are straws grasped at in the lack of evidence. From the loose and misleading statement in the brief, it might be supposed that we have here the handwriting of Bacon. No such thing. The facts are these. Some years ago an old box was found in Northumberland House, in the Strand, in which lay, amongst other things, a rough MS. book, partly injured by fire, having a paper cover inscribed with a list of contents. Supposing this outside page or cover divided vertically, the left-hand side originally formed a margin. On the right, is the list of contents, thus:—

MR. FRAUNCIS BACON
 OF TRIBUTE OR GIVING WHAT IS DUE
 THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST VIRTUE
 THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST AFFECTION
 THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST POWER
 THE PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST PERSON
 . . . PHILLIP AGAINST MOUNSIEUR
 PA REVEALED
 EARLE OF ARUNDELL’S LETTER TO THE QUEEN
 SPEECHES FOR MY LORD OF ESSEX AT THE TILT
 A SPEECH FOR MY LORD OF SUSSEX TILT
 LEICESTER’S COMMONWEALTH. INCERTO AUTH [ORE]
 ORATIONS AT GRAIE’S INN REVELLS
 QUEENE’S MATS
 BY MR. FRAUNCIS BACON
 ESSAIES BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

Then occurs a space after which:—

RICHARD THE SECOND
 RICHARD THE THIRD
 ASMUND AND CORNELIA
 ILE OF DOGS FR
 BY THOMAS NASHE . . . INFERIOR PLAYERS.

In the space above noticed is scribbled *William Shakespeare*. Over the whole page, left and right, there are various scribblings: "Mr. Frauncis Bacon," two or three times, "Asmund and Cornelia," and "William Shakespeare," seven or eight times more, with other words, verses, and phrases, Latin and English, and single letters, as though the writer were idly using or trying his pen. No one pretends that a single word in the whole is in the handwriting of Bacon. Some of the pieces entered in the contents are not found in the volume, and some of the pieces extant in the volume are not in the "contents." Amongst the missing pieces are the two Shakespeare plays, "Nashe's Isle of Dogs" and "Asmund and Cornelia." Judge Holmes suggests that the Shakespeare plays were purposely destroyed by Bacon; but this notion is untenable, for (i.) several other pieces are missing from the volume; (ii.) the titles of the two plays are left in the "contents"; (iii.) the name "William Shakespeare" is left written eight or nine times on the page. The writers of this MS. had obviously no secret to keep.

Mr. Spedding, who has no theory to serve in this case, says:—

"We may conclude, therefore, that it was about 1597 that playgoers and readers of plays began to talk about him (Shakespeare), and that his name would naturally present itself to an idle penman in want of something to use his pen upon. . . . At the present time, if the waste leaf on which a law-stationer's apprentice tries his pens were examined, I should expect to find on it the name of the poet, novelist, dramatic author, or actor of the day, mixed with snatches of the last new song, and scribblings of 'My dear Sir,' 'Yours sincerely,' and 'This indenture witnesseth.' And this is exactly the sort of thing which we have here. I think I am in a condition to assert that there is no trace of Bacon's own penmanship in any part of the volume."

SECTION 9, "Concealed poets."—Bacon writes to Davies with the request to mention him favorably to the king, and hoping that he (Davies) would be "good to concealed poets." The thing "concealed," therefore, in virtue of which he classed himself with poets, was known to Davies. But it cannot be pretended that Davies knew the mystery that was to be buried in the grave: that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. Therefore, it follows there can be no reference to the plays in the phrase in the letter. Bacon, in his *Apology*, says, "I am no poet." That he occasionally

wrote verses and speeches for his friends, however, was well known within his circle. Hence, writing to a poet and claiming his kind offices, he pleasantly adds, be "good to concealed poets."

SECTION 10.—It is urged that Stratford and the Avon are not mentioned, while St. Albans, York Place, and the county of Kent are frequently introduced. But the latter names occur as part and parcel of the history dramatized. The same is true of St. Albans. That town was one of the ordinary stages on the road to the north. Robert Fabyan (obit 1512), giving an account of the four great highways of England, says of the second that "it begins in Dover, and passeth by the middle of Kent, over Thames beside London, by Westminster, and so forth, by Seyret Albany's" (New Chronicle, *Capitulum*, 30). Holinshed gives the great roads as well in his own as in ancient times. In his tables St. Albans appears as one of the principal stages on the main road to the north. (See Holinshed, Book III., chap. xvi., "Of our Innes and Thorowfares.")

On the other hand, we have in the plays clear indications of intimate knowledge of localities and names in the neighborhood of Stratford and the Avon, and these not introduced as matters of course. For instance, we have the Forest of Arden, Barton-heath, Wincot; also several family names of Stratford and its vicinity, as Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew," and Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot. It has been ascertained from local registers that "Hackets" lived in the last-mentioned place.

Mr. Halliwell Phillips remarks on the "Taming of the Shrew":—

"Its local allusions might induce an opinion that it was composed with a view to a contemplated representation before a provincial audience. That delicious episode, the Induction, presents us with a fragment of the rural life with which Shakespeare himself must have been familiar in his native county. . . . Wincot is a secluded hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon, and there is an old tradition that the ale-house, frequented by Sly, was often resorted to by Shakespeare, for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belonged to a neighboring mill. Stephen Sly, one of the tinker's friends or relatives, was a known character at Stratford-on-Avon, and is several times mentioned in the records of that town. This fact, taken in conjunction with references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath, definitely proves that the scene of the Induction was intended to be in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, the water-mill tradition

leading to the belief that Little Wilmecote, the part of the hamlet nearest to the poet's native town, is the Wincot alluded to in the comedy." — *Outlines*, Vol. I., p. 233-34.

SECTION 11.—The brief argues, from the beauty and neatness of the original MSS. of the plays, as reported by the editors of the *Folio* of 1623, that these were in the handwriting of Bacon. This is impossible. If the MSS. were in the handwriting of the lord chancellor, the mystery would have exploded at once. Judge Holmes saw this when he said, "He (Bacon) must have destroyed them before his death, if this theory be true; any other supposition would seem to be wholly inadmissible." — *Holmes*, Vol. I., p. 75.

SECTION 12.—It is next contended that Bacon was in want of money and employment during portions of his life which coincide with dates of the publication of the plays, and that, therefore, Bacon wrote the plays. But poverty is no evidence, and the period of the plays from 1597 happens to have been the busiest time of Bacon's life. He was engaged in practice at the bar and in great affairs of state. It is lightly assumed that his philosophical works were despatched offhand about the time of publication. But he must have been storing his mind for years with resources, having taken, as he says, "all knowledge for his province." It is known from his papers and notes what laborious and systematic preparations he made for his great works. His friend and biographer, Dr. Rawley, shows what little leisure Bacon had from law, public affairs, and philosophy. It is suggested that his mother, Lady Bacon, thought that he was engaged in some mysteriously secret work, when she wrote to Anthony, May 24, 1592:—

"I verily think your brother's weak stomach to digest hath been much caused and confirmed by untimely going to bed, and then musing *nescio quid* when he should sleep."

The note translates, "I know not what." But *nescio quid* simply means "something or other," and Lady Bacon was too good a scholar to blunder in the use of a common idiom. Certainly Lady Bacon had no love for plays, but barristers and players at the time were much together; and her sons, like the rest, had to do with masques. She writes to Anthony 30th of June, 1595:—

"Alas what excess of bucks at Gray's Inn, and to feast it so on

the Sabbath! God forgive and have mercy upon England." — *Spedding's Bacon*, Vol. VIII., p. 364, note.

SECTION 13. — Under this head there is no semblance of argument in the brief. Sir Toby Matthew does not affect the case. He wrote letters to Bacon about philosophers and politicians: about Galileo, Copernicus, the Duke of Buckingham, Count Gondomar, but never once about dramatists, not a word about plays or players. As to Ben Jonson — if Jonson was Bacon's private secretary, he was also Shakespeare's friend. In his conversations with Drummond, he says: "I loved the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any." In the folio of 1623 appears his long and celebrated panegyric of the "Sweet Swan of Avon"; under Shakespeare's portrait in the same volume, he records his admiration of the poet in the well-known verses to the "reader." We are now asked to believe that in these lines we have an "exquisite satire"; that Ben Jonson means to post a lampoon under the frontispiece. This is truly exquisite nonsense.

SECTION 14, "Mine own tales." — The argument here is a direct contradiction to the basis of the claimant's case. We are told at the outset, Bacon's authorship was a secret to be buried with him. But here we are informed that this profound secret was public property. It was known, it seems, not only to Toby Matthew, John Davies, Ben Jonson, and others, but to a whole bench of judges and privy councillors, and that even the general public were no strangers to the fact; that is to say, the proof of Bacon's secret authorship of the plays is that at the very time his secret authorship was a notorious fact. Great stress is laid in this case upon the phrase, "*mine own tales*."

We know that when Bacon was chosen to take a particular part in the prosecution of Essex for treason, he protested as follows: —

"Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charges, being matters of Ireland, and thereupon that I, having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales."

"Mine own tales" is here taken to mean "my own stage plays," with particular reference to the play of "Richard II.;"

and the argument in the brief, as I understand it, is this: that Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and of "Richard II." in particular was known to, or suspected by, the lords commissioners; and that, outside the court, the authorship of those plays and of "Richard II." in particular by Bacon was, if not a matter of public knowledge, at least a matter of common rumor or belief.

A mere statement of the position in the brief is in itself a sufficient refutation. I proceed, however, to deal with the matter in detail. The first point is to ascertain the meaning and reference of Bacon's words *bruits* and *tales* in the passage quoted.

In December, 1599, there was strong popular feeling against Bacon. The people, however unjustly, attributed to his influence the severity of the queen towards the popular favorite Essex. In a letter to the queen at the time (See *Spedding*, Vol. IX.), Bacon says, "My life hath been threatened, and my name libelled." In a letter, at the same juncture, to Lord Henry Howard, in reference to the same misrepresentation of his conduct towards Essex, he says, "I am sure these courses and *bruits* have hurt my lord [Essex] more than all." In the course of the letter he describes those same *bruits* as "this fable" and "this tale" (*Spedding*, *ibid.*). Further, in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, referring to the same public slanders, Bacon describes them as "this report" and also as "libels and lies." "Tales" never means stage plays, but narrations, and if false, slanders, libels, and lies. In the latter sense Bacon uses the term in the passage quoted above. Clearly, in all the places I have cited, *bruits*, tale, fable, report, lies, and libels are used by Bacon to designate one and the same thing; viz., the calumnious rumor by which he was wronged, as though he had unworthily influenced the queen against his friend and patron, Essex. "Tales," then, in his use of the word is equivalent to fables, fabrications, lies, and libels; and the phrase, "*mine own tales*," means "fabrications, fables, lies, and libels of my own."

We have now to deal with the statement in the brief, that Essex was charged with connivance with the play actors in producing the play (Shakespeare's) of "Richard II." To this statement I must give a flat denial. It will be necessary here to lay before the jury a careful statement of the facts.

We have before us three distinct documents in the case: first, Dr. Hayward's pamphlet; second, a lost play called "Richard II.," represented by order of Sir Gilly Merick; the third, the extant play of "Richard II." by Shakespeare.

(i.) Dr. Hayward's performance was no play. It is always called a book or a pamphlet, and that by Bacon himself. Its subject was the first year of Henry IV. or the end of Richard II. It was considered a seditious and dangerous publication, and the author was imprisoned. It appears that the Earl of Essex had unwisely patronized this book, but soon afterwards he withdrew all countenance from it. The queen was both alarmed and incensed. She suspected the real author, it would seem, to be Essex himself. Bacon says (*Apology*):—

"About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my lord's (Essex) cause, which, though it grew from me, went after about in others' names. For Her Majesty, being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry IV., thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's head boldness and faction, said she had an opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered, "For treason surely I found none, but for felony very many." And when Her Majesty hastily asked me, 'Wherein'? I told her the author had committed very apparent theft; for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus and translated them into English and put them into his text. And another time, when the queen would not be persuaded that it was *his* writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author (obviously meaning Essex), and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied: 'Nay, madam, he is a doctor; never rack his person, but rack his style.'"

In his *Apophthegms* (xxii.) Bacon repeats much of this:—

"The book for deposing King Richard the Second and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth, and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, whether, etc."

We have, therefore, sufficiently identified the first document.

(ii.) The play called "Richard II." ordered by Sir Gilly Merick to be acted. Some time had passed since the affair of Dr. Hayward; and on the afternoon before the "rebellion" of Essex, Sir Gilly Merick and other friends of the

earl requested the actors to perform for them the play of the deposing of Richard II. The following is quoted from a "Declaration," which, it is abundantly certain, was the work of Bacon:—

"That the afternoon before the rebellion Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action (i. e., in the Essex affair) had procured to be played before them the play of Deposing King Richard the Second, and not so only, but when it was told him by one of the players that the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it, there were forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was. So earnest he was (Merick) to satisfy his eyes with the sight of that tragedy, which he thought soon after his lord (i. e. Essex) should bring from the stage to the state, but that God turned it upon their own heads."

It appears, then, that this tragedy of deposing Richard II., brought out again by Sir Gilly Merick, was an old play which had been discarded by the actors. Malone says, "Unquestionably this old play, like many others, was never printed, and I fear has long since perished. If it could be recovered, it would be a great curiosity."

(iii.) Shakespeare's play of "Richard II." This cannot be confounded with Dr. Hayward's book, nor with the tragedy called for by Sir Gilly Merick. As distinguished from the latter, Shakespeare's was not an old but a new play, dating no farther back than 1597, and printed and published for the first time with the author's name in 1598. Moreover, Shakespeare's play was so far from being considered "seditious and dangerous," that it was performed under the express sanction of the lord chamberlain.

In connection with these matters, we now come to the preparations for the Essex trial. Bacon, naturally, was reluctant to take any part as counsel for the crown against his friend and patron, Essex. The queen, however, insisted on his doing so. It was necessary, then, to arrange the parts for the several counsel in the case. The commissioners for the trial had more than one preliminary meeting for the purpose. Of the proceedings at their final meeting, Bacon relates in his *Apology*:—

"Hereupon, the next that I heard was that we were all sent for again, and that Her Majesty's pleasure was we all should have parts in the business; and the lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my lord (Essex) in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which

was the book before mentioned of King Henry IV. (i.e., Dr. Hayward's book). Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their lordships that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland; and, therefore, that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more, and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales."

Bacon's personal objection, however, was overruled, and he adds "*volens nolens* I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me."

How, then, did Bacon discharge his part, and what course did he take at the trial?

I quote from *Morrison's Report*, "Bacon's Works," by Basil Montagu, Vol. XVI., note 4:—

"The second point of Master Bacon's accusation was that a certain dangerous seditious pamphlet was of late put forth into print, concerning the first year of the reign of Henry IV., but, indeed, the end of Richard the Second; and who thought fit to be patron of that book but my lord of Essex, who, after the book had been out a week, wrote a cold, formal letter to my lord of Canterbury to call it in again, knowing belike that forbidden things are most readily sought after; this was the effect of his speech."

It is certain, then, that this point of the charge brought at the trial against Essex by Bacon had no reference whatsoever to plays, but simply and solely to the book or pamphlet of Dr. Hayward, described as "seditious and dangerous," to which Essex for the time had lent open countenance and patronage.

We are now in a position to give the true interpretation of those words of Bacon which the brief has altogether misunderstood and distorted. Bacon pleads to be excused from bringing this charge about Dr. Hayward's book on the grounds, not only that it was a bygone affair, and one that had nothing to do with the Irish business, but, also, personally on his own account. He had been already publicly wronged by bruits or slanders, as though he had influenced the queen against Essex; he now feared that he should be wronged by like bruits again, and be charged with foisting into this case, as evidence, the Hayward matters, which had nothing to do with the truth of the case before the commission, and which, therefore, would be popularly looked upon as "his own tales"—tales of his own, lies and libels, trumped up to damage the cause of the accused.

SECTION 15.—The next argument is as follows: In the

series of historical plays from Richard II. to Henry VIII. and the birth of Elizabeth, we have one break; namely, the period of Henry VII. This indicates the authorship of Bacon, for he had already filled that gap by his prose history of Henry VII.

But this argument proves too much and therefore nothing, for in 1604 the play of "Henry the Eighth" was printed, and afterwards in the folio of 1623; and notwithstanding that in this case "the gap was filled" by the PLAY, Bacon had in 1623 collected materials for his prose history of Henry the Eighth, and had already written the opening paragraphs of that work which, he states, it is his desire to finish if he be left to works of contemplation (See Letter to the King, November, 1622). The Shakespeare plays and Bacon's works have no relations or connection with each other.

SECTION 16, on "Troilus and Cressida" (1609).—The arguments suggested for Bacon are inferences easily answered:—

1. It is said the author was indifferent to pecuniary reward. That may be. Judge Holmes, speaking of Shakespeare at that period (1604), says, "He had now acquired a brilliant reputation and an *ample fortune*."

2. "He was not a member of the theatrical profession" (Brief). But the play was evidently written by an actor; notably, the long passage in Act i., sc. 3, beginning "And, like a strutting player."

3. "The writer was of high social rank." This cannot be inferred from a play which exposes the falsehood, meanness, and moral corruption of courts and persons of high social rank.

SECTION 17.—Here the reasoning is somewhat confused. The argument would seem to be that the publication of the plays with Shakespeare's name is no proof of his authorship, for (i.) Shakespeare was a *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of his time; and (ii.) Shakespeare was ready to adopt as his own any child of the drama laid upon his doorstep; (iii.) Greene speaks of him as a "crow beautified with our feathers."

I reply: Greene's malignant phrase is nothing to the point; it charged Shakespeare with a totally different thing; namely, that in his acknowledged plays he borrowed ornaments from others. As for the first two assertions, they are

reckless and made without a particle of evidence. Nay, we happen to know to the reverse — that, when Thomas Heywood complained that Jaggard, the publisher, carelessly inserted two epistles of his in an edition of the “*Passionate Pilgrim*,” that author added in justice to Shakespeare: —

“But as I acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that altogether unknown to him presumed to make so bold with his name.” — Heywood’s *Apology for Actors*.

SECTION 18. — In respect to the folio of 1623, the brief asks, “Who prepared it for the press?”

All the plays in the folio had been represented on the stage in Shakespeare’s lifetime, and were thus well known to the patrons of the folio, the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Montgomery. (See Dedication.) The editors were Shakespeare’s two friends, fellow-actors, long associated with his works and professional life. The editors had the original MSS., remarkable for “the beauty and neatness of the copy” (brief, p. 43).

At the time when the folio was in preparation for the press, Bacon was in no mood “to roll apples of discord down the ages” (brief, p. 53). He writes to Buckingham, “I am now full three years old in misery,” and to the king, “*Det vestra Majestas obolum Belisario*”; finally to the prince after the date of Oct. 22, 1623, perhaps on the very date of the publication of the folio, which was the 8th of November: —

“For Henry the Eighth (his prose history), to deal truly with your Highness, I did so despair of my health this summer, as I was glad to choose some such work as I might compass within days; so far was I from entering into a work of length.” — *Spedding*, Vol. VI., p. 267.)

SECTION 19. — We are now told that other mysteries cluster around this edition: —

(i.) It is easy to assert that Hemings and Condell were incompetent for the work of editors, but this is refuted by the facts I have noted under the preceding head.

(ii.) It is urged that in the dedication the editors describe the plays as trifles with “suspicious infelicity,” and then that they make use of Pliny “with consummate literary skill.” The point of the argument here, I must confess, is to me a mystery.

(iii.) If the editors are to be assumed incapable of the style of the dedication, they had the co-operation of Ben Jonson, of whom Mr. Halliwell Phillipps says:—

“Nor in our measure of gratitude for the first folio, the greatest literary treasure the world possesses, should we neglect to include a tribute to Ben Jonson. The loving interest taken by that distinguished writer in the publication is evinced, not only by his matchless eulogy of the great dramatist, but also by the charming lines in which he vouches for his friend’s likeness in the engraved portrait, which forms so conspicuous an object in the title-page.” — *Outlines*, Vol. I., p. 296.

(iv.) It is said “Ben Jonson’s contribution to the folio is clearly susceptible of a double meaning.” The desperate trifling of such a statement has been already noticed.

(v.) The brief asserts, “On the subject of Shakespeare’s *art*, Jonson’s mind was apparently in a state of hopeless confusion.”

Jonson is an unanswerable witness against the Baconians; it is not wonderful that the attempt is made to depreciate his judgment. It is easy to talk flippantly of a great dramatist, scholar, and critic—as easy as it is to call him “Rare Old Ben”; but the confusion is in the brief, not in Jonson. That, I will undertake to show.

Speaking of Shakespeare, Jonson uses the word “art” in two different senses; viz., art, as distinguished from natural talents, and art, as a particular form of art according to the Aristotelian law of the drama. In the first sense he uses the word in the eulogy in the folio:—

“Yet must I not give Nature all: thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For tho’ the poet’s matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion, and that he
Who casts a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muse’s anvil, turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet’s made, as well as born:
And such wert thou.”

The art here described is the acquired, cultured, and laborious art of poetic phraseology and versification; and art in this sense Jonson ascribes to Shakespeare in the highest degree.

In his “Conversations with Drummond” Jonson uses the

word to signify art in the particular law or form of it set forth by Aristotle in the "Poetic"; that is to say, the art of weaving the plot according to the rule of dramatic unity. This is the art which Jonson denies to Shakespeare. As examples of the justness of this criticism, we may take "Pericles" or even "Hamlet." The former has merely the epic unity, which Aristotle distinguishes from the dramatic. "Hamlet" even depends upon the unity of idiosyncrasy, or a moral unity, which is epic, not strictly dramatic from the Aristotelian standpoint. That this was Jonson's meaning will appear from another passage in those *conversations* with Drummond. He says (clviii.):—

"Horace did so highly esteem Terence's Comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins and joins him with Menander. Now let us see what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, nor wholly to condemn Plautus."

Thereupon he proceeds to say that the parts of a comedy are the same with those of tragedy, and so he expounds at some length dramatic doctrines founded upon Aristotle's "Poetic."

The judgment of Horace, cited by Jonson, occurs in the "Second Book of the Epistles," i., 59 (*Vincere . . . Terentius arte*), and is thus interpreted by Bishop Hurd *in loc*:—

"The word (*arte*) is of large and general import and may admit of various senses, but being here applied to a *dramatic* writer, it most naturally and properly denotes the peculiar art of his profession; that is, the artificial contexture of the plot."

Now it was precisely this Aristotelian art of the strict dramatic unity in the contexture of the plot which Ben Jonson denies to Shakespeare, and which Bacon as a scholar, had he written plays, would never have violated. The remark of Jonson is sufficient in itself to show that Bacon had no hand in the plays.

SECTION 20.—The next contention is that two of the plays, viz., "Henry VIII." and "Timon," bear upon them marks of the personal history of Bacon, of his reverses and fall, and, therefore, they prove his authorship of the plays. This fanciful notion is refuted by the history and dates of the plays.

"Henry VIII." was written, according to some, before the death of Elizabeth; according to Dyce and others, after the accession of James; from the registers of the Stationers'

Company Collier concludes, with tolerable certainty, that this play was written in the winter of 1603-4.

Malone, Dyce, and others place the probable date of "Timon," 1610. From the dedication in the folio, it is certain that these two plays, with the rest, had been acted in the lifetime of Shakespeare; it is therefore certain that the dates of their authorship must have been before the year 1616, when Shakespeare died.

These dates, of course, put the conjecture of the brief out of court. The period from 1603 to 1621 was that of Bacon's greatness and prosperity. It was not until the May of 1621 that he resigned the great seal and experienced his disgrace and fall.

The brief concludes this chapter with some subsidiary arguments.

The silence as to the plays of Sir Walter Raleigh and some other eminent men affects neither side of the case. As to the silence of Bacon, so far, at all events, we see that he made no claim. Had he mentioned the plays, either in praise or in criticism, the brief would have given us as good an argument as now from his silence; his praise would be natural, as of his own works; his criticism would be still more convincing as a blind, for thus it was Sir Walter Scott reviewed his own novels in the *Quarterly*.

As to the silence of some eminent men of the age, the brief adds, "Imagine the inhabitants of Lilliput paying no attention to Gulliver." This is very poor logic. The question is not, "whether Gulliver existed," but "Who is Gulliver?" The question proposed by the brief is not, whether any plays were written and whether any one wrote them, but "Who wrote the plays?"

If the "Liliputians paid no attention," so much the worse for the Liliputians. But it was not so. It was not, indeed, within the purpose of some great writers referred to to notice the drama, and many great names are left by them unnoticed. But it is also the fact that we have ample historical evidences and a great array of contemporary writers bearing witness, as well to the merits of the plays as to the authorship, the reputation, and the identity of Shakespeare.

The brief tells us that ours is an age of disillusion, and that we are to treat Shakespeare like the dog Gelert and other symbolical dogs. But not a few of our new disillu-

sions impose a heavier tax than ever upon credulity. In this age literary originality does not abound. But we strive after it, and some of us think we have achieved it when, in a lucky moment, we have hit upon a crotchet or chance on a paradox—it may be the rehabilitation of Pontius Pilate or the dismemberment of Moses. But the great identities and personalities of the past still remain for the most part with their features undefaced, as the history of their own times sculptured them and bequeathed them to ours. Above all, the statues of genius, the veneration of centuries, which line the corridors of time, abide on their pedestals unbroken.

William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon are the two greatest names of our literature. Of the Elizabethan age itself, they were the bright particular stars, each illuminating his own region of the sky.

William Shakespeare will never be dethroned. Men and women of his race, whether of England or America, will continue to contemplate that memory with hereditary pride, and still, in generations to come, will make pilgrimage to the poet's birthplace, his home, and his grave by the Avon, so long as the great works which bear his name are the treasure of both our peoples.

IMPORTANT EXPLANATORY NOTE.—Advance copies of the Baconian briefs were sent to the English counsels for Shakespeare, to enable them to prepare their arguments in season for prompt appearance in THE ARENA. Subsequently the counsel for the plaintiff condensed his brief, omitting Section 14 and a portion of Section 19 from his discussion. Therefore Dr. Nicholson's arguments under Section 14 and under [V.] Section 19 are not strictly speaking admissible, and in a court of law would be ruled out. Nevertheless, since the arguments in the general discussion of the case have been brought forward, we deemed it best to retain them, even though they be ruled out of evidence in the finding of the jury. [Ed. of ARENA.]

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

JESUS CHRIST gave to those who believed in him directions how to settle their quarrels. First, he said, talk it over together and see if you cannot agree; if you cannot, then submit the question to a committee of conference; if that fails, submit the question to the church, and if the opposing party will not pay any attention to the church, then let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican; that is, have nothing more to do with him.* Translated into the terms of modern society, and applied to the industrial situation, the equivalent of this counsel would be, try first a conference, then a committee of conciliation, then a court of arbitration; when all these have failed, it will be time enough for a strike or a lockout.

Where voluntary arbitration has been fairly tried, it has accomplished all that its advocates have claimed for it.

"Since the establishment of these boards in the north of England in 1869, and in the Midlands in 1872, there has been nothing whatever in the nature of a strike in the former district, and only one strike in the latter, and even that one was too insignificant to deserve the name; for, as Mr. Hingley explained it, it was only a small, discontented section of the men who repudiated one of the awards of the board of conciliation, but finding themselves strongly condemned by the rest of the trade, eventually gave way. Strikes, and even the very disposition to strike, seem to be thoroughly stamped out in this industry. Mr. Trow speaks of them as if they were matters of settled impossibility. 'We cannot have a strike in our district; our rules do not allow of it.' And he says in another place: 'If you will search the pages of history you will not be able to find in those pages any parallel case where any system adopted has been of so much advantage to the workmen, to the employers, and the trade of the district as arbitration has been to our workmen in the

* Matthew xviii. 15-17.

north of England.' Mr. Ancott describes their former state as one of incessant antagonism between master and men, the peace of the district being constantly broken and impaired by ill-considered action on the part of a few employers who would not treat with their work people; 'but now,' he said, 'we have got rid of all that.' Mr. Hingley was not less emphatic on the part of the employers in his testimony to the same purport. Asked whether employers could now carry on their industry without fear of interruption and danger of strikes, he said, 'Yes, we have ceased to fear anything of the kind.'"*

I shall assume that voluntary arbitration is better than industrial war. The only question to be considered here is whether arbitration may be compelled. Probably, in view of past events, even Mr. Frick and Mr. Donnelly would admit that it would have been better, more rational, more humane, more Christian, to have submitted the question at issue between the Carnegie mills and the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers to an impartial and fair-minded tribunal, and accepted the decision, whatever it was, than to have involved the loss of life and property which the war at Homestead involved. But would it have been better for the state of Pennsylvania to have compelled such a submission? or was it better for the state of Pennsylvania to say "No violence, gentlemen; but as long as you abstain from violence, you may fight this out for yourselves"?

The objection is sometimes made that compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms. Very well! Time spent in debating about definitions is wasted. Call it compulsory lawsuit. The question is the same: Shall industrial questions between great corporations and their employees be left to be settled by a trial of strength between the two, or shall the state intervene and try the question, and *compel* both parties to accept the result? I have no hesitation in maintaining the latter alternative.

There is nothing new in the principle; it is only a new application of an old and well-settled principle. If two boys get into a quarrel about a piece of property, they fight it out; the other boys form a ring to see fair play; the partisans of each, egg their favorite on with shouts and cries; and the stronger fellow proves his right by pommelling his

* John Rae, in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1892.

antagonist. We do not any longer permit this method of settling disputes among men. Even duelling, the most respectable form of this method of settling disputes, is no longer allowed in civilized communities. The state compels the contestants to submit their questions to a court, unless they can decide them peaceably between themselves; compels them to abide by the decisions of the court; and if necessary it sends a sheriff to take the property from the one man and give it to the other. In Europe if two states get into a quarrel about a piece of property, they fight it out boy fashion, and one takes Alsace and Lorraine, and the other goes into training for another fight to get the property back again. In this country this is not permitted. If two states get into a quarrel the question at issue is referred to the nation, as represented in the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision, whatever it may be, must be accepted by the defeated party. The whole power of the nation is pledged to the enforcement of the decision. But if the Carnegie Works and their employees get into a dispute about hours of labor, rate of wages, or terms of employment, we leave them to the boys' method of settling the controversy: we stand idly by while each arms for a bloody battle; we allow the workingmen to constitute a volunteer militia, and the corporation to import mercenaries from abroad; and we interfere only when the war actually breaks out. The remedy for such a tragedy as that at Homestead is so absolutely simple, it is so clearly taught by the methods of modern civilization in other controversies, that it is amazing that the disinterested public should question what the remedy is. It is easy to understand why capitalists should object to compulsory arbitration; they may naturally prefer to be free from even the legitimate restraint of the state. It is possible to conceive that laborers may be afraid of compulsory arbitration lest the courts should be controlled by their wealthy employers. But the public!—have the public no rights? Are the public bound to stand idly by while the dreadful war is fought out to its final issue? It is said that the recent strike at Buffalo cost the state of New York thirty thousand dollars a day, to say nothing of the cost to the volunteer militiamen who were taken from their private business to keep the peace while President McLeod and his employees settled their quarrel. During the great strike on the Quincy

and Burlington Railroad, scores of towns were left without their usual means of transportation, and the inconvenience and loss inflicted upon the people of Iowa and Illinois was beyond all calculation. And still there are men who imagine that the state is helpless, and that we can do nothing but follow the example of the boys: form a ring and egg on our respective favorites — now the capitalist, now the laborer — by our newspaper cries, till the fight is over and business is resumed.

Compulsory arbitration is simply the application to the settlement of industrial controversies of the same essential principle which is throughout the civilized world, and by all civilized states, employed for the settlement of other controversies. It devolves upon those who do not believe that this principle can be so applied to show why it is inapplicable.

They have attempted to do this. It is said in the first place in general terms, that there are serious objections to compulsory arbitration. Of course there are. There are serious objections to any plan proposed for securing peace in a community, the individual members of which are covetous, selfish, passionate, ambitious. All such plans are in the nature of makeshifts. They are lesser evils endured to escape greater evils. We pay annually enormous sums in support of judicial and police systems which would be rendered quite unnecessary if all men lived according to the Golden Rule; but they do not, and we endure the taxation rather than suffer the injustice which anarchism would permit. No one, probably, supposes that compulsory arbitration is a specific for labor troubles. The question is not, Are there difficulties involved in compulsory arbitration? but, Would those difficulties be greater than those involved in a system which keeps labor and capital always alternating between open battle and an armed truce, and which in one half year has inflicted on the two great states of Pennsylvania and New York the two great labor wars at Homestead and Buffalo. There is no radical cure for labor troubles but character transformed and conduct controlled by Christian principles. Meanwhile compulsory arbitration is a device to protect the innocent from the injuries inflicted upon them by those whose character and conduct are not controlled by Christian principles, nor even by the law of Moses or Confucius, but by the devil's maxim, "Every man for himself."

We are asked how we would enforce compulsory arbitration. In the case of corporations the answer is very easy; and the principle should be applied at first only to corporations, and perhaps only to certain classes of corporations — as to railroads and mining corporations, or possibly to those employing more than a certain definite number of employees, say fifty or a hundred. The corporation is an artificial creature. The state has made it; the state can unmake. The only question for the state to consider is, Does the creation of this artificial creature help or harm the community? and if it harms, what limitation upon its power will prevent the harm? The state which has given it the power to inflict the injury has a right — and a duty — to so limit the power that no injury will be inflicted. The state, then, may say to the corporation, If you wish to exist, if you wish the peculiar privileges and prerogatives which a charter confers upon you, you must consent, if any question comes between you and your workingmen, to do, not what you think is right, but what we think is right. If you do not care to take a charter on these terms you can relinquish it. Only on these terms will we give you a charter; only on these terms will we allow a corporate existence.

“This is very well,” replies the objector, “as a means of enforcing the decree of the court on the corporation, but how will you enforce it on the laborer? Will you require him to work for less wages or during more hours than he approves? To do this is to establish slavery.” No; we do not propose to establish slavery; we do not propose to compel any man to work under any other compulsion than such as is involved in the law, “If a man will not work neither shall he eat.” And no other compulsion would be required. Whenever the law provides no remedy for a wrong, the wronged take the law into their own hands. The law makes no adequate provision for punishing the seducer. The husband or friend, therefore, shoots the seducer at sight; and the juries habitually acquit in such cases, not because the avenger is insane, but because the law is inane. Now the American workingman is without a remedy for wrongs which he thinks exist — and which an increasing number of disinterested spectators also think exist. He is one of a thousand employees in a factory. He has saved a little money and put it into a mortgaged home. His employer proposes to reduce his wages

ten cents a day. It means apparently no great loss to him; but it means a gain to his employer of one hundred dollars a day, that is, thirty thousand dollars a year. If the laborer refuses to accept the reduction he must leave his home, sell it at a sacrifice, and seek employment elsewhere. His risk is great. His employer's risk is nothing, for at the worst the laborer's place can be filled by another hand at the same rate. The wages seem to the workingman small, in comparison with his employer's profits. He has voted for protection because he has been told that protection will raise his wages, but it seems to him that all the profits of this taxation are going into the employer's pocket, none into his own. Whether he is right or wrong in these beliefs it is not here important to determine; he is sincere in them. And the law affords him no protection whatever from these wrongs—real or imagined. He does the only thing he can do: combines with his fellowmen to make the inconvenience to his employer of a falling out as nearly as possible equivalent to the disaster to himself. And then when his employer attempts to destroy this combination or to make it impossible, he fights—often wildly and lawlessly—to maintain it, because it is his only protection against the absolutism of capital. The way to prevent such lawless fighting is to give the workingman some lawful protection. It is perfectly safe to say that if the Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers could have compelled the Carnegie Works to submit the questions at issue between them to a disinterested tribunal, the association would not have threatened a strike, and the Carnegie Works could not have resorted to a lockout; and even if it were true that all labor leaders are demagogues,—a convenient generalization which I disbelieve,—the demagogue could not excite the men to a strike if the law offered them a peaceful remedy. If the brakemen at Buffalo could have summoned President McLeod into court to hear and answer their complaints, and compelled him to submit to a judicial decree, does any one imagine they would have left the experiment untried, and resorted to revolution instead?

Such a method, it is said, would drive capital from the community which enforced it to those in which capital is free. I do not believe this to be true. We were told that putting railroads under an interstate railroad commission would cripple the roads; but they are not crippled, and have even

invoked the aid of that commission to protect themselves from cut-throat combination. But if it were true, the loss would be more than counterbalanced by the gain. It is better to make less money, and to make it by just and honorable dealing. The existence of a great steel industry is dearly paid for when it costs what Homestead has cost the community during the last year.

I advocate compulsory arbitration, then, first, in the case of all railroad corporations as custodians of the highways of the nation; second, in the case of all mining corporations — the oil wells would be included — as possessing natural monopolies; third, in the case of all corporations employing large bodies of men as possessing peculiar privileges, and therefore amenable to peculiar regulations and restrictions. I advocate compulsory arbitration — may I add that I have been advocating it for at least ten years by voice and pen — because it is a necessity in order to afford legal redress for possible wrongs for which the law now provides no redress; because it is necessary to protect the community from injuries inflicted by the present no-system of *laissez-faire*; because it is in substantial accord with the methods adopted by all civilized countries for the settlement of their disputes; because it is our own national method for the settlement of disputes between the states; because what little light experience throws upon the subject is altogether favorable to this new application of this familiar principle; and because it is in general harmony with the method which Jesus Christ has recommended to his followers for the settlement of all disputes, whoever the parties and whatever the subject matter of the controversy.

OCCULTISM IN PARIS.

BY NAPOLEON NEY.*

THERE exists in Paris an unexplored world, which is all the more important because it is hidden — a world which is difficult to recognize because it is secret. Far from seeking daylight and publicity, it purposely remains in shadow and mystery, surrounding itself with secret practices and silent adepts. This world is that of Hermetism, the world of the marvellous, which, at the close of the nineteenth century, in the midst of our age of scepticism, plays a part the importance of which surpasses anything that can be imagined.

Illustrious scholars worthy of respect and confidence have made in all countries the most conclusive experiments upon the vibratory state of matter. One can now, without being considered a fool, crazy, or impious, interest himself in the rational study of certain phenomena, which only yesterday would have passed for the vagaries of a disordered mind, and which to-morrow will be demonstrated as scientific truths.

May not the sacred art of the ancients, cultivated in the sanctuaries of the priests of Thebes and Memphis, the alchemy of the Middle Ages, long derided by the ignorant, have been the precursor of modern chemistry?

Ariation, that is to say, the conquest of the air by man, is, at the close of this century, seriously studied by the Ades, the Maxims, and in France by that man of genius, Colonel Raymond Henry, who seems to have found the definite solution of that important question.

Human magnetism, with its psychic consequences, the curious effects of hypnotism, magnets, human polarity, etc., have all been scientifically studied. Even the "reserved questions" — apparitions, phantoms, double personality, materialization of spectres, etc. — have not ceased to belong to the domain of the marvellous while entering little by little into that of scientific observation and pure reason.

The lovers of the marvellous in Paris are counted by

* Translated from the author's manuscript by Mrs. Rose Harrington.

thousands. They bear different names according to the groups or schools to which they belong. They constitute the adepts of the occult, and their theories make proselytes continually, recruited from the ranks of the higher classes of society.

There is a veritable fermentation in the young Parisian brain which does not escape the intelligent mind. Enlightened people no longer deny it.

In a recent discourse the young and brilliant academician the Vicomte de Vogüé said to the students of France: "You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the nether world increases and covers all other sounds — cries of revolt and cries of pity; these tell of the pangs of childbirth."

The world of the marvellous in Paris is one of the crucibles where the new cry is silently elaborated. Paris is the most active centre of the old world. We live in the midst of the occult. It is everywhere. We do not see it, but it encompasses and penetrates us, though we know it not.

II.

This is the story of how I came to know the occult in Paris, how I became associated in the movement. how I became an adept: —

A few years since I was dining in the house of a friend, at the side of a very elegant young woman, whose husband was well known in the industrial world, his factory being situated in the environs of Paris. After having exhausted the hackneyed topics of current conversation with my pretty neighbor, the talk turned, I do not know how, upon more serious subjects.

The name of M. Le Play was pronounced. To my great surprise Madame X. was quite familiar with the works of the author of the "Paix Sociale," and other works which he left behind him. I was surprised, in truth, to find a pretty woman so well informed; but she, smiling and showing her fine teeth, told me that M. Le Play had, in spite of his science, considered but one side of the question.

What superior results this great thinker might have obtained had he applied his great intelligence and judicious criticisms to occult science, which gives the best solutions to

these important problems, and by the aid of which surprising results are obtained!

My curiosity was excited, and I pressed the lady with new questions. She cut me short, saying: "If this subject really interests you, talk to my husband about it after dinner." Then returning to the general conversation, my pretty neighbor gave her opinion of Sarah Bernhardt's recent marriage, the details of which were then the talk of Paris.

In the smoking-room, I repeated to M. X. his wife's words. With great good nature he furnished me information which was listened to by those who took part in our conversation. I learned some very surprising facts: that Paris — our Paris — careless, and sceptical, is the centre of a movement of philosophical renovation, of abstract study, the importance of which we little suspect.

Paris is the focus of an occult agitation participated in by thousands of adepts, belonging principally to the intellectual classes. They are in relation with the occult sympathizers scattered over the whole earth, whose numbers pass beyond the millions, without distinction of religion or race, and all pursuing the same end, that of a high philosophy. The adherents, the adepts, the initiated, the "magi," as they are called, according to their degree of instruction, form in Paris numerous sections, bearing different names, but having the same doctrines and tending to the same end.

These societies have special places of reunion. They have oral and written means of propaganda; journals, reviews, and lectures where the doctrines are taught, where is conferred the initiation to the different degrees. In their secret meetings, the adepts, cabalists, spiritualists, theosophists, produce phenomena which the ancients would have called prodigies or miracles.

Without speaking of the experiments of seeing at a distance, of suggestion during sleep and during the waking hours, of magnetic or hypnotic facts, which begin to be accepted by public opinion and official science, the initiated Parisian sees realized, in addition to the different spiritistic phenomena, the prodigies which until now have remained the appanage of the fakirs and science of India. All these things Dr. Giliér, the former assistant of the illustrious Pasteur, now residing in New York, has excellently named for France, "Occidental Fakirism."

Direct communications between adepts separated by great distances, the transportation of heavy objects through space, letters passing in a few moments from Moscow to Paris, flowers, covered with dew, produced in a closed room, the rapid germination of roots placed in earth in the presence of spectators, and which in less than an hour attain, under the influence of magnetic passes, their entire growth, producing fragrant flowers; levitation (suspension in the air without support); double personality; apparition and materialization of the astral body . . . these are the experiments which have been made many times in Paris, and which have, within a few months, been repeated in part by Monsieur Pelletier.

All these curious experiments are realized by the utilization alone of natural forces, of which as yet man has but little use, and which Colonel de Rochas, the learned director of the Polytechnic School in Paris, has so justly called the "undefined forces."

Dr. Crookes, a member of the Royal Society of London and correspondent of the French Institute, has obtained remarkable results related in a book called the "Psychic Force." He reports double personality in the case of Miss Florence Cook, a young, fair, plump woman, who materialized a slender, blonde phantom, who during several months appeared to Dr. Crookes and his friends in his chemical laboratory, near Miss Cook, who was sleeping.

The most determined efforts have been made to prevent cheating. Electric currents of high tension formed a closed circuit around the observers; balances, dynamometers, and photographic registering apparatus controlled the results. The phantom rose, walked, talked to the assistants, gave them her hand, related her past life, permitted herself to be photographed, etc. Dr. Giliér, in his book "*Le Fakirism Occidental*," reproduced the photographs taken in Dr. Crookes' laboratory. One of the proofs shows distinctly grouped Dr. Crookes, Miss Cook, the medium, asleep, and between them the materialized phantom form standing and awake.

III.

I shall relate, in support of these still undefined forces of nature, an anecdote, which I reproduce here in spite of, or

perhaps because of, its strangeness, as I heard it from the hero himself.

A consul of France, starting for India and being temporarily in London, was presented to one of the principal dignitaries of the Theosophical Society of Adyar, India. During a rather long interview, the high dignitary explained the doctrines of the Theosophical Society, made him acquainted with the very important results already acquired, spoke of the occult powers to which their common studies conducted, and ended by asking our compatriot to join them. Monsieur le Consul Y., sceptic by temperament and as incredulous as Thomas, was greatly interested in what he had just heard. He approved cordially of the avowed object of the Theosophical Society (union and charity), but as to occult power he declared clearly that he did not believe in it. It was all legerdemain, lying, illusion, hallucination . . . there was nothing real in it. The representative of the Theosophical Society promised him that the day should not pass without bringing him a satisfactory proof.

Two hours later, having returned to his hotel, the consul, who is my friend, wrote in his room with closed doors a few last letters, as his departure was fixed for the morrow. Suddenly there appeared before him (as he expressed it) a Hindu, dressed as a Brahmin. After saluting my friend by name, the unknown said to him in English, which he spoke with a foreign accent, that he had come from — (a large city in India), to convince Monsieur Y. of the occult powers possessed by the members of the Theosophical Society.

“Just now,” continued he, “I am at —, and have come to you in my astral body materialized to salute a brother of to-morrow. You doubtless think yourself the victim of an hallucination or of some outside suggestion. Not at all! My presence is real; here is the proof of it.”

Taking from about his throat a necklace of sandal-wood beads, he threw them upon the table.

“Keep them until you arrive at your destination; you will find me waiting at the point of debarkation, and you can then return my necklace. Do you still doubt?”

My friend, much surprised by what he had seen, replied that in case this proved to be true, he would believe.

The sandal-wood necklace lay upon the table, and exhaled

a strong, penetrating odor. The consul examined it carefully, holding it in his hands. He was obliged to yield to the evidence. Some one had really brought the necklace to his room, for it was not there a few moments previous.

My friend noted carefully the story of this mysterious visit, and showed it to me later written in its place. He placed the sandal-wood necklace in his valise, and embarked next day. He was very anxious to know the sequel to this singular affair, and as he approached his destination directed his glass toward the shore. Among those waiting he saw the Brahmin who had visited him, dressed in the same costume, and who, as soon as he set foot on shore, approached him and humbly requested the return of his necklace. Since that time Y. has been one of the most fervent adepts of the Theosophical Society.

To those who doubt the authenticity of this story, I would say that it was related to me later and supported by proofs during one of my friend's leaves of absence in France.

Let us return to my "dinner of initiation," if I may call it so, and to its consequences.

"Occult study," said my interlocutor, observing my earnest attention, "is at first very arduous. Many turn quickly from it. Have you strength to persist? Probably not!"—

I protested.

"As you desire it," added Monsieur X., "I will send you one of our reviews."

A few days later I received a pamphlet bearing the name "*Revue Philosophique Independente des Hautes Etudes.*" This review treated of hypnotism, theosophy, kabbala, freemasonry.

The divisions of the review were as follows: Initiative part, philosophical and scientific part, and literary part, all well arranged and some of merit and real interest.

Eight days later I received a convocation for the next "open meeting" of the Independent Group for Esoteric Study. I went to this meeting and to the following ones, and was soon admitted to the closed meetings. I attended assiduously a series of lectures upon theosophy, occultism, and magnetism. Little by little I perfected my knowledge and penetrated farther into the different cenacles where occult instruction was given.

IV.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study, formed by adherent societies, either affiliated or represented, is the centre of the most important occult movement in Paris.

The following are the names of some societies which are inscribed at headquarters: The Spiritualists' Society of Paris, the Magnetic Society of France, the Psychic-magnetic Society, the Sphinx, the Occult Fraternity, the True Cross, the Martinist Initiation Groups, the Masonic Groups for Initiatory Studies, etc. All these societies have their headquarters in Paris. We do not mention here the societies of the provinces and in foreign countries, which may be counted by the hundreds.

The Independent Group for Esoteric Study has a fourfold object. It makes known the principal data of occult science in all its branches. It instructs members, who are then ready to become martinists, masons, theosophs, etc. It establishes lectures upon all branches of occultism, and finally it investigates the phenomena of spiritism, of magnetism, and of magic, lighted only by the torch of pure science.

The meetings of the groups were first held in the Soumée Passage. Since the beginning of the present year they have been held in the Rue de Trévisé, in private quarters. Here are both open and closed meetings. The latter are reserved for the initiated alone, and are accompanied by psychic and spiritistic experiments, with ecstatic and mediumistic phenomena.

On some days I have seen there more than one hundred and fifty auditors. They are composed principally of literary people and students from the schools of higher learning.

Many cultured women from the upper world of Paris, elegantly attired, attend without any eccentricity of dress or person. The members of an embassy from the north of Europe attend the closed lectures of the Independent Group regularly.

The late Honorable Lord Lytton, when living in Paris as English ambassador, came frequently to the Rue de Trévisé.

The open sessions, where one is admitted upon the presentation of a personal card, are devoted to lectures of a general character. They are sometimes accompanied by experiments in materialization and hypnotics. On these days the hall in

the Rue Trévisé is too small to contain the auditors. At the last *séance* more than four hundred persons were unable to gain admittance. The group is now looking for larger quarters.

Esoterism, or the study of occult science, is spreading step by step in Paris. It penetrates by infiltration into all quarters, without noise or violence, but with slow certainty, by continuous absorption.

By the side of the Jewish rabbies, Protestant pastors and Catholic monks and priests are becoming propagators of occult instruction. The *Rue Croix* affords refuge to more than one Romish abbé in its mystic fraternity. One of them, in fact, a doctor in the Sorbonne and a celebrated preacher, is known under the pseudonym of Alta among the members of the Supreme Council of Twelve, called the "Superior Unknown," of the Theosophical Society, of which the seat is in Paris.

Outside the schools of occultism there exist two heterodox groups of the marvellous, contemporary in Paris — spiritists and magnetizers. Both are respectable seekers after truth, but they are experimenters before everything else.

The two schools, psychic and fluidic, have each their methods, which do not accord. Both have caught glimpses of the Hermetic doctrine of a universal fluid. The fluidists are the oldest, dating from Mesmer to Dupotet, passing by the way Deslon, Delange, Puységur, etc. The psychics with Allan-Kardek and his disciples have been grouped scarcely fifty years.

What characterizes the occult movement in Paris in 1892, at the close of the nineteenth century, is neither the special sect nor specific rites embodying still unexplained phenomena. . . .

The multiplicity of investigations in our age of extreme criticism have given new and original solutions to questions of history, science, religion, and the origin of things. They are not yet accepted by science; to-morrow they will constitute official instruction. . . when we shall have lifted the sombre veil which hides our origin.

Thus having followed with complete loyalty and entire impartiality the occult movement, putting aside completely the instruction received in the schools, I am ready to say with the great philosopher, Montaigne, "What do I know?"

WHY THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOULD BE OPENED ON SUNDAY.

BY BISHOP J. L. SPALDING, D. D.

THERE ought not to be a difference of opinion among enlightened men as to whether it is right to keep the gates of the Columbian Exposition open to the public on Sundays. The Sabbath, as understood by the founder of the Christian religion, is not an end, but a means; and the rules for its observance must find their justification in principles of reason and humanity. In affirming that the Sabbath is merely a means for the furtherance of human welfare, our Lord simply made a special application of the larger truth that law is not an end, but a means, for the realization of the perfect life, which consists in the love of God and man. So averse was He to the rabbinical view of the Sabbath, that He did not hesitate to scandalize the Pharisees by ignoring their irrational Sabbatarian rules, and His followers soon ceased to observe the seventh day at all. St. Paul distinctly affirms that the Jewish Sabbath is not binding on Christians, and those who continued to observe it were at length condemned by the Council of Laodicea, in the year 363. Henceforth Christians altogether neglected the Sabbath, and kept holy the first day of the week, the day on which the Lord rose from the dead. The Lord's Day was the symbol of victory, of joy, peace, and gladness, on which thoughts or practices suggestive of gloom and mortification were wholly out of place. Ignatius Martyr, one of the earliest Christian writers, says: "Let every friend of Christ keep the Lord's Day as a festival — the resurrection day, the queen and chief of all days." It is, first of all, a day of worship and spiritual culture. The Christian worship is a hymn of triumph; the temple is filled with glory; the altar gleams and glitters; the aisles are flooded with music; the light is strained through windows as rich as the colors of the setting sun; and the preacher's voice thrills with words of life and immortality, with thoughts of love and heavenly bliss. Opportunity for the cultivation of the higher faculties is given, inasmuch as all men are bidden to rest on the Lord's

Day from their usual labors. The essence of the observance of the Sunday consists in these two things: in worship and in rest from servile work. To ask men to remain all day long in church would be absurd. What, then, when they have worshipped for an hour or two, are they to do for the rest of the day? Shall we ask them to return home to sit in melancholy silence in darkened rooms? This would also be absurd. The Puritan Sabbath, which was but a revival of the rabbinical Sabbath, against which our Lord protested, has passed away. It is neither possible nor desirable that it should be brought back. The whole tendency of Christian civilization is towards liberty, enlightenment, and delight in the play of the higher faculties. The efforts of the nobler and better sort of men are to substitute intellectual and moral pleasures in the place of animal indulgence. The highest man takes delight in the highest things. To find enjoyment in books rather than in the bottle, in works of art rather than in indecent exhibitions of mind and body, is to be in the way of true progress. None can live without some kind of pleasure, and the overburdened toilers of our commercial and manufacturing cities feel most intensely the need of diversion and recreation. Shall they, on the one day in the week on which the higher sort of pleasure is possible for them, be driven into the haunts of vice to seek a momentary forgetfulness of the bitterness of their lot? It is in the cities that our perplexing social problems must be solved. In them, in a little while, half of our population will be found. It is there that the contrast between the lot of the rich and that of the poor is most keenly felt; it is there that irreligion, socialism, and anarchy make most successful propaganda; it is there that the most alluring and most frequent appeals to the lower and animal instincts and passions are made. If we would save these, our brothers, from ruin and degradation, and save our country from the dangers which their depravation would involve, we must multiply the means of innocent and improving recreation; we must place within easy reach of the masses, parks, libraries, museums, collections of art, and whatever else may rouse the soul to an appreciation of what is good and true and beautiful. They are, many of them, already alienated from the churches, and the most religious among them cannot pass the whole day in worship. If the members of

the churches use all their influence to exclude the laboring masses on the only day in the week on which they are free, from innocent and elevating recreation, they will do them a wrong; they will injure religion; they will retard the progress of civilization. It is not simply right to keep the gates of the Exposition open on Sundays; it is wrong to close them, in the afternoon at least. In offering this unique opportunity for self-improvement to those who have no other free day than Sunday, the managers of the World's Fair will give good example to all the cities of the United States; they will teach them that while the Sunday is a day of worship, it is also a day on which the whole people should be invited to cultivate and improve themselves. Let those who boast of what they call the American Sunday learn to see things as they are, and they will recognize the growing tendency to desecrate the Lord's Day by making it a day of labor and dissipation. Let them unite to close the saloons and low places of amusement, to stop the running of freight trains and the working of factories on Sunday. As our Lord declared that man is more than the Sabbath, let those who believe in Him proclaim now that man is more than traffic and money, and that those who deprive laborers of their one day of rest in the week are the enemies of human welfare.

On the other hand, the true lovers of God and man will not be frightened by the clamors of the narrow-minded, who would make the Sunday a rabbinical Sabbath, for they understand that whatever elevates, ennobles, and enlarges human life is good; that we serve God when we strive to make man like unto Him in knowledge, in freedom, and in love. The opening of the gates of the World's Fair on Sunday will have no tendency to weaken the right and rational observance of the Lord's Day. On the contrary, the more the people come to appreciate the Sunday as a day of gladness and liberty, on which, while they renew and refresh their religious fervor, they also are permitted to nourish the mind, to exalt the imagination, and to cheer the heart by the contemplation of the beauties of nature and the study of the works of genius, the more will they prize and defend this inestimable boon; and the more grateful will they be to Christ Jesus, whose divine wisdom and boundless sympathy have made for them an ever-recurring day whereon they may rejoice and be strengthened and comforted.

EVICTIIONS IN NEW YORK'S TENEMENT HOUSES.

BY WILLIAM P. MCLOUGHLIN.

WITH every winter comes the saddening appeal for assistance from the evicted Irish tenants that has now come to be regarded as inevitable owing to the conditions existing in that sorely tried country. Regularly the cable flashes to us the intelligence that the landlords are determined to have their pound of flesh, and that if money is not immediately contributed from the United States, the poor, homeless tenants must starve. In a recent editorial in the *New York Sun* on this subject these facts are stated:—

The gravity of the financial problem presented by the case of the evicted tenants is scarcely appreciated on this side of the Atlantic. The number of tenants who have been actually ejected from their holdings and who are now dependent upon charity for their support, is four thousand five hundred, and it must be remembered that each of these is the head of a considerable household. We understate the truth when we say that as a result of evictions already carried out, twenty-five thousand human beings are in want of bread and of a roof over their heads. Yet the suffering represented by these figures is insignificant compared with that which will be witnessed if the Tory landlords carry out their threat of making trouble for the Liberal government by the rigorous exaction of their legal rents. It is said that the number of eviction notices which have been served does not fall far short of thirty thousand. . . . Meanwhile, it is evident that the relief applicable to the present and prospective victims of eviction must depend mainly, if not wholly, upon private contributions, and it is on this account that the Irish Federation, in their lately published manifesto, appealed to Americans for sympathy and aid.

While all this sympathy is being stirred up for the unfortunate victims of landlord rapacity in Ireland, the ceaseless grind of the mill of the evictor goes right along in free, prosperous America. It is a saddening fact that in the great city of New York alone more than twice the number of evictions took place in 1891 in three of the judicial districts into which the city is divided, than occurred in all Ireland during

the same year. In 1890 the figures for New York were twenty-three thousand eight hundred and ninety-five evictions, while the grand total for Ireland was only a little in excess of five thousand! The total of thirty thousand eviction notices which have been served upon the Irish tenants this year, will probably never be executed, as this "pernicious activity" on the part of the landlords is but the fulfilment of a scheme to harass the victorious Liberal party in the course of legislation. But with us the evictor has no scheme of political import on foot; there is no plot to confuse or entangle any party or leader of men; evictions in New York City simply mean that there is in the heart of America's money centre a poverty as appalling, as hopeless, as degrading, as exists in any civilized community on earth. It means that the landlord in Ireland and his twin brother in the poorer districts of New York City are equally imbued with the rapacity in the pursuit of wealth that knows no gratification but the soothing sound created by the jingle of the gold.

In the page adjoining the one from which I have quoted in the *New York Sun*, a rather peculiar coincidence was noted. An illustrated article was printed treating of the eviction, in East Thirty-Sixth Street, of a poor old woman who, according to her own story, was "three years old the night of the big wind." That interesting event, which occupies a high position in the chronological knowledge of every Irish man and woman old enough to remember it, took place on Jan. 6, 1839, which would leave the subject of this quotation nearly fifty-seven years of age. Perhaps it would be as well to let the facts as told by the newspaper in question speak for themselves. Here they are:—

A broken cast-iron stove lies in the gutter in front of the tenement house at 332 East Thirty-Sixth Street. Around it are piled the remnants of a shattered bedstead, two tubs, three chairs, a roll of rag carpet, a rusty tin wash boiler, an old clock, a pine bench, a big old-fashioned bureau, and a cat. An old woman sat on the top of this pile of rubbish from six o'clock last Friday night until four o'clock on Saturday evening. Then she disappeared; but passers-by found her on top of the bureau early yesterday morning. She stayed there until twelve o'clock, when one of the tenants of a near-by house took her in. She is a wee mite of a woman, scarce four feet tall. Her form is bent, and her body is shrivelled. Her quaint, wizened face is wrinkled and worn. She sat all Saturday night on the roll of carpet with her head resting against the wash boiler. She wore a faded,

blue-check calico skirt and a gorgeous blue-worsted jacket. As the cold wind from the river rushed up the street, she huddled close to the wash boiler and shivered. Saturday morning found her there cold and trembling. She rocked to and fro mumbling to herself. The only food she had on Saturday was a cup of coffee sent out to her by Mrs. Lynan, who lives in the tenement facing the mass of rubbish. She refused to leave the pile of rubbish, saying it was all she had, and would be stolen, until the chill on Saturday night left her too weak to resist. She was taken into Mrs. Lynan's rooms and placed on a mattress, close to the stove. All night she tossed restlessly about, and at daybreak she went out again to the old bureau. At noon yesterday Mrs. Crane got her shelter. The old woman is known as Annie Goddy. She is very old, and has lived in the neighborhood of First Avenue and Thirty-Sixth Street for seventeen years. On May 1 she moved into 332 East Thirty-Sixth Street, and took two rooms on the first floor.

The old woman, however, was still sitting there on Monday afternoon—from six o'clock on the Friday before. She shivered in company with a lean and hungry black cat that nestled up to her; and in the eyes of the awe-stricken small boys and girls from the big, barracks-looking tenement houses that towered all around them, the pair of outcasts had a strange resemblance to the creatures described in the stories of witchcraft by which the children had often been terrified into slumber. One afternoon paper, in telling the story of unfortunate Mrs. Goddy, concluded its reference to her in these words: "People thereabout think it strange that some one does not look after her." Not so strange, dear writer; not at all surprising if you only remember the fact that in the very district from which Annie Goddy was thrown out upon the cobblestones to die, over four thousand evictions took place during the twelve months just passed. Of course there were not many cases attended with the same disheartening accompaniments as made Mrs. Goddy's eviction such a talked-of affair; but there was enough of human sorrow, of suffering, of crushed hopes, and of despair, for a bright or hopeful outlet into the future, to make the student of nature heave a sigh, and to cause earnest men engaged in the work of social and economic reform to brace themselves up to renewed energy to carry on the war.

In no city on earth is there such a woeful, more poverty-stricken, or more cheerless population than is gathered into the two judicial districts of New York City that are presided over by Civil Justices Alfred Steckler and Henry M. Gold-

fogle. In Justice Steckler's district the business of more than four hundred thousand people is transacted—and such people as they are! It is the most cosmopolitan and the most crowded region on earth. There are blocks of immense "double decker" tenement houses on every street of the great East Side. There are some cases in which there are blocks within blocks,—inside tenements or rear tenements, as they are called,—where the cheering rays of the sun never penetrate, and where the howl of the hungry wolf of poverty constantly menaces the dirty, semi-savage denizens who swarm in these human hives. According to Mr. Jacob Riis' interesting work, "How the Other Half Lives," "Three hundred and thirty thousand and over of human beings to the square mile is the record of this New York's East End. The worst record of that other East End in Old London scarce ever reached half that figure. It has to be; the rent could not be paid out of the sweaters' wages if it were not so." It has to be; the rent must be paid! Therefore men and women huddle together like rats in their holes, and all for what? In order to pay "Thirteen dollars a month for the flat on the sixth floor, with modern conveniences—a sink and a pump in the hallway. By day they crowd together—men, women, and children, a dozen in a room made to hold a couple. Father, mother, twelve children, and six boarders in this apartment of three rooms. . . . Thirteen in a room—lodgers, half of them at five cents a spot; asleep on bunks, on shelves, on the floor—anywhere, to be sheltered from the wind that finds its way through cracks and chinks with the only breath of God's fresh air that ever enters." It is in this district that with the year ending on Sept. 30, 1892, the enormous number of five thousand four hundred and fifty dispossession warrants were issued from Judge Steckler's court. These were distributed over the year as follows:—

October, 1891 . . .	400	April, 1892 . . .	590
November, 1891 . . .	500	May, 1892 . . .	400
December, 1891 . . .	450	June, 1892 . . .	500
January, 1892 . . .	450	July, 1892 . . .	450
February, 1892 . . .	400	August, 1892 . . .	450
March, 1892 . . .	500	September, 1892 . . .	450
Total, 5,450.			

Judge Steckler states that there has been an abnormal growth of evictions in his district in consequence of the recent

Among those six thousand one hundred dispossess warrants, or "sentences of death," as they have been called in Ireland, there were many cases of bitter destitution. There were also some painful evidences of the terrible greed of the landlords who charge the incredible rents they exact from the tenants in their stifling hovels. I was told of a woman in James Street who occupied a room for which she paid three dollars a month rent. She became ill, and owed her landlord one dollar and a half. He hastened to Justice Goldfogle and obtained a dispossess warrant. There was no other alternative for the justice. In the meantime the woman had applied to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction for relief. The Superintendent of Outdoor Poor ordered a half-ton of coal to be sent to her home. The woman was about to store away the coal when the landlord arrived with his warrant for the half-month's rent. "Here, you, where are you going with that coal?" he asked, as he blocked the woman's way. She replied that she was going to put it in the cellar locker. "Oh, no," he thundered, "you don't do any such thing. I have a warrant for your dispossession. Get out!" In vain the woman pleaded. He would not give her a day's grace. At last a happy thought struck her, and she asked, "Will you take the coal in payment for my rent?" He would, and he did, because the coal was worth two dollars and seventy-five cents, and he consequently gained one dollar and twenty-five cents on the transaction. So he removed the coal, and the woman was allowed to remain. As soon as the month was up, the rascally landlord got another warrant, and threw the poor creature into the street. In another instance a woman living in Ninth Street appeared in court to defend an ejectment suit. She was a picture of dreary, dismal poverty. Her clothes were tattered, her shoes were "out at the heel," her features bore that unmistakable evidence of hunger's ravages that cannot be concealed, and which is unhappily too often witnessed on Gotham's East Side. In her arms she carried a pinched-looking little baby. There were neither shoes nor stockings on its feet, and it was clad in the miserable habiliments that tell of deep, desperate penury. The couple looked as if they had been suddenly picked up by some genii on the barren hills of Donegal, and whisked through the air into the heart of New York. The landlord asked for a "dispossess warrant." He pressed his suit vig-

rously, in spite of the kind-hearted justice's appeal to his humanity. He would not listen to such sentimental rubbish as that when his business interests were involved. The facts were that this woman did not pay her rent, and he wanted to let the apartments to some one who would pay, and that was the long and short of it. The woman tearfully repeated the story that is so sadly frequent in these civil courts. Her husband was sick; she had not any means of earning a living, and all she wanted was a little time until "her man" would get well. The landlord would not allow the time. The justice turned upon him and gave him such a rating as made the spectators in the court applaud. Then he headed a subscription list; and in ten minutes Court Officer McLarney had collected twenty-six dollars, which he gave to the poor woman. She paid her rent, twelve dollars, and went away with blessings on her lips. It was the sight of a life to see that baby gorge itself in a little restaurant in the neighborhood, just as soon as its half-starved mother could purchase something to eat.

But there were hundreds of cases like these arising in the court every year, and it would be manifestly impossible to take up subscriptions for all of them. There were scores of them also in the Seventh Judicial District, which embraces another peculiar element of New York's varied population. It is in this district that the big tenement-house cigar factories thrive. All along First Avenue from Seventieth to Eightieth Streets, these hives of sad-eyed Hungarian toilers rear their cornices six and seven stories above the ground. The cigar manufacturers own these tenements, and it might safely be added that they own the tenants who are packed into them. That is why the public is shocked occasionally by the announcement that scores of these wretched tenement slaves are thrown out on the cobblestones because they will not accept a cut in wages, or because they dare to ask for anything like enough to pay them for their work. Last year the spectacle of *eighty of these hapless families living for a week on the sidewalks* was the feature of New York's civilization that made English visitors smile in derision and remark, as one of them did in the Brevoort House: "Well! Ireland is not so badly off under its English landlords after all. There an evicted tenant has a fund on which to draw, contributed by Americans. Here the evicted one has—the

workhouse!" There was no exaggeration of the facts in that statement. None of the tenement-house cigar-makers can shelter an evicted cigar-maker's family. If such a thing should be done, *out that offending Samaritan would go!*

In that district last year there were 3,800 dispossession warrants issued. They averaged about 320 a month. Though the region embraced by the Seventh takes in the "diamond back" localities of Fifth and Madison Avenues, it is pretty safe to say that none of the "dispossession warrants" found their way into the brown-stone mansions that line these handsome streets, but a good many of the "sentences of death" emanated from those plutocratic palaces. It was in Justice Clancy's court down in the Second District that a very sad case occurred. Business interests are fast crowding the tenements of the poor out of this region, but still there were 1,350 cases of eviction last year, and one of the most pathetic of these was that of a woman who gave birth to a baby the day after she was turned out of her home. In the thinly peopled First District there were 1,220 cases. In the Third there were 2,100; Sixth, 3,400; Eighth, 2,250; Ninth, 1,970; Tenth, 1,130; and Eleventh 950, making a grand total for the city for twelve months of 29,720, being 5,825 more than were issued for the year 1890, and 2,615 more than the figures for the previous year. This total of 29,720 cases would represent at the fair average of five to a family a great army of 148,600 human beings, outcasts to all intents and purposes, and this in a city where it is the boast of some of its residents that there are living within a radius of a comparatively few blocks on and near Fifth Avenue no less than two hundred millionnaires whose aggregate wealth reaches the astounding total of \$30,000,000,000! It is but the emphasis needed to prove that the warning truth of the doctrine of inverse ratios is correct when applied to humanity as found in New York City, for here, indeed, the rich are growing richer and the poor desperately poorer!

"What becomes of these people?" Dr. McGlynn asks that question, and answers it thus: "Where do all the pins go? They are broken up, ground down, lost in the general mass. The poor take in many of them, the asylums and institutions care for others." Ah, yes, good doctor, but how many continue to drift around on life's breakers? how many give up the struggle against hope and fate? how many become

thieves and criminals? how many take to the pavements and the bagnios? The answer may be found in the police returns for the year ended. There were 88,152 arrests, of which 24,350 were females. Lodgings were furnished a total of 126,380 times, the homeless lodgers being 68,854 males and 57,426 females. Four hundred and ninety-two "unknowns" were buried in Potter's Field during the year, of whom 93 were picked up in the rivers, 39 sought death by poison, the pistol was used by 61, the rope was chosen by 30, gas asphyxiation killed 19, chloroform was selected by 1 unfortunate, 4 jumped from buildings, and 20 stabbed or hacked themselves to death. These figures tell where some of the weary evicted ones have gone. The rest are teeming in the stale-beer dives, in the slums, in the workhouses, in the penitentiaries, and — the lunatic asylums.

Justice Goldfogle does not assume the parrot cry of the sceptical. He does not say, "Drink did it." He ought to know, for the worst of these cases pass through his court. What, then, is it? It is the struggle of the pitchfork against old ocean repeated, with the odds intensified in favor of the ocean. It is so with the hapless ones of Gotham. The odds are too much in favor of the landlords, who can fix their rents to suit themselves. The toilers must live somewhere, even if one half of their lives is devoted to the effort to pay their rent. The courts must see that the rent is paid or that the tenant goes into the street. What becomes of the tenant afterward is nobody's business, unless the police have occasion to look after him or the morgue-keeper fixes him in a deal box for interment in the home of the desolate on Hart's Island — Potter's Field.

New York, with all its noble charities, has not one to take in hand the cases of deserving people who are yearly turned adrift from their homes. The Department of Charities and Correction spends about a million dollars a year on charity, while the city pays over five millions to its pampered police force. It is thus in proportion with the other departments. Generous salaries are paid to every employee of the city government, so that this year we have a budget calling for thirty-three million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred fifty-five dollars and eighty-four cents, and of this vast sum only two million one hundred and seventy thousand dollars has been allotted to the double purpose of charity

and correction. In the face of this state of things, Justice Goldfogle suggests a very practical idea. The charities of the city might combine, he thinks, and establish a fund for the relief of such cases as arise in the civil courts where deserving people are liable to be evicted who owe very small amounts. A responsible man should be placed in each court; and when the justice meets with a case in which he sees direct evidence of deserving want, it might be referred to the representative of the charities, who would investigate and report back to the justice. He then might give a recommendation to the charities to pay the amount required to keep the person investigated in a home, or give the landlord his decree if the circumstances called for such course. It would be a little step in the direction of relief before the real reform comes. It would save thousands of the luckless victims of poverty from being cast into the streets in the biting colds of winter's snows. It would prevent the recurrence of repugnant spectacles like that displayed by poor Mrs. Goddy. It might save many a homeless young woman from desperately bartering away her virtue to provide a home for a sick mother, a fretsome, emaciated sister, or a starving self. Such sacrifices are horribly frequent, as is shown by the records of the night missions and refuges of the slums. The exercise of a little practical philanthropy in the line suggested would help to ward off, for a time at least, the inevitable "dead wagon" and ghastly pine box of the city's morgue.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

BY T. V. POWDERLY.

WHOEVER doubts that the railroad is a public highway will have such doubts dispelled if he takes careful note of the current of public sentiment which flows from the scene of a strike on a line or system of railroads. During such times, essays, editorials, and opinions are placed before the reading public in endless variety. No matter how much they may differ as to remedies for the trouble, they are unanimous in declaring that the railroad is a "public highway." No railroad manager has ever ventured to dispute the right of the public to claim the steel-bound line of transportation as a public highway. It would be folly to do so since the highest legal authority in the land has never reversed the decision of the many judges who have declared the railroads to be the instruments of the people.

The decision of Chief Justice Black of Philadelphia has never been questioned, and it emphatically declares the railroad to be a public institution. His language is as follows:—

A railroad is a public highway for the public benefit, and right of the corporation to exact a uniform, reasonable, stipulated toll from those who pass over it, does not make its main use a private one. The public have an interest in such a road when it belongs to a corporation as clearly as they would as if it were free, or as if the tolls were payable to the state.

Every reasoning being is satisfied that if no private corporation should construct a line of railroad, where necessity arose, it would be the duty of government to supply the demand. It is an established fact that the government has not only the right and power to construct lines of transportation, but that it is the duty of the state to place such agencies at the disposal of the people when public convenience requires it. That the government has no doubt of its right to exercise a supervision of the railroads, is demonstrated in the existence of the Interstate Commerce

Commission, which attempts to exercise a control over the railroads of the nation. In the early part of 1886 the Senate of the United States took up the question of railroad extortions, discriminations, etc., and appointed a committee to take testimony. The report of that committee occupies some fifteen hundred pages, and in summing up they allege that the complaints against the railroads are based on eighteen charges, which they present to Congress. The one offence which stands out clearly in nearly all of the charges is "unjust discrimination." "Reckless combinations," "watered, dishonest stock," "breaches of faith," and many other offences are charged. As a result of that report Congress enacted a law which went into effect in April, 1887, and the Interstate Commerce Commission has been a public institution ever since. During the debates on that bill the railroad lobby was energetic and active. The intent of the framer of the bill was that the law should give control of the railroads to the commission, to be appointed; but the combined railroad interests of the country secured the emasculation of the bill, and it received the signature of the president in such a form as to be almost worthless except to provide places for a few individuals. That commission has been at work for five years; and with the exception of the arrest and punishment, by fine, of one freight agent, no punishment has been meted out to offenders against public welfare. Unjust discrimination still continues, reckless combinations are entered into with less attempt at concealment than before; passes are issued to legislators, judges, county officials, governors, and clergymen in greater numbers than ever before; and where it is deemed necessary to silence the voice of opposition, blocks of railroad stocks are bestowed in liberal quantities. In every state where railroad commissions have been established, they have proved to be dead failures. Where a determined stand has been taken against encroachments of railroads by a commission, the courts have set aside the verdict of the commissioners. Where the property of the railroad has been threatened by a commission, the railroads have taken the precaution to add the railroad commissioners to their assets. Wherever that could not be done, the court has been knocked down to the railroad, and opposition has been silenced through legal decisions. Everywhere, and in all ages, the people have at first accepted compromises; they

have not pressed for radical measures of relief until the half-way policy has failed; and it has never succeeded for any length of time, except where the people have been misled. Where the shadow has been substituted for the substance, and for a time deceived the people, they have still continued to feel the oppressions and exactions of the iron hand in one way or another, and the clamor for radical measures has broken out in tones louder than before. The Interstate Commerce Law is a half-way measure; it but lances the sore where amputation is necessary; intended to control, it is itself controlled, and the summing up of a railroad manager before the Interstate Commerce Commission clearly demonstrates the utter worthlessness of that institution. It reads:—

Rates are absolutely demoralized, and neither shippers, passengers, railways, or the public in general make anything by this state of affairs. Take passenger rates, for instance; they are very low, but who benefits by the reduction? No one but the scalpers. In freight matters the case is just the same. Certain shippers are allowed heavy rebates, while others are made to pay full rates. . . . The management is dishonest on all sides, and there is not a road in the country that can be accused of living up to the Interstate law.

Governmental control of railroads has not succeeded and never will succeed. So long as it is in the power of a board of directors to increase stocks (all water), issue bonds, and give rebates in secret, the people will have to pay for all the water and the interest on the bonds. Favors are shown to trusts and combines; the trusts and combines are made up of the directors and stockholders of the railroads; they secretly allow rebates to their favorites, such institutions as have railroad directors on the roll of stockholders having an undoubted advantage over their competitors. No system of governmental control can reach the offenders. Public control is inconsistent with the idea of private ownership, and private ownership of public institutions is not consistent with well-founded principles of public policy and welfare. Public control without public ownership is an impossibility. What the government has a right to control it has a right to own and operate. Ownership must precede control, and the question must be solved in a very short time, or those who own the railroads will own the government. Daniel Webster, in speaking of the accumulation of wealth and special legislation, said:—

The freest government cannot long endure where the tendency of the law is to create a rapid accumulation of property in the hands of the few, and to render the masses of the people poor and dependent.

That the tendency of the times, as well as the law, is toward the still more rapid accumulation of the vast railroad interests in the hands of the few, is evidenced in the statements of the most experienced of railroad managers themselves. Mr. McLeod, president of the Reading combine, in his testimony before the committee of the New York legislature, admitted that the competition of the roads that were not consolidated with the Reading was the only thing that could prevent the combine from advancing the price of coal to such figures as its managers saw fit to name. He also emphatically stated that freight rates had in no way been regulated or interfered with by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that the logical consequences would be that if all the roads in the country were under the practical management of one corporation, the public would be correspondingly benefited. C. P. Huntington recently expressed the opinion that all roads in the United States should be under the management of one syndicate having absolute control. With such governmental control as we have had, there is nothing, except the will of the railway directors, to prevent the consolidation of all railroad interests under one management. Constitutions and laws do not stay the march of the railroad magnate toward consolidation. Webster's prediction is being verified. Competent railroad authorities who have taken the pains to make estimates give the following items of expenditure by the railroads:—

Annual distribution of passes	\$30,000,000
Annual political corruption fund	30,000,000
Secret rebates to directors interested in trusts, etc.,	50,000,000
Total	\$110,000,000

On these three items alone, under public ownership, a saving of one hundred and ten millions of dollars would enable the government to reduce taxes; but if we remain inactive until the managers of the railroads effect the combination, hinted at by Messrs. McLeod and Huntington, that vast sum will in future go in a direct stream through the fingers of one hand instead of filtering through many hands. There will be less chance of detection; and with the savings

sure to follow such a combination of railroad interests, the corruption fund will be enormously increased. (That thirty million dollars are annually expended as a political corruption fund, is admitted by practical railroad men.) The principal objection to government ownership of railroads is that the railroads would be converted, through their employees, into vast political machines, and that the party in power could never be dislodged. Under a government economically administered it is possible to know what the expenditures are and for what purposes the money is appropriated. The questioning mind of the people is being quickened each day. They would be sure to follow up each dollar, and an item of thirty million dollars would not escape detection if used to debauch the people. But (no power of the people can trace the path of the corruption fund which now finds its way from railway offices into the pockets of office holders and seekers of all parties.) It was possible for the people to shake the hold of the office-holders in 1884, after the Republican Party had a lease of power extending through twenty-four years. It was possible for the people to again break the grasp of the office-holders in 1888. The people are liable at any time to dethrone the party in power, but it is always to the interest of the railroads to sustain and own the party in power. (Prominent men of both parties are to-day interested in the supremacy of the railroad, and the employee who has the temerity to refuse to vote as his employer dictates is instantly discharged.) With the railroads under government ownership, the party in power would not dare to discharge men as they are discharged to-day for voting as they please. Under a proper and honest system of civil service the employment of the railway worker would be more secure than it is. No one complains of the service rendered by the post-office department, and we hear but little complaint of the dismissal of employees for exercising the right to vote independent of party dictation. The Australian, or secret ballot, law will soon prevail in all the states, and it will then be impossible to know how the citizen votes. The power to-day is vested in the railroad, and our railway employees vote accordingly in many places. Whether Democrat or Republican is elected the railroad expects to buy him up for its uses before the end of his term; but vest the title to the railroad in the government, and this incentive to corruption is removed.

The enormous sum of money annually expended by the railroads to fee their lawyers would be saved if the governments owned the roads; the interminable lawsuits, in which the railroad official always feels that his road must win, would cease to lumber the court records. Life would be held to be more sacred than now, and the great difference between the number of killed and wounded in the United States, and countries where the railroads are under government control or ownership, would not be so great. Strikes would be at an end under government ownership; for the employees, in common with other citizens, would be the employers then, and it would be to their interest to see that the management of railroads was as nearly perfect as possible. Being managed for the public good instead of for private gain, it would be in the interest of good government to establish the eight-hour work day, wherever practicable, on railroads. The employment of more men (steady employment at that), a better service, and a reduction of the dangers of railroad travel to the minimum would follow government ownership. The cry of "paternal government" does not frighten the advocate of government ownership, for he well knows that "paternalism" has been the mainstay of the railroads in the past. What we require is not a paternal, but a fraternal government, in which the masses and not the classes will be the beneficiaries. Those who advocate government ownership are also believers in submitting all laws to the people for adoption. With the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum in the United States, the most perfect type of democracy will be established, and the people can be trusted to sustain the party in power when right, and dethrone it when wrong.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN COLONIAL DAYS AS MIRRORED IN POETRY AND SONG.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

THE transition of religious thought from the austere severity of the Reformation and the unquestioning acceptance of papal authority, which marked a still earlier period, to the broad and truly catholic principles of moral government enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount, is becoming more and more pronounced with the passage of each succeeding decade. But so gradual has been the drifting that a vast majority of thoughtful people within the pales of the Church are scarcely conscious of the change; much less do they appreciate how surely the still small voice from the nameless mount in Galilee is overpowering the thunderous tones of Nicæa in Bithynia, which for more than fifteen centuries have controlled Christendom. Indeed, this grand transformation is being accomplished so naturally and so steadily that it is only at intervals, when some great divine in a popular church dares to think aloud, and voice that which is felt in the inmost soul of thoughtful people, that a ripple is caused on the placid water—a ripple which extends from mind to mind in an ever-broadening circle; as, for example, when so eminent a churchman as Canon Farrar declares in favor of restoration; a master brain like Professor Briggs announces that man may find God through the Bible, the *Church*, or through REASON; when a leading divine like Dr. Lyman Abbott pronounces in favor of Evolution; or yet, again, when a great church like the Methodist, after a severe battle for the infallibility of New Testament inspiration, relegates the Pauline injunction respecting women to its proper place among the dead and outgrown ideas of ancient Grecian thought. At such intervals as these, religious circles are for a time more or less convulsed; but a few years vanish, and the disturbers are canonized. Meanwhile humanity continues a steady, uninterrupted ascent.

The spiritual growth of our people reminds me of a traveller, journeying from the sea toward some lofty mountain range; for many miles the ascent is so gradual that he is unconscious of any material rise. After passing a few low hill ranges he is aroused to the fact that he is rising materially above the wave-washed lowlands. It is not, however, until he turns toward the sea, and casts a glance into the far distance, that the fact that the ocean is many thousands of feet below him, dawns on his mind. In like manner, so gradual, so natural, so irresistible have been the complex and multitudinous causes which have lifted Christian thought to a higher and diviner plane that it is only by examining ancient landmarks that we can fully appreciate the progress that has been made. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate this fact than poetry and hymnology of the past, and no spot affords a more striking illustration of this evolution of Christian thought than New England. The hymns which were sung with great fervor and feeling two hundred years ago, and the poetry which found greatest favor with the stern, Puritanical spirit of that age, thrills the average Christian of to-day with horror; and it is difficult for him to believe that any considerable number of persons ever believed that at the helm of the universe stood a Being so relentlessly despotic, so cruelly savage as the God our fathers most devoutly worshipped and in whom they had most implicit faith. Poems exceedingly popular among ultra-religionists two centuries ago, would be branded impious and sacrilegious by almost all Christians to-day, as will be readily seen when we examine some specimens of the poetry and sacred songs which were not only current but exceedingly popular.

One of the most famous clergymen who flourished in Massachusetts in the latter half of the seventeenth century was Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, a graduate of Harvard University and the author of numerous widely read theological works in prose and poetry. His most celebrated poetical work was entitled "The Day of Doom," "a poem of the last judgment." The first edition of this work consisted of eighteen hundred copies, which was exhausted within a year of its publication; something very remarkable when it is remembered that books were rare in those days, and New England was sparsely settled. The first edition,

however, was only sufficient to whet the appetites of our colonial fathers. The work reflected perfectly the conception which a very large number of devout people entertained of God; hence edition after edition was quickly sold. Not less than nine editions of this work were sold in New England in early times. It was also twice republished in England. From a commercial point of view it was the most remarkable success in the history of colonial literature, as it is stated that, next to the Bible and the almanac, more copies of "The Day of Doom" were sold than of any other work in colonial times. This success must have rested chiefly on the popularity of the thought contained, as, aside from weird poetic flashes now and then present, the literary quality of the work is far below mediocrity. The book was bound in sheep exactly like the binding employed for Bibles and hymn-books of the period. Each page bore marginal notes, giving the passages of Scripture which suggested the scene described. With these facts in mind, let us examine some verses from the poem. In the opening lines Mr. Wigglesworth describes the Judgment Day:—

Before his throne a trump is blown,
 Proclaiming the day of doom:
 Forthwith he cries, "Ye dead arise,
 And unto the judgment come."
 No sooner said, but 'tis obeyed;
 Sepulchres opened are:
 Dead bodies all rise at his call,
 And's mighty power declare.

The saved are then judged, or rather their salvation is thus described:—

My sheep draw near, your sentence hear, which is to you no dread,
 Who clearly now discern, and know your sins are pardoned.
 'Twas meet that ye should judged be, that so the world may spy
 No cause of grudge, when as I judge and deal impartially.
 Know therefore all, both great and small, the ground and reason why
 These men do stand at my right hand, and look so cheerfully.
 These men be those my Father chose before the world's foundation,
 And to me gave, that I should save from death and condemnation.

The elect having thus been disposed of, Jesus turns to those who were not of the company chosen for Him by God before "the world's foundation." After dealing with various classes of sinners in a manner which might well excite the envy of an Oriental despot whose heart had long been steeled

against all the divine emotions, Christ proceeds to judge those whose lives had been pure, holy, honest, and upright, but whose greatness of soul had rendered it impossible for them to grovel before a God represented by His most zealous followers as infinitely more brutal and cruel than the worst man born of woman. The scene described is characteristic of the thought of the age, and when reading it one ceases to wonder that witches were hung in Salem, or that Roger Williams was banished from the Massachusetts Colony; for a firm belief in such a God would naturally inspire persecution. This is the picture as seen through the poetical spectacles of the reverend gentleman:—

Then were brought nigh a company of civil, honest men
That loved true dealing, and hated stealing, ne'er wrong'd their
brethren;
Who pleaded thus, "Thou knowest us that we were blameless livers;
No whoremongers, no murderers, no quarrellers nor strivers."

Jesus admits that they have been all they claim, but proceeds:—

And yet that part, whose great desert you think to reach so far
For your excuse, doth you accuse, and will your boasting mar.
However fair, however square your way and work hath been,
Before men's eyes, yet God espies iniquity therein.
You much mistake, if for their sake you dream of acceptation:
Whereas the same deserveth shame and meriteth damnation.

This picture of infinite injustice, however, pales into insignificance before what follows. Dr. Wigglesworth had a case to make out; it was a bad case; it outraged every instinct of justice and love in the fibre of manhood, but he had the audacity to bravely face the issue; and though we cannot praise his logic, we are forced to admire his courage. This is the fate he describes awaiting millions of little buds of humanity who passed from life in infancy:—

Then to the bar, all they drew near who dy'd in infancy,
And never had or good or bad effected pers'nally.
But from the womb unto the tomb were straightway carried,
Or at the last e'er they transgressed who thus began to plead:
If for our own transgression, or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand, just were the recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt, his fault is charg'd on us:
And that alone hath overthrown, and utterly undone us.
Not we, but he ate of the tree, whose fruit was interdicted:
Yet on us all of his sad fall, the punishment's inflicted.

How could we sin that had not been, or how is his sin our
 Without consent, which to prevent, we never had a pow'r?
 O great Creator, why was our nature depraved and forlorn?
 Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd whilst we were yet unborn?
 Behold we see Adam set free, and sav'd from his trespass,
 Whose sinful fall hath spilt us all, and brought us to this pass.
 Canst thou deny us once to try, or grace to us to tender,
 When he finds grace before thy face, that was the chief offender?

Jesus is then represented as replying in the following language:—

What you call old Adam's fall, and only his trespass,
 You call amiss to call it his, both his and yours it was.
 He was design'd of all mankind, to be a publick head,
 A common root, whence all should shoot, and stood in all their stead.
 He stood and fell, did ill or well, not for himself alone,
 But for you all, who now his fall, and trespass would disown.
 If he had stood, then all his brood, had been established
 In God's true love never to move, nor once awry to tread:
 Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd through Adam so much good,
 As had been your for evermore, if he at first had stood?
 Since then to share in his welfare, you could have been content,
 You may with reason share in his treason, and in the punishment.
 You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect,
 Such you shall have; for I do save none but my own *elect*.
 Yet to compare your sin with their who liv'd a longer time,
 I do confess yours is much less, though every sin's a crime.
 A crime it is, therefore in bliss you may not hope to dwell;
 But unto you I shall allow *the easiest room in hell*.
 The glorious king thus answering, they cease, and plead no longer:
 Their consciences must needs confess his reasons are the stronger.

Having disposed of the sheep and goats, the worthy divine next lingers on the field of victory and despair much as a bee lingers over the honey cup of a fragrant flower. While his observations were intended to illustrate the majesty and vengeance of offended Deity, they cannot be considered complimentary to either the head or heart of Jesus.

Now what remains, but that to pains and everlasting smart,
 Christ should condemn the sons of men, which is their just desert;
 Oh rueful plights of sinful wights! oh wretches all forlorn:
 'T had happy been they ne'er had seen the sun, or not been born.
 Yea, now it would be good they could themselves annihilate,
 And cease to be, themselves to free from such a fearful state.
 O happy dogs, and swine and frogs: yea, serpents generation,
 Who do not fear this doom to hear, and sentence of damnation!
 Where tender love men's hearts did move unto a sympathy,
 And bearing part of others' smart in their anxiety;
 Now such compassion is out of fashion, and wholly laid aside:
 No friends so near, but saints to hear their sentence can abide,

The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she shed a tear
 For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she his doom doth hear.
 He that was erst a husband pierc'd with sense of wife's distress,
 Whose tender heart did bear a part of all her grievances,
 Shall mourn no more as heretofore because of her ill plight;
 Although he see her now to be a damn'd forsaken wight.
 The tender mother will own no other of all her numerous brood,
 But such as stand at Christ's right hand acquitted through his blood.
 The pious father had now much rather his graceless son should lie
 In hell with devils, for all his evils, burning eternally,
 Than God most high should injury, by sparing him sustain;
 And doth rejoice to hear Christ's voice adjudging him to pain.
 Who having all both great and small, convinc'd and silenced,
 Did then proceed their doom to read, and thus it uttered.
 Ye sinful wights, and cursed sprites, that work iniquity,
 Depart together from me forever to endless misery;
 Your portion take in yonder lake, where fire and brimstone flameth:
 Suffer the smart, which your desert as its due wages claimeth.
 What? to be sent to punishment, and flames of burning fire,
 To be surrounded, and eke confounded with God's revengeful ire!
 What? to abide, not for a tide these torments, but forever:
 To be released, or to be eased, not after years, but never.
 Oh fearful doom! now there's no room for hope or help at all:
 Sentence is past which aye shall last, Christ will not it recall.
 There might you hear them rend and tear the air with their outcries:
 The hideous noise of their sad voice ascendeth to the skies.
 They wring their hands, their caitiff hands, and gnash their teeth for
 terror;
 They cry, they roar for anguish sore, and gnaw their tongues for
 horror.
 But get away without delay, Christ pities not your cry:
 Depart to hell, there may you yell, and roar eternally.
 Dy fain they would, if dy they could, but death will not be had.
 God's direful wrath their bodies hath for ev'r immortal made.
 But who can tell the plagues of hell,
 The lightest pain they there sustain more than intolerable.
 But God's great pow'r from hour to hour upholds them in the fire,
 That they shall not consume a jot, nor by its force expire.

Can the imagination of enlightened man in this day conceive anything more ferociously barbarous and inhuman or unjust than this picture of the judgment and yet the phenomenal success of this poem is a most eloquent commentary on the attitude of religious thought in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century, and enables us to better understand a public sentiment which tolerated the Blue Laws or permitted cruel religious persecution. The hymns of this age were also in perfect touch with this frightful system of thought; and though the progress of eliminating those

which voiced the most savage and brutal conception has been steadily carried on as humanity grew in intelligence and enlightenment, and as the diviner instinct became more potent, it has not been long since hymns which any wise and loving Deity might reasonably regard as blasphemous were sung with great zeal by those who believed they were the very elect of heaven. I have in my possession two volumes of Dr. Watts' hymns, edited by Rev. Samuel Worcester, D.D., and Samuel M. Worcester, A.M. — one published in 1850, the other in 1853 by Crocker and Brewster of Boston, which well illustrate the tenacity with which the savage conception of God held its place in the Church. In these volumes we find hymns breathing forth hate in every line; hymns in which the singers are represented as craven, insane, and terrified culprits, striving to appease a relentlessly cruel God, uttering fulsome flattery in one breath and dilating on His infinite vengeance in the next. To the thoughtful reader at the present time, these hymns seem more like the incoherent ravings of madmen than the utterances of sane, reasoning beings. Indeed, it is a marvel to me that all who possessed loving hearts and active brains, and who believed in this nightmare of eternal despair, did not become madmen. Take, for example, the following: —

My thoughts on awful subjects roll, —
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed.

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then, swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry;
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones;
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Here is another companion hymn:—

With holy fear, and humble song,
The *dreadful God* our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue,
That speaks the terrors of His power.
Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,—
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,—
And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.

Their guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son:
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Below the pious author of a once popular hymn, found in the collection before referred to, gives us a graphic pen picture of God as seen by his mental vision:—

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams;
And, from his awful tongue,
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along.

Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad!

What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defied the Lord!
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,—
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

Original sin and the degradation of manhood, the direct opposite of the incoming religious thought of to-day, were favorite themes with the hymnologist of other days. Let us imagine our great congregations of to-day singing the following:—

Backward, with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed, and broke,
In our first father's fall!

To all that's good, averse, and blind,
And prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

Conceived in sin, O wretched state,
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns!
And mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!

Wild and unwholesome, as the root,
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit,
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal power, from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream,
From an infected spring?

These examples of the poetry which enjoyed wonderful popularity, and voiced the austere religious thought of colonial days, may help us to appreciate the ocean-wide expanse between the dominant religious thought at the time when Cotton Mather delivered his eulogy over the body of Rev. Michael Wigglesworth and the present, when the pastor of the most famous Congregational church in America declares in favor of evolution, and a learned professor in one of the greatest Presbyterian theological colleges publicly affirms that men can no longer shut their eyes to the fact that "the Bible contains errors which no man has been able to explain away * and also that there are three sources

* Inaugural address by C. A. Briggs, on authority of the Holy Scriptures. Charles Scribners' Sons.

or fountains of divine authority, "The Bible, the Church, and Reason." So gradually, however, has this wonderful evolution taken place, and so multitudinous have been the educational agencies which have steadily lifted man into a higher sphere of thought, that it is only when we examine the history and literature of a vanished age that we are able to appreciate the progress which has been accomplished, or properly appreciate the spirit of the past. *Religion is evolving as is humanity. What was orthodoxy yesterday is blasphemy to-day. What is heterodoxy to-day is orthodoxy to-morrow.* The history of religious evolution is a tedious and often disheartening narrative, and so also is the story of life's evolution and the rise of man from the savagery of Central Africa to the development of a Hugo; but the story in each instance is inspiring, for the *trend is upward*. The star goes before. The road ever leads to higher altitude. Jesus came a luminous life, radiant with love, rich in divine pity, and strong in moral grandeur; but His simple teaching soon became mazed in Grecian philosophical and metaphorical thought and colored with the many-hued opinions of the Roman world. Doubtless this was owing to the fact that humanity was not yet ready for the divinely simple code of ethics which Jesus lived as well as taught. The idea of human brotherhood, which was a central principle in His teachings, and which was nowhere better exemplified than in His life, has had small influence over the world, but to-day it is taking hold of the hearts of the thinking millions as never before. Literature is rife with the thought. It may be said to be the dream of the millions; and the very presence of this dream as much as aught else affords a reason for the unrest and discontent of the age, which chafes under galling bonds, the injustice and inhumanity of which were not appreciated *until this divine ideal came into the lives of the people*. Some good people to-day yearn for the religious atmosphere of colonial days, seeing in them only the enchantment and glamour which distance not infrequently lends to scenes rugged, harsh, and revolting, and not reflecting that religious thought of the kind and character which inspired our fathers, naturally gave birth to narrowness, bigotry, intolerance, and persecution. Indeed, to-day among those who are now giving their attention to the outside of the "cup and platter," and who seek to restore the

ancient Sabbath, we see *the same spirit of persecution and determination to force every one to bow to their conception of what is right* which enthralled human thought, crushed human rights, destroyed human happiness, and checked the march of progress and intellectual development for generations. It may have been necessary for humanity to pass through this dark stage in her development; but to attempt to resurrect the past and mingle its spirit with the present, would be to chain a corpse to the living, to make turbid the clear flowing stream of pure religion by injecting into its limpid waves the blood-dyed current of a savage and undeveloped past. The new conception of religion is grandly noble. It holds as a cardinal truth the doctrine of human brotherhood. It squares all things by absolute justice. There is no old-time terror in its glance as it peers into the future, and even if at times it doubts, *it does not dread*; it is established in the conviction that the trend of life is upward. If God is love, and if God is spirit, He will draw all souls by the magnetic attraction of love unto His own pure heights, as the sun calls from the ground the budding plant and by its wonderfully subtle power calls from it stores of wealth in bloom and fruit. It recognizes every law based on absolute and unswerving justice, and expects no miraculous interposing to save any man from the result of sin, crime, or vice, which it holds to be as inevitable as the law which holds in place the planetary system; but it eliminates all Oriental ideas of a vengeful despot controlling a world of eternal torment awaiting any soul who may have in his being the germ of immortal life. The new idea is leavening society; but to-day, as in the days of Jesus, it is most potent *outside the temples of conservatism*. It appeals to the common people and to the intellectually emancipated with irresistible force; while those who are enslaved within the walls of form, rite, and conventionalism, and they who to-day correspond to the Scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' time vainly attempt to stay its onward sweep. The forces which are working for the new ideals in religion are as numerous as they are resistless. They will triumph in the coming day, and in their triumph we will see a higher and truer civilization than has yet visited the world — a civilization in which ethics will be married to intelligence, and LOVE instead of *craft* will pulse through the soul of enlightened man.

A CHINESE MYSTIC.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES T. BIXBY, PH. D.

To speak of a Chinese Mystic seems almost like a contradiction in terms. The Chinese are certainly the last people among whom we should look for such a type of thought. Shrewd, calculating, cautious, conservative, they have been appropriately called "the Prose of Asia." They are the utilitarians of the ancient days, demanding the tangible and the practical, dismissing as folly whatever is beyond the reach of the senses or the comprehension of the natural understanding.

But the East, in these latter times, when its long-closed gates have been thrown open to us, has had many surprises for us. Whether or not the commercial world is deriving the advantages it anticipated from the freer intercourse with the Oriental world, literature and knowledge are reaping valuable harvests. We have come to know something about the history of that country which contains a third of the human race and whose records go back to an antiquity only surpassed by those of one other race.

And not least in worth or interest, we have been introduced to a philosophy that has outlasted two thousand five hundred years, that counts twelve distinguished masters before our era, and that has run pretty well round the circle of European metaphysics.

We have, to be sure, for many years possessed good accounts of Confucius and Mencius, and translations of their works, and have been familiar with their literary and social characteristics. But of China's other philosophers and other systems of thought, we have known little. A modern history of philosophy of high repute (that of Mr. George H. Lewes) passes over altogether what the Chinese have done in this field, and justifies it on the ground that their philosophers have presented only the rules of propriety and external deportment; that it was the Greeks who first said to man, "Know thyself."

The writer evidently knew nothing of the great mind whose speculations fall no whit behind those of Parmenides or Heraclitus, either in boldness, subtlety, or profundity, and who a century before Socrates began to teach, wrote "He who knows others is shrewd; but he only who knows himself is enlightened." This was Lao-Tsze, the old philosopher of China, as he is called.

Who was this old philosopher? History, which has been so profuse in its details of the life of Confucius, has been equally reticent in regard to Lao-Tsze's career. His father is said to have been a peasant, who married at the age of seventy a woman little more than half his age. According to the great Chinese historian, Sze-ma-Tseen, he was born in the year 604 B. C., in the district of Lee, and in the state of Tsoo. About his boyhood nothing is definitely known. When he grew to manhood he became keeper of the Archives at the imperial court of Chow, and seems to have kept this post till an advanced age. Here it was that Confucius visited his aged contemporary and held several conversations with him that have become quite celebrated. Shortly after these interviews, foreseeing the inevitable downfall of the state of Chow, Lao-Tsze resigned his office and went into retirement. But when the turmoil of the times became so violent, that even this retirement no longer gave him security, he took his journey to the West, passed through the Hankoo Pass, and from that hour was never seen again.

But though history contains but scanty reference to the life of Lao-Tsze, yet later legend, when his philosophy had grown into a religion, enveloped his name with all or more than all the customary marvels with which pious adoration is apt to invest the founders of great faiths. He was declared to have been a spiritual being and the incarnation of Tao, the Eternal Being. His appearance at birth was that of a man with gray hairs, already old; and it was from this circumstance that he was called Lao-Tsze, the Aged or the Venerable. With the first breath he was endowed with complete intelligence and possessed of the power of speech. As soon as born he mounted in the air, and, pointing with his left hand to heaven and his right to earth, he said, "In heaven above and earth beneath, Tao alone is worthy of honor." He was able to impart to those he chose to bless the talisman of eternal life; and if they displeased and dis-

obeyed him, he could withdraw it at will, upon which (as is described in one legend) that which a moment before was a living body, became a heap of dry bones.

Such supernatural wonders are but the distorted and exaggerated shadows cast upon the clouds of credulous faith by a great man, walking upon the distant mountain heights of history. They attest the powerful impression which he made upon an age and generation unequal to clear comprehension of his high thought.

And after ages and other nations have likewise failed to do him justice. Our knowledge of ancient Chinese philosophy having been principally confined, as we have said, to Confucius and his school, these have long been taken as representatives of the whole character and highest attainment of the Chinese mind. Confucius does, indeed, represent one of the chief parties in Chinese religion and thought, one of the prominent sides of Chinese character; but he is as unable fully to represent the Chinese mind as Pope and Bentham to represent completely the English mind. As the English mind had tendencies which found expression through such men as Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Carlyle, as well as the tendencies which uttered themselves through Pope and Bentham,—so the Chinese character had a spiritual and transcendental side of which we find no hint in the famous founder of its state religion. It is Lao-Tsze, whose followers in the Middle Kingdom at one time placed it above Confucianism, and who still count more heads among their number than the whole population of the United States in 1870 (i. e., over forty million), who is the chief exponent of this other aspect of the Chinese genius.

In Confucius we find a man of keen common sense, who seeks to make the most of the present life for himself, and who would have others do the same. He is a politician, a social scientist, a moralist. In Lao-Tsze we find manifested an entirely different bias. He is more contemplative and more soaring. He would have us get as far away from the world as possible, and find within an all-sufficient kingdom.

To Confucius external circumstances and ceremonies, the due observance of propriety, and reverence for parents and ancestors were the chief things. Lao-Tsze did not care much for the past. He concerned himself little about the external.

His stress was laid upon the internal and the eternal. The sage, he says, makes provision for the inner man, not for the eyes.

Confucius acknowledged that he was a transmitter and not a maker; one whose only merit was that he believed in, and loved and studied the old masters, the ancient classics of China. Lao-Tsze thought for himself. The old system which aroused in Confucius the enthusiastic desire to reorganize it and make it permanent, had upon Lao-Tsze quite another effect. He would like to pull it down and rebuild society in accordance with nature and the eternal laws of reason and justice. Confucius, in short, was a conservative; Lao-Tsze a radical; Confucius a traditionalist; Lao-Tsze a transcendentalist; Confucius a practical materialist and agnostic; Lao-Tsze a pure and uncompromising idealist.

The difference between them is well illustrated by the conversations which are said to have passed between them at certain memorable interviews. Imagine a discussion between Lord Chesterfield and Emerson, or between Addison and Carlyle, and we may get some idea of the opposite elements brought together by these views. Confucius could not understand the bold insights of Lao-Tsze, and Lao-Tsze could not endure with patience the pedantries of Confucius. In one of these interviews, for example, Confucius enlarged, in his usual way, on his love of virtue and propriety, and his admiration for the ancient virtues and the good old forms. Lao-Tsze listened as long as he could to his antiquarian lore, and then cut him short by telling him, "The men of whom you speak, sir, have already mouldered with their bones into dust, and only their words remain. I have heard that a good merchant who has his storehouse well packed, has very little in sight. Put away, sir, your haughty airs and many desires, your flashy manners and extravagant will. These are all unprofitable to you. This is all I have got to say to you."

Poor Confucius, thus rudely snubbed before the very face of his disciples, whom he had brought along to hear the compliments that he had expected to receive from the philosophic oracle, was hard put to it for a plausible explanation of his rough rebuff, and could only explain the occurrence by comparing Lao-Tsze to the incomprehensible dragon whose audacious flights contradict all the usual customs of birds.

Lao-Tsze's writings are comprised in one small volume, the Tao-Teh-King, or Treatise upon Tao and Teh.

Teh means simply virtue. But as to what Tao means there has been considerable dispute. It is the crux of Lao-Tsze's philosophy. For the doctrine of Tao is the centre about which his thought revolves, and the interpretation of Tao determines the character of his whole system.

The original meaning of the term is undoubtedly the way or the path. It is used in a few passages in its original sense, not only by Lao-Tsze, but by Confucius. But almost everywhere in the Tao-Teh-King, the context requires some far higher meaning for it.

It is a primal, eternal thing; indeed, it is spoken of in such a way that we must recognize it, in Lao-Tsze's thought, as the primal, eternal thing.

"There was an existence," says the twenty-third chapter, "incomprehensible and perfect, which existed before heaven and earth. So still! So transcendent! It stood alone and was not changed. It pervades everything and has not been endangered. If I designate it, I call it Tao!"

Bringing together the various passages where it is spoken of, we find this Tao thus further characterized: "It is invisible and inaudible, formless and figureless. It is empty, yet in operation, exhaustless. Whose son it is, is not known. It seems to have existed before the supreme Lord, Shangti. It gives the law to heaven, but finds its law in itself. Any name that can be given to it is not its eternal name. It is the mother-abyss from which all things have proceeded. To it everything returns.

Nevertheless, itself thus unchanging, it creates, forms, perfects, nourishes, sustains, and protects all existence. It is the identity of the passive and the active. It is the foundation of virtue, the bringer of peace, the jewel of the good, the forgiver of sin.

Such are the various attributes that Lao-Tsze gives to his great Tao.

What can combine in itself such grand, mysterious properties? What existence or conception can reconcile and explain such paradoxes? Some have understood it to mean "Reason"; some "Knowledge." Remusat identified it with the Logos of Grecian philosophy. Victor von Strauss, however, contends that, to answer to the lofty and varied attri-

butes of Tao, no lower conception will suffice than that of Supreme God. He believes that Lao-Tsze had a surprisingly grand and profound consciousness of Deity and a very definite conception of him, which was almost throughout in harmony with the theology of Revelation.

The meaning, however, which the best Chinese scholars find in Tao is that of the original Source of all things, the Mysterious Essence of all that is and the Eternal Way, by which all things come into being and unfold themselves.

But it is very far from equivalent to the Christian conception of God. It is that which was, as he says, "before the Supreme Lord himself came into being. It is void and empty." We search in it in vain for those conscious and personal attributes which are distinctive of the Jehovah of Israel and of the Heavenly Father of Christianity. Feeling, desire, affection, volition, these have little or no place in great Tao. The qualities assigned to Tao are rather those of a principle than of a person. The term is intended to designate, as I have said, the Eternal Law, the Ultimate Source, and the Supreme Principle of all things. Lao-Tsze, like all mystics, like all deep thinkers, would get at the very inmost core of things. He would not rest with results; he wanted to know the causes whence they flowed. Beneath the properties of things he would find the substance to which the property belonged. Thus his thought passed backward, inward, and upward, till he perceived that all changes, properties, effects, processes, were but results of one great Activity, aspects of one Existence.

But even before Activity and Existence came into being, there must have been something preceding them — the inactive, the non-existent. The extended creation must have had, anterior to it, the empty space in which it may find room. Creation, becoming, implies a void which it may fill up. The manifested Universe, yea, the manifested and active Deity, involves some secret unmanifested Power, some primal stillness still more ancient than itself. And even this Passivity, this Emptiness, had this no origin? We may ask even of this, Whence came it? There must be a Source behind even this, something, in short, which is the original Possibility, the ultimate Process and Origin of all things, Source of Matter and Mind, God and Devil, the Something and the Nothing.

This deepest mystery, this Unknown, Unknowable First Cause, this Unfathomable Abyss, from which all things proceeded, before both creation and time and the Creator himself, this was called by Lao-Tsze, Tao. Not that this indicates its true name or real character. "The Tao that can be named is not the real Tao." What that is, is entirely beyond our very conception. Lao-Tsze forces himself to designate it as the Tao, and the Great One only, that he may have some symbol by which to speak of it, not because this is any correct description of its nature.

The Christian and the theist, of course, identify this ultimate Source, this Primal and Incomprehensible Abyss, from which all things proceed, with the conscious personal God whom he believes in. But Lao-Tsze's conception reached no such definiteness.

The student who is familiar with the history of philosophy will find its equivalents rather in the conceptions of the mystics and theosophists as to the origin of things. What Lao-Tsze meant by his Tao is best illustrated by the Abyssal Nothing, which as yet is no actual thing, but the mystic Potentiality of all, which Jacob Boehme presented as the primal element. It is what Tauler meant by his "Divine Dark." Or, if more modern illustrations are desired, it may be compared to Spinoza's "One Substance," Kant's "Unconditioned and Absolute," or Spencer's "Unknowable."

Lao-Tsze's theory of Creation proceeds directly from his idea of the Divine Essence. This Divine Essence is the Mother of the Universe, the simple primary element, which, being differentiated, as Herbert Spencer would say, becomes all the visible forms that we see; although itself invisible and intangible, a form of nothingness, yet at the same time it contains potentially all life, form, and substance, and from it proceed all created things — heaven, earth, and all its inhabitants. "Tao produces and virtue nourishes. Everything takes form, and the forces bring to perfection." It is a process, to use the language of modern science, of spontaneous generation and evolution, passing from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous; and like Hegel, Lao-Tsze gives to his unfolding process a threefold movement. Tao produced one, that is, the first great cause; one produced two, the male and female principles of nature — the active and passive, the attractive and repulsive forces; two pro-

duced three; and three produced, first, heaven and earth, and then all things that they contain. All things endure for a set time and then perish. From non-existence they grow to maturity; but as soon as the highest point of vigor is reached, they begin to decline and return home to the root — the nothingness — from which they issued. Like the void of the sky, the hole in a wheel, the aperture of a window or a door, it is the part which is empty which is most useful and most enduring.

And it is from this same principle that Lao-Tsze's ethics and politics are deduced. Having reached, by his doctrine of Tao, the primal essence of all things, Lao-Tsze has attained the sure foundation, the all-sufficient guide for the rest of his system. Whether it be moral or political questions that present themselves, a solution is at once given by simply observing and imitating Tao.

"The wise man has for his law Nature. Nature has for its law Heaven. Heaven has for its law Tao, the Eternal Order. And the law of Tao is — its own spontaneity."

Chinese ethics have been popularly thought purely utilitarian and conventional. It is charged that they knew no inward rule, no eternal principle of right; that even the word "conscience" is not to be found in the Chinese language. This error has come from taking Confucius and his writings as by themselves full and satisfactory representatives of Chinese thought. More thorough study shows that in Chinese morals, as in European, there is an intuitive school as well as a utilitarian. If in Confucius the only standard is old custom and the welfare of the people, it is not so in the writers of the transcendental school.

Lao-Tsze always wants to go to the root of things and test them by everlasting principles. "Virtue in its grandest aspect," he says, "is neither more nor less than following the Divine Tao, the Eternal Order." Confucius was very much concerned about social etiquette and religious ceremonies. Even the number of meals to be eaten and the posture to be observed in bed must be prescribed by precise rule. It was not enough for men to practice justice and humanity; they must call them justice and humanity. To use more modest names, or pretend that they had done nothing of any account, was a mistake. But Lao-Tsze desired men to attach them-

* J. Legge, 214. "Religions of China."

selves to what was real, and throw one side what was merely showy and superficial. The chief thing was to keep the inner man, to be true to one's self. He who practiced Tao, sought to make the people sincere and simple and honest. It was only when the Eternal Principle was lost, that men began to prate about virtue, and laud benevolence, and discuss justice, and practice decorum. "For propriety," as he said with cutting sarcasm, "is the mere skeleton of fidelity and the precursor of confusion."

When he found Confucius, on a certain occasion, pedantically poring over the Yi-King, or Book of Changes, a book of very obscure philosophy and speculation, and justifying himself on the plan that he was learning from it humanity and justice, Lao-Tsze brusquely told him that "the justice and humanity of the present day are no more than empty names. They only serve as a mask to cruelty. The pigeon does not need to bathe all day to make itself white, nor does the crow need to paint itself each morning to make itself black. The heaven is naturally elevated; the sun and moon shine because it is their nature to. So, sir, if you cultivate Tao, the eternal principles of rectitude, implanted by nature within you; if you throw yourself toward it with all your soul, you will arrive at it. But when you study merely conventional justice, instead of pushing on to the Eternal Principle of conduct, you are like a man who beats a drum while searching for a truant sheep. You only distract men and disturb the natural development of human nature."

Confucius, in reply, boastingly named the great classical works which he had edited, and reproached the world for its lack of appreciation of his services. "No one deigns to employ me. Men are hard to persuade," sighed Confucius.

"That with which you occupy yourself," was the tart rejoinder of Lao-Tsze, who seems to have had as caustic a tongue as a Dr. Johnson or a Carlyle, "results only in obsolete examples, and all you do is to walk in the footprints of the past, without producing anything new."

From this interview, it is said that Confucius returned to his disciples, and for three days did not utter a word.

The working of Tao is ever free from discontent or noise. Though it conquers all, it does not contend. Heaven and earth are lasting, because they do not strive for continuance. The root of the moving is the still. The greatest fulness is

emptiness. Lao-Tsze's great practical maxim is, therefore, "Act non-action. Find your great in what is little. If you wish the lofty, choose the low." The wise man remembers that rest is the lord of motion, and never allows himself to depart from a state of quietude and gravity. This stillness brings with it eternity; it is itself eternity. "He who does not know this eternal life, wildly works his own misery. He who knows it is magnanimous, broad of spirit, royal; he is heaven itself, yea, the Absolute Principle, the Divine Tao, and therefore immortal. Though his body perish, he is in no danger." (Chap. 16.)

Especially for the talkative man did Lao-Tsze have a profound contempt and distrust. "A man on tip-toe," to use his own apt illustration, "cannot stand still; and so a man who is always seeking notice by his clever talk, cannot remain quiet and self-contained." "Be sparing of your speech, and possess yourself. They who know do not talk; they who talk do not know." "Shut the lips and close the portals of self (i. e., the eyes and ears), and as long as you live you will have no trouble. But open your lips and meddle with things, and as long as you live you will not get out of trouble."

He is profoundly suspicious of all so-called greatness, especially of all desire for earthly grandeur. "Those who come up to the vulgar standard, must have existed for a long time as small men." "To produce and not possess; to act and not expect reward; to grow great and not play the despot—this," he says, "I call sublime virtue." "To wear fine clothes and carry sharp swords; to eat and drink to satiety; to lay up superfluous wealth—this I call magnificent robbery. This is not the Eternal Law, sure enough."

If we only understood the law of Divine Tao, we should see that getting was a greater malady than losing. "Therefore the sufficiency of contentment is an everlasting sufficiency." The true greatness, in his view, is that which, like nature, runs to the valleys which all despise. "He that humbles himself shall be preserved. The wife by quietness invariably conquers the man. The weakest things in the world will gallop over the strongest. Silent teaching, passive usefulness—few in the world attain to this. Compassion is that which is victorious in the attack and secure

in the defence. When heaven would save a man it encircles him with compassion."

And in regard to knowledge the same humility is inculcated. Efforts at education, he claims, daily increase an unhealthy activity. The wise man does not travel abroad for knowledge. He looks within. "The best part of knowledge is to recognize our ignorance. The current disease of ignorance is to have a conceit of knowledge. If one only takes this disease for what it is — that is, a disease — then he will be free from it."

In his social maxims and his political instructions, Lao-Tsze is the same thorough Quietist. Not even Leo Tolstoi has more unqualifiedly advocated the policy of inactivity as the masterly thing in government. The thoroughness and pithiness with which he unfolds the let-alone doctrine would delight the heart of a free trader. A wise ruler, in his view, will remember that a nation is a growth, not a manufacture. If the ruler do but love quietness, avoid fussy lawmaking, and be free from lusts, everything will spontaneously submit to him. Constant intermeddling in political and social matters only tends to produce the evils they were intended to avert.

"When one who wishes to take this world in hand tries to make it according to his wishes," he says in a most pregnant sentence, "I perceive that he will never have done. The spiritual vessels of the world must not be made. He that makes mars; he that grasps loses."

He takes the same ground as Dr. Channing did, that the best government is that which governs least. "By non-action," he maintains, "there is nothing that cannot be done. One might undertake the governments of the world without taking any trouble. As for all those that do take trouble, they show thereby that they are not competent to the government of the world." "When the world has many prohibitive enactments," he says in another place, "the people become more and more poor."

Even to war and punishment, Lao-Tsze does not shrink from applying his non-interference principles. He was the first Quaker in history, and condemned force in all forms, because of its incompatibility with eternal Tao. Weapons of war he denounces as instruments of ill-omen. "They are not the tools of a superior man. He uses them only when he is obliged to. When he conquers, he is not elated. He

who rejoices at the destruction of human life," he wisely says, "is not fit to be intrusted with power in the world. A truly great general is no lover of war." With equally vigorous logic he attacks the custom of capital punishment. If a state were well governed, the necessity for this or any other punishment could not arise. And when by misgovernment, passions are inflamed, so that punishment is called for, the taking of life seems not to him the best deterrent. It is those who live for the mere reckless indulgence of their passions who commit these murders and the gross crimes for which it is usually made the penalty. But when people reach this reckless stage, they hold their life in little esteem. And if it be so brought about that the people should always fear death and we can seize and kill those who commit any outrage, yet, who would dare to do so? "There is always the Great Executioner," in whose hands are the issues of life and death. "Now, for any man to act the executioner's part, this is hewing out the Great Architect's work for him. And he who undertakes to hew for the Great Architect rarely fails to cut his own hands."

And this charity, this unwillingness to judge his fellow-man, is a quality not merely exhibited in this single instance by Lao-Tsze, but it is one of his great principles. "Be chaste," he says, "but do not chasten others. Be straight yourself, but seek not to straighten your fellows. For yourself be scrupulously correct, but do not slash and carve up critically other people. And learn not to impute wickedness to the unfortunate. If one man dies and another is preserved alive, why point at either of them as the object of heaven's hatred. Heaven and earth have no especial favorites. They regard all existing beings as figures of grass made for an hour's use before the altar. A truly good man loves all men and rejects nothing. He associates with good men and interchanges instruction with them; but bad men are the materials on which he works, and to bring such back to Tao, is the great object of his life." (Douglas — p. 205.)

The main ethical principles of Lao-Tsze's system are, then, humility, simplicity, silent usefulness.

The great lessons which he would teach are non-resistance, the preciousness of the inner man, and the worthlessness of those external and worldly objects that excite the desires and ambitions of men.

The mere enumeration of this class of virtues is enough to suggest Him who stands in Christendom as the great teacher of these things and to call for a comparison of Lao-Tsze and the Man of Nazareth.

Measuring him with that highest of earthly models, we must pronounce his teaching deficient, certainly, at least, in his conception of the Divine. Grand as his delineation of Tao is, he fails to recognize the personality of the Supreme. Lao-Tsze has also pushed his asceticism and quietism to an irrational extreme, and his opposition to social progress and civilization make his ethics better adapted for monks and hermits than for our modern society.

Nevertheless, I think it difficult to name any other predecessor or any contemporary of Christ whose conceptions of human duty are more elevated and humane. He occupies, it seems to me, a far higher sphere of thought and sentiment than his much praised contemporary, Confucius.

Scorning to be confined by custom or external rule, seeking realities under the sole guidance of his own mind and heart, he could receive more of that inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which in all times and nations is vouchsafed to the souls that will give it free entrance and play.

Confucius, indeed, as it has often been proclaimed, uttered the prototype of the Golden Rule. But he intended it, as he afterwards explained, only in reference to friends and equals—not at all as applicable to our inferiors or our enemies.

But Lao-Tsze, in the very spirit of Christ, said: "Recompense injury with kindness." (Chalmers, 38 Sec.) "The good I would meet with goodness. The not-good I would also meet with goodness. Virtue is good to all."

The strong similarities to many of the profoundest thoughts of the Bible exhibited by this and many other passages from Lao-Tsze, are very remarkable. They would be noticeable in themselves, but as coming from one who lived in China, and in the sixth century before Christ, are doubly deserving of attention.

How are these striking similarities to Christian thought and these anticipations of so many modern ideas which Lao-Tsze shows us, not merely in his religious views, but in his philosophical and social speculations, to be explained? Has his book been manipulated by interpolators, or did he

himself have any communication with the West of Asia and the seats of enlightenment around the Mediterranean?

As to the first suggestion, the Chinese scholars declare that there is no ancient book that can with more confidence be declared free from suspicion as to its antiquity and integrity.

As to the second suggestion — that Lao-Tsze had communication with Palestine or Greece — that is an explanation which we need not resort to. The similarities may be accounted for in a much simpler way.

As Lao-Tsze himself says, "One needs not to go beyond his own door to know the world. One need not to peep through his windows to see celestial Tao. The further one travels away from home the less he knows."

Lao-Tsze gives us such coincidences with European and Christian thought and such prefigurements of modern notions, simply because his spiritual stature raised his eyes to the same height of spiritual observation, and the same heaven was above him and the same earth beneath him.

It is only another illustration, from a more remote quarter, of what Mr. Lewes has endeavored to show in his "History of Philosophy"; viz., that all modern philosophy in its various aspects, however it may boast of originality, is but a repetition of the course of ancient philosophy; the same problems, the same answers, the same narrow circle of a few modes of thought, from point to point of which the human mind swings as it seeks to determine more exactly the great reality of things.

It is, in fine, a conspicuous testimony to the essential unity of the human mind and an additional proof of the supreme antiquity and attainments of that people who not merely anticipated us in the invention of gunpowder and paper, the printing press and the mariner's compass, but plunged so long before us into the mysteries of transcendentalism, taught, five centuries anterior to the Christian Era, some of Christ's loftiest instructions, and three thousand years ago proposed to abolish armies, capital punishments, protective duties, and all restrictions upon the liberties of the individual.

There is here a most wholesome rebuke to that large class of people who are so captivated by the wonders of modern progress that they imagine that an enlightened or humane thought was impossible in ancient days.

The later phases of the doctrine of Tao, as has happened with almost every great doctrine, did not keep the elevated plane on which it began. The followers of Lao-Tsze, unequal to grasping and applying his ideas in their exalted spirituality, brought them down to their own sensuous level. His origin and life were invested with marvellous fables. They celebrated his supernatural birth from the side of a virgin. They worshipped him, as one of the many manifestations of the invisible Deity.

In his high appreciation of the power of the spirit which has identified itself with Supreme Tao, Lao-Tsze assigned to it almost an unconditional mastery. It can rule, not only itself, but the material and the animal world. "He who has amplitude of virtue is like a child. The reptiles sting him not. Wild beasts seize him not, and birds of prey strike him not."

Taking literally these bold flights of rhetoric, the later disciples of Lao-Tsze degraded his lofty transcendentalism into a childish system of magic, his pure abstractions into the most fantastic schemes and superstitions. They became the theosophists and necromancers of the Middle Kingdom. Their talk was now of spells, of amulets, of gifts of second sight, of elixirs that rescued from the grasp of death. They gave themselves up henceforth to magical performances, figuring as jugglers, physicians, fortune tellers. They became a sect whose chiefs are called "Heavenly Doctors," and whose Supreme Pontiff is believed to be an incarnation of Tao, exercising absolute dominion in the sphere of the invisible.

But not by these later corruptions should we judge the doctrine of Tao, any more than we should judge Christianity by Papal Romanism, but by what it was as its author originally gave it to the world. To estimate it correctly we should compare it with the conceptions of the age in which it first appeared. And though that period was one of the most fruitful in remarkable men of any period in history, when the Grecian annals are starred with such names as Thales, Parmenides, and Xenophanes, when Judea was blessed with her Jeremiah and Ezekiel, I do not know any among them that, take him for all in all, as thinker, moralist, and statesman, deserves to stand higher than the Old Philosopher of China.

ARE WE SOCIALISTS?

BY MR. THOMAS B. PRESTON.

THE prominence given to socialistic questions in this country during the past few years has led many thinking Americans to inquire whether we have not ourselves departed to a great extent from that magnificent individualism that characterized the idea of our forefathers in founding a republic where manhood and independence, industry, perseverance, and enterprise should have full, free play. We evidently have departed from it in many ways. There is a tendency on the part of large classes of men to look to the government to aid them, either by the strong arm of military force or by giving them special advantages, through tariffs or bounties, over the rest of their fellow-citizens. Labor and Capital stand as if arrayed in hostile camps, each under an armed truce, ever and anon breaking out into open war. All sorts of suggestions are made to meet our threatening social perils. "Shoot down the strikers!" cry some; "Let the legislature fix the price to be paid to employees!" say others — both suggestions equally socialistic, equally unjust. If the railroad companies, for instance, are private business enterprises to be run in the interests of the stockholders and directors without consulting the public, their officials certainly have a right to obtain labor as cheaply as possible. If they are public enterprises, instituted for the public convenience, it would be no more socialistic for the public to own and operate them than for it to conduct the post-office business.

It is entirely against American principles that any man should be dictated to as to the nature of the labor he employs; but it is equally against American principles that profits arising from the franchises, exchanges, and transportation of an entire community should be diverted into the pockets of a few. The strike and the boycott are civil war on a small scale, recognized by laboring men themselves as only expedients adopted to resist greater hardships. They are fully offset by the shut-down and the black-list. All sorts of bills are before our legislatures, both state and national, aimed at

remedying our social system. Most of them are restrictive, paternal, socialistic, un-American measures which strike at the root of all our institutions—individual liberty. Are we not sadly departing from the ideal of our forefathers? Holding that “all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights,” have we not permitted to grow up in the United States conditions which interfere with this natural equality and restrict the exercise of individual industry and enterprise? In other words, while decrying socialism as a foreign importation, hostile to the spirit of our institutions, are we not ourselves guilty of unjustly hampering the citizen in things which affect his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness? Are we socialists?

Obviously the answer to this question depends upon the meaning attached to socialism, and in defining socialism it is necessary to distinguish between the various forms proposed as the proper means for the collective exercise of functions relating to society as a whole. Such terms as nihilism, communism, anarchy, are frequently confounded by good writers and otherwise accurate thinkers. Socialism and anarchy are almost universally spoken of as synonymous. Yet the fact is that they are at the very opposite poles of the social sphere. To mistake socialism for anarchy is to confound black with white.

The discovery of the New World by Columbus offered an outlet for the overcrowded and oppressed populations of Europe. It foreshadowed the end of ecclesiastical tyranny and class government. Growing up in America in the absence of the reactionary and repressive forms of European rule, the new nations could not fail to become deeply imbued with the spirit of freedom; and as soon as they acquired a little strength, the people shook off the yoke of the parent country and in most cases established republics. This success had a profound influence in creating a strong tendency towards popular government in Great Britain and on the Continent. But it soon became apparent that political freedom alone would not secure to the individual the exercise of his natural rights. It was found to be a means and not an end.

The Democracy of America asserted broadly that all men were created equal; but when they came to apply this doc-

trine, it was found that some men, whose skins were black, were denied freedom and equal rights. Hence, after the country had become consolidated and our wars of independence, liberation, and conquest had been ended, the question of chattel slavery became the irrepressible conflict. The Democrats set up the idea of state rights, while the Republicans held that no violation of natural justice could be tolerated in any part of a civilized nation, and that right and wrong could not be bounded by state lines. They were more Democratic than their opponents. The abolitionists of the days before the war were called socialists.

In Europe the fact that the reins of government were still in the hands of the idle and privileged classes produced a very different phase of social growth. The aristocracy sought to maintain their fast-diminishing power by all sorts of repressive enactments, which of course resulted in resistance and revolution. Thus while the path of progress has been comparatively peaceful in America, in Europe it has been marked by almost continual bloodshed. The union of church and state, the identification of the laws of God and the interests of the nobility, led many of the seekers after liberty to imagine that the freedom of the people could only be obtained by a destruction of all ideas of God and religion. Others went further and struck at the foundations of social order, the family tie and sexual morality. Others wished to destroy all government whatever. The various systems thus evolved have all been called socialistic.

If by socialism is meant any collective action by society, then all forms of government by the people, whether constitutional monarchies or republics, are more or less socialistic. The post office becomes a socialistic institution. This is hardly a proper use of the word; at least, it does not meet general acceptance as such. There are easily drawn distinctions between communism, Fourierism, nihilism, anarchy, democracy and republicanism, and between all of these and socialism. True, they lap over and run into one another, but the difference is always discernible by careful analysis.

Communism relates to the possession of goods, and is not necessarily political in its nature or confined to any particular form of government. Its fundamental principle consists in the negation of individual rights in property. It seeks to abolish the irksome conditions of poverty by estab-

lishing a state of things in which the personal possessions of all belong to the community, and the fruits of the labor of all are shared by each member. As the collective capacity of all to produce is much greater than the labor of all the individuals added together, it is argued that in a communistic state of society each one would have an abundance. This is quite true, if the individuals composing the community would labor for the general welfare as industriously as they would for themselves, and if the resulting product could be equitably divided. Then, if these things could be accomplished, there would also be question of the justice of the arrangement. The only tolerable basis for such a state would be the consent of the individuals forming the community. While this might be practicable on a small scale, as with certain religious bodies whose members hold all things in common, there still remains the glaring injustice of allotting to some more than they earn, and detracting from what is justly due to others. Enforced communism, to say the least, is totally opposed to the spirit of American institutions, which would give to every man the full measure of justice to which he is entitled.

Fourier's system was one of industrial co-operation, but he extended it to the family relation, and would have marriage abolished. He advocated the removal of all restrictions on human passions. He did not seem to reflect that the marriage tie was no more a restriction on human passions than the attraction of gravitation is on the material universe. Both are required for the stability — the one of the moral, the other of the physical world. It is not fair to class as restrictions those laws which arise from the nature of things. A law against wrong doing is not a restriction. The liability to err is not an advantage. It is like a minus quantity in algebra, which, added to a plus quantity, always reduces the amount. Human passions, like everything else in nature, have their legitimate object and fulfilment. The marriage tie is not a restriction but a proper direction, without which society could not exist. As to co-operation it is generally of immense advantage in production, but it is difficult of application on a large scale, and an equitable distribution of the products would be attended with almost insuperable difficulties. Besides that, it could only depend for its sanction on the consent of the individuals forming the community.

The very regulation of Fourier's phalanges would impose restrictions far more irksome than any that exist under the present state of society.

Nihilism is the common appellation of the Russian variety of misdirected socialism which rejects the idea of authority in religion and in politics. Driven to secret conspiracy through the repressive measures of the Russian government, it has resorted to force in return. Viewed from its destructive side it has many points in common with anarchy; and the father of Russian nihilism, Bakunin, distinctly proclaimed his abhorrence of all law. But the constitution of the nihilist organization is contradictory of this ultimate individualism. The directing power is a strongly centralized body; and their leaders have frequently asserted that if a constitutional government should be adopted, their revolutionary agitation would cease. In their federalistic tendency the nihilists resemble the Republicans of the United States.

Anarchy, properly speaking, is the antipodes of socialism. It would abolish all government, and leave individuals subject only to natural laws. In a perfect state of society, the anarchists claim, men would do right without any laws. Education and self-control would rule the individual, and any other kind of regulation would be an unwarranted interference with personal freedom. Communities would be formed of individuals attracted to each other by a similarity of tastes and desires. If a member of one of these groups became dissatisfied, he would leave it and join some other group more congenial to his tastes. Truth, justice, and honor would be followed for their own sake, and not through fear of any repressive laws. The idea of the anarchists is much like that which the saints of old had of the condition of the blessed in heaven: they would be so attracted by the infinite beauty and goodness, that their hearts and minds would forever freely love, worship, and praise the Deity, and forever find happiness in so doing. Theoretical anarchy may thus be defined as a state of society in which every one does as he pleases without doing wrong. Indeed, such perfect anarchy is only possible in heaven. As long as men are subject to the physical necessities of the body, it is morally certain that there will be a clash of material interests which requires regulation; and such regulation implies government. The trouble with many anarchists, however, is that

they wish to bring about their system by violence, if necessary, and consider the first step towards its attainment to be the forcible destruction of present systems of government. In theory they simply carry out to an exaggerated absurdity the doctrine of non-interference with personal liberty, that "the best government is that which governs least."

Democracy, the government of the people through chosen representatives, aims at the regulation of the affairs of society by law, but in such a way that the freedom of the individual is interfered with as little as possible. It limits the powers of government to the maintenance of the public peace, and denies to it distributive functions. The exaggerated Democratic idea, for instance, would not allow a standing army, and would prevent government control of the railroads or telegraphs, through fear that a large standing army of employees would be interested in perpetuating a particular administration or party, and thus really destroy government by the people. Logically, they limit the powers of government by state lines, and seek to still further divide responsibility by county and municipal legislatures.

Republicanism aims at the greatest good of the greatest number, without much respect for state lines or theoretical distinctions. It is centralizing and socialistic, while Democracy is decentralizing and anarchistic. It asks whether the object sought would have a good effect, rather than whether the means proposed are strictly in accordance with precedent. Prohibition, for instance, which aims at the abolition of the evil of drunkenness, the regulation of the manufacture of imitation butter, and all sumptuary laws, find more sympathy with Republicans than with Democrats. In theory, state sovereignty might have prevented the abolition of slavery.

True socialism is higher and broader than any of these systems. If we accept the dictionary definition — "a theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly, and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed," — few should be ashamed to be called socialists. Their avowed object, the "abolition of industrial slavery," is a good one. The means, however, which they propose would simply substitute slavery of another kind: the subjection of the individual to the state. In the socialist congress held at Gotha in 1875, they thus define their plan: —

"The emancipation of the working class demands the transformation of the instruments of labor into the common property of society and the co-operative control of the total labor, with application of the product of labor to the common good, and just distribution of the same."

Such a system would hardly tend towards emancipation. True, it would abolish the exploitation of laborers by capitalists; but if working men could establish it, they would find it to be a more galling slavery than that of old. The fallacy of socialism may be shown in its declarations adopted at the congress referred to:—

"Labor is the source of all wealth and all culture; and as useful work in general is possible only through society, so to society—that is, to all its members—belongs the entire product of labor by an equal right, to each one according to his reasonable wants, all being bound to work.

"In the existing society the instruments of labor are a monopoly of the capitalist class; the subjection of the working class thus arising is the cause of misery and servitude in every form."

Now that is simply untrue. Labor is not the source of all wealth; it is only one factor of production. Deny to labor any access to the great storehouse of nature,—the earth,—and how much wealth can it produce? Labor is the active factor, land the passive factor. Bring the two together, and you have all the requisites for the production of wealth. Again, "useful work in general" is quite as possible through individuals as through society. Indeed, the better class of work, as has frequently been observed, is that done by individuals. Machine-made goods or factory goods are generally acknowledged to be inferior to hand-made goods of the same class.

Besides that, it would be an outrageous violation of property rights to take from any man that which he has earned, and distribute it among his fellows without his full and free consent. Even with this consent such a method should never be resorted to whenever there is any other way of relieving those who cannot help themselves. Those who are able to help themselves should earn their own living, as they all could if access to the passive factor of production were unimpeded. The instruments of labor are themselves but products of labor a little further removed from their

source. They can soon be reconstructed by labor. Place a community in a fertile land, and give them free access to the soil, and in a few years they would have constructed for themselves instruments of labor sufficient to make them wealthy. What else has been the chief lesson of the first three hundred and fifty years of American history?

It is socialistic to make the revenues of the government a burden on industry. Revenues there must be, but they should not bear upon industry. In fact, the taxation of any product of labor is simply taking from the laborer part of his earnings. To such an extent we are socialists. Any other form of taxation than that on the value of land is essentially socialistic because any other tax is passed on from the seller to the consumer, and takes part of the latter's earnings, without compensation, for use by the community. Any tax on earnings is socialistic, although it may not go so far as to take all a man earns. The substitution for our present system of a single tax amounting to the full rental value of land would sound the death-knell of socialism.

While we sin so deeply in our present bungling, socialistic way by forcing individuals to give up part of the proceeds of their labor, by fining a man who builds a house more than if he were maintaining a public nuisance, by tariffs which hinder trade with foreign countries, and add millions to private fortunes at the expense of the people, and by a thousand indirect taxes which make life harder for men without their being able easily to see the reason, on the other hand we foolishly leave to individuals those great agencies which are the outcome of social growth—the product of the inventive genius of a few men, if you like, but which after a time grow so powerful as to become the very arbiters of life and death. Prominent among such agencies are the railroad and the telegraph. They can crush communities out of existence and enrich the owners at the expense of their fellow-men. They have already become the chief source of corruption in government. The ownership of these agencies by the community becomes a necessity for the continuance of social progress. Otherwise these monopolies can go on increasing and concentrating until a few persons are enabled, through them, to appropriate the wealth of a community. In so far as socialism demands the state ownership of agencies of this nature, it is proceeding in the

right direction. There are many other agencies besides the railroad and the telegraph, such as the supply of water, gas, light, heat, telephones, and means of transit and communication, in which the American idea of free competition is a fallacy.

Here we are too individualistic. The right to make war and peace was long ago taken from individuals and vested in the community. So at a later stage was the carriage of letters. National quarantines, boards of health, public schools, are all examples of applied socialism in its legitimate sense. But why should we stop here? The existence of such great monopolies as the railroad and the telegraph are a standing menace to the life of the republic. Let us munificently reward the inventors of appliances which shall add to the comfort and convenience of the community, but allow these agencies to be owned perpetually by individuals never!

We are socialistic where we should respect the rights of the individual, and we are individualistic where individualism is a crime against the commonwealth. And so we go blundering on. When our stupid and oppressive system leads men to cry out against it, and riot and murder follow, we hang a few anarchists. When monopolists, grown bold through long years of immunity, attempt to rob a little more openly, by pools and combinations or by direct bribery, we create interstate commissions to watch them, or we send a few to prison, allowing others to escape to Canada; repressing a little here those who complain too loudly, where we should rather rectify their grievances, and lopping off a little there the enormous unearned profits, which we should abolish altogether.

Meanwhile our two classes of tramps are increasing: those who travel around the world in floating palaces, living upon the toil of others, without using their capital in any legitimate enterprise, and those who go afoot, pilfering from cornfields and hen-roosts — both classes an unjust burden on a hard-working, long-suffering community.

We have arrived at a critical period of our history, where we must meet the demands of social progress, or our civilization will perish as surely as did the fallen empires of former ages. Already the mutterings of revolt are growing louder and louder, while upstart monopoly was never so

insolent and imperious as it is to-day. Let us be warned in time, and, discarding all half measures, face the issue like men, and not go on, trusting to luck, foolishly dreaming that somehow, at some time, existing wrongs will right themselves.

A NOTABLE BOOK OF TRAVELS.

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING, D. D., CLAYTON MCMICHAEL,
THOMAS W. KNOX, AND SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

I.

THE book of Mrs. Sheldon is commended by the fact that it records an effort to separate exploration from murder. Père Marquette and William Penn had proved the possibility of such a way of peace, but humanity seems to learn more rapidly lessons of blood than lessons of mercy. Many men are wont to measure their worth by their ability to grind things to powder. There is a type of mind which is fond of lording it over both man and beast. Of this type this century is still too abundantly supplied. The maxim of the animal tamer, that "wild beasts are made docile by blows and hunger," prevails with many minds which by some stroke of misfortune are called upon to deal with the souls and bodies of men. In the face of all the evidence that kindness will touch the heart of a savage, Africa had just been explored by means of gun and lash. It seemed time for the same Africa to be explored by a woman. The moral lesson is many times more valuable than the lesson in geography. The book may well act as an instrument to erase the blood marks from other recent tablets of history.

May French-Sheldon possessed wonderful fitness for such a journey into the Dark Continent. From girlhood she had been fond of personal achievement. A negative life seemed intolerable. The facility with which she learned the arts of sculptor and critic, translator, conversationalist, and fashionable woman might have led her friends to suspect that she could cross a continent even if the roads were bad and the inhabitants barbarous. To her singular nature all tasks were easy. Even when prostrated again and again with bleeding of the lungs, she always said with a smile, "I shall be out in a few days." She had always been self-adequate.

The expeditions of Mr. Stanley had not only created a new interest in the facts and affairs of Africa, but they had made many a woman wonder whether the common law of kindness were not applicable to the black race. Mrs. Sheldon soon reached the conclusion that all human beings resemble each other, and that what is human nature in England would be human nature in

Africa. The worth of the volume is therefore largely a moral worth; it being a demonstration that friendship, like the pen, is mightier than the sword. There are no discoveries or novelties set down in the volume. The photographs and the text combine to make us feel that Africa is not far away.

These expeditions ought to remind the civilized nations that these black tribes are a part of themselves, and should be cared for as relatives in distress. When the old Dutch merchants and the English captains began to steal or buy negroes, three hundred years ago, they found the poor blacks capable of homesickness, capable of appreciating liberty, some of them committing suicide rather than be sold into slavery. The long sweep of three centuries has not sufficed to awaken the sympathy of the more intelligent races. The negroes are still the victims of the white man's avarice and cruelty. The slave trade is not suppressed, and the white explorer leaves a desert behind him. One of the most significant chapters in the book of Mrs. Sheldon is that one in which she speaks of the use the German explorers make of big drums, big guns, and all big fusses in general. Such facts are amusing to us Americans, but to the Africans the noise did not imply any great amount of amusement. It was not difficult for the innocent natives to commit some act which made the German noise turn into murder.

All who read the account of this last expedition (*dux femina facti*) will enjoy the accounts of the skill and taste of those interior tribes; but they will wonder what has kept the sciences, arts, cultivation, and morals of Europe away from such a vast area. Soil and climate invite rather than repel. It is probable that the globe has thus far been too large for our use; that we have not had Christianity or goodness enough to cover it. Before man will move to the margin he must be squeezed out at the centre.

Perhaps Africa will soon be settled as the continent of Australia was settled. It has been just a hundred years since the colonization of that island began in good earnest. Melbourne was founded as late as 1837, and now has a population of a half-million. Within a lifetime the colony has become a nation, which at times gives some hint of a desire to become a republic. The unrest and suffering which are resulting in Europe and Great Britain from the absence of land and the expenses of living may soon compel emigration to turn towards those vast reserved lands which a woman can now easily explore. A woman has robbed Africa of its terrors. It will henceforth be easy for civilization to spread over that land. The difficulty of late generations has been that civilization has not made the attempt to migrate thither. Those white people who repaired to Africa went to steal negroes or to annihilate noble elephants.

Mrs. Sheldon's book recalls to mind many of the details given in the journal of Captain Speke, and the expedition of Speke confirmed stories which Dutch travellers related three hundred years ago. The negro girls who were visited by Captain Speke wore more pounds of iron rings than Mrs. Sheldon assigns to any one dusky maiden. The iron rings on the legs and arms of a fashionable negress amounted to almost as much in pounds as the person could lift. Credit must be given to Speke for meeting one group of women to whose tents and abodes Mrs. Sheldon did not penetrate. These women gloried in what in England is called "stoutness." It was a maxim of high society that the more a girl weighed the more beautiful she was to be declared. That the infant daughters might reach this form of merit, the mothers forced down their throats all the cream and milk each child could possibly contain. It thus came to pass that the English traveller found girls of such weighty beauty that they could not walk. They lay upon mats or tiger skins to be the ideals of the tribe. It is a matter of regret that in 1863 Captain Speke had not with him that photographic art and outfit which enabled Mrs. Sheldon to present her readers with the lifelike image of all objects, animate and inanimate, from a negro boy, man, or woman to a boa-constrictor. A picture of a negro girl, toiling hard to make her waist large, would make a good companion picture for an American girl in the attitude of lashing in her waist with strong cords.

The serious reader of this volume will reach the conclusion that the work of the Christian missionary is too slow and too narrow to meet the wants of that continent. A movement by the industrial forces of society is most demanded. The settlement of America began along the James River in the desire of mankind for land, timber, and in general for room and food. The schoolhouse and the church have travelled all over this land, but only in company with agriculture and the mechanical arts. The gold mines of California peopled and civilized the Pacific Coast; the grass fields of the West are, through the herds of cattle, to make the West a part of the Christian world. Thus Africa is waiting not simply for religion, but for religion and saw mills, hymn books and ploughs; not only for Sundays of worship, but for Mondays of rational work. It would seem, from the journey made by Mrs. Sheldon, that the women of the Christian nations might adopt Africa as an arena of general utility, and might induce tens of thousands of good persons who are half-starved in the older world, to migrate and grow rich in the neglected gardens of the luxuriant South.

DAVID SWING, Chicago, Ill.

II.

A JOURNALIST'S CRITICISM.

In her just published book Mrs. M. French-Sheldon makes a charming story of her journey "From Sultan to Sultan." It is a graphic narrative of African travel, filled with modest mention of hardships and dangers. There is a subtle fascination in the constant outcropping of womanly sentiment. There is a continuing delight in the picturesque portrayal of scenes and incidents among a yet uncivilized and sometimes savage people, in whose unfamiliar manners and strange customs this brilliant and courageous authoress and voyager has awakened, and will certainly magnify, a fresh and exciting interest. Mrs. Sheldon set out upon no crusade of conquest; projected no new disturbance of the creeds of science; paraded no promise to add other sheaves to the never fully gleaned harvest of geographical knowledge. She had a purpose not less determined, not less thoughtful, not less adventurous than any of these. In her burned the woman's will to know, the woman's generous desire to communicate, the woman's indomitable bravery to master, the home laws and habits of the aboriginal Africans, at the thresholds of whose dwelling-places every previous explorer had been turned away uninformed.

The holiday attire which this book wears, and the profusion of its rich illustrations—reproducing with artistic taste many of the quaint objects procured by Mrs. Sheldon, and some of the life copying pictures of men and places photographed by her during her African marches—symbol a disposition impregnated with the impulses of luxury and ease. Her provision for comfort and convenience carried across plain and mountain, through thicket and jungle, dainty appointments of toilet and of table, with gowns and housings which might fitly have apparelled a queen or covered from sun or storm the jauntiest of summer idlers. It is made clearly understood, however, that the splendid robes and dazzling jewels were a carefully considered part of the paraphernalia of ceremonial with which she received the greetings of the native tribes; while the sheltering palanquin, the unnumbered accessories to proper service for a fastidious appetite, and the well-stocked dressing-cases had been so deftly designed by their ingenious owner that no veteran campaigner could have sensibly trespassed within the lines of uncultivated wilds with less weight, or smaller compass, of baggage or accoutrements for individual use.

Something because of these ever recognizable evidences of feminine delicacy, the achievement of this softly reared gentlewoman commands the best tributes of respect, of wonder, and of admiration. Yet, reading one after another the pages which tell

of a well-accomplished errand, and aroused often to the thrill of sympathy by brief and not boastful references to fatigues endured or risks encountered, the fact continually asserts itself that Bébé Bwana — "the woman master," as the natives quickly christened her — carried in her heart, untokened by her low-toned and musically modulated voice or by her lithe and youthful figure, an intrepid courage, allied to that indescribable power of control which, like the inspiration of the poet, is born, not made.

The statements which have been published concerning the distinguished ancestry of Mrs. Sheldon and those relating to her participation in the healthful and invigorating pastimes and occupations of life on the sparsely settled frontiers of the United States help to make clear that she started into the African forests fortified by heroic grit, the heritage of staunch and honest blood, supplemented by the sense of self-reliance which is the offspring of the touch and training of the American Border. That she had so well surmounted many previous obstacles in the paths to the goals of earlier ambitions, must have encouraged her to this great undertaking, in which, as the contents of this sumptuous book from the press of THE ARENA prove, she needed every strength of will and limb.

At no moment during her long tramp does this spirited traveler seem to have lacked the perception to know or the ability to do, with equal promptitude, that which the exigency of the instant demanded, whether the occasion of action was unimportant or involved peril to her own life or to the progress of her expedition. This the readers of her interesting story will learn often from inference, and at other times from her own ingenuous descriptions of deeds of daring, or of tests of endurance, difficult to associate or identify with the personality of one whose domestic life, recently saddened by the most profound and most immeasurable of bereavements, has ever been notable for all that springs from refinement and tenderness.

The vigilant representatives of foreign and American newspapers have taken from Mrs. Sheldon's lips a part of the difficulties overcome by this plucky American woman who trod nearly a thousand miles of hill and dale in tropical Africa, at the head of a caravan of a hundred blacks, recruited, armed, commanded, and paid by herself. A few privileged audiences have listened to Mrs. Sheldon recite from the lecture platform, with graceful unconventionality, a portion of her unusual experiences. These have been but whettings to the eager appetite which will feed greedily upon the successive chapters of "From Sultan to Sultan." Between its covers lie constant and recurrent demonstrations that true bravery, keen intelligence, and persistent purpose do not lose their resistless force though covered by a female garb.

Here is enough of excitement, instruction, and adventure. Mrs. Sheldon gives us a personal story, bringing through incident and illustration a better knowledge of a rarely traversed territory almost in its virgin wildness, and of the traits and character of a people still governed by primitive practices and traditions. She has not attempted to compile a text-book for the schools, neither has she made the phrasing of her narrative of greater importance than its substance. She has made lavish expenditure of her strength and of her wealth to learn the hearth-stone modes of African sultans and their subjects; and what she acquired at so great a cost, her book displays in a delightful form.

CLAYTON McMICHAEL.

III.

OPINION OF A WELL-KNOWN TRAVELLER.

"Sultan to Sultan" is a remarkable book,—remarkable in more ways than one. There are men whose writings resemble those of women, and women whose writings resemble those of men, but there are not many writers who present at the same time the characteristics of the productions of both sexes. If the author of "Sultan to Sultan" had published her book anonymously and omitted various paragraphs and illustrations which tell us about herself, the reader would be puzzled to determine the sex of the writer. Opening at some of the pages, he would say, "This is certainly a woman's book." The fine play of fancy here and there, the delicate touches of description of foliage and scenery, the warm sympathy with the women of the tribes that she visited, and her keen appreciation of every effort of the rude barbarians among whom she travelled to give pleasure to the stranger within their gates, would tell him that the book came from a feminine hand. Opening at other pages, he would say, "This is a man's book; it must be a man's book. I know it from the careful attention to detail, the minuteness of description, the absence of glittering generalities, the display of painstaking care in everything that pertained to the preparation for and prosecution of the journey, and furthermore, last but not least, the writer of the volume was not thrown into hysterics by close contact with a rat."

No traveller of Africa has given us a volume that surpasses this in interest, and there are not many who have equalled it. From the moment that Mrs. Sheldon embarks on the train and struggles with the difficulties of taking along her palanquin as personal luggage, till she returns from her adventurous journey, and in broken health is clasped in the arms of her husband, there is not a dull page or line in the volume. Her accounts of Suez

and Aden give new touches to the pictures of those oft-described places. With the greatest good nature, she tells us how she was made the victim of a practical joke by the officers of the steamer *Madura*. Her description of the famous water tanks of Aden is full of interest and so are her accounts of that singular people, the Somalis, and especially the portrayal of the Somali queen. Unconsciously she reveals to us in advance the amount of determination in her character, as she tells about the "Obstacle" that came in her way at the very outset of her undertaking, and how she overcame it. An admirable picture she gives of the Frere Town Mission at Mombasa and the good it has accomplished. In fact, more is learned in this volume concerning the missions in Africa than in the volume of any previous traveller not connected in some way with those philanthropic establishments. It is safe to say that a sensation would be created by the appearance on Fifth Avenue or Regent Street of the natives she describes on page 72, as follows:—

The women and girls are clothed in white cotton dresses, made like a chemise, bedecked with a Turkey-red stripe around the skirt, low neck and short sleeves. Most of them have their ear lobes distended to an accepted size by a painful method of introducing graduated plugs; then they wear as an ornament leaves of young palms coiled very tightly and trimmed so as to display the white veining that runs through the centre of the leaf, which makes a spiral and looks very pretty. Some of the grander natives disport fine brass ornaments. They are permitted to wear their bead necklaces and bracelets. The girls who have not their hair shaven tight to their head coiffure it in an elaborate and intricate fashion.

Nearly every traveller in Africa has many annoyances and disappointments at the outset, and Mrs. Sheldon was no exception to the rule. She was unable to obtain at Mombasa the porters necessary for her expedition, and was therefore obliged to go to Zanzibar. However inconvenient this may have been to herself, it was fortunate for the readers of her book, because it gives them an introduction to the Sultan of Zanzibar and a peep into his harem such as would not be accorded to any traveller of the sterner sex. The fair explorer seems to have found her way very promptly into the good graces of the Sultan, as she obtained from him a special letter to any Arab caravans she might encounter on her route through the country — a letter which was certainly of great advantage to her during her travels. The power of the Sultan was also exercised on her behalf in the matter of obtaining porters, without which a journey in the interior of Africa is an absolute impossibility. When she reached Zanzibar there were no porters to be had; so many caravans had been equipped for the German and British expeditions and also for private parties and Arab caravans, that the supply was exhausted; but as soon as

Mrs. Sheldon interviewed the Sultan, there was a different face to the picture. She was able to leave Zanzibar shortly afterward for Mombasa with one hundred and thirty-eight men. The expedition had the usual difficulties of making a start from Mombasa, and it is to the credit of their leader that there were fewer desertions before and during the first day's march than is generally recorded by other travellers in Africa.

We are introduced to many habits and customs of the people of East Africa, but the limits of space prevent our giving even a hundredth part of what has been set before us. On page 138 and succeeding pages, there is a delightful story of a porter who was famous for his strength, and one is moved to laughter at the sufferings of the poor fellow in endeavoring to oblige his employer by holding his tongue. In consequence of his great strength, he was allowed to be at the head of the caravan, and this brought him very near to the leader, whose ears were greatly wearied by his perpetual talking and singing in a loud voice. After enduring it as long as possible, Mrs. Sheldon called him before her, complimented him upon his work and the attention he had shown her, and ended by telling him she could not endure hearing him scream continuously as he did, and if he did not cease his noise, he would be ordered to the rear. He kept silent, and at the end of the day, when she complimented him upon his obedience, he declared that he was very happy, but had broken out with prickly heat in consequence of his endeavors to be silent. The same man, whose name was Kara, one day saw our heroine about to step on an ant's nest which was concealed from sight by overgrowing grass, when the following incident happened: "Like a whirlwind, something suddenly grasped me about the waist, lifting me up from the ground, and seemed to dart on the wings of the air, away beyond on the open plain, when I was as suddenly dropped, and then discovered my captor to have been Kara, my strong man, as he prostrated himself, his face pressed close on the ground in the dust, pleading pathetically, "Bébé Bwana; siafu! siafu!" (ants! ants!) So it was that this ever-watchful porter, seeing me unwittingly about to step upon the vicious ants, himself knowing from sad experience what a terror they are to man and beast, had dropped his load, unceremoniously seizing me, had carried me beyond the danger."

This incident introduces us to an account of the ferocious character of these ants. They attack human beings in great droves, and have been known to compel the removal of an entire camp during the middle of the night. Their bite is painful to all and poisonous to many; in their periods of migration, they move in great armies, devastating the country by eating away the grass along their line of march. There are other ants that build

mounds of sand which look like the battlements of a palace or bastion. The termites, or white ants, destroy great trees in a forest, devouring the entire wood and leaving the outer bark to stand in apparent solidity, but ready to fall at the slightest pressure against it. We are told that they will attack the foundations of any wooden structure however massive, and that frequently wooden boxes placed on the ground for the night will be riddled by them, leaving only a mere veneering of the wood, which falls into dust the moment it is touched. Mrs. Sheldon tells us that a native woman of that part of Africa invariably carries her infant upon her back in a hide or cloth while at work pounding corn or millet, or when tilling the soil, as she is afraid to place the child on the ground lest it should be eaten by the ants. Besides ants there are mosquitoes and stinging flies in great numbers, and it is necessary for every traveller to be provided with strong mosquito nets and with squares of gauze or netting to wear over the sun hat. Then there are flesh-burrowers, called "jiggers," that burrow under the toe and finger nails and not infrequently cause the loss of fingers or toes and sometimes of hands or feet. There are grass ticks, which dig into the flesh and breed there with great rapidity, unless they are taken out. We are introduced to much of the animal life of Africa; and as most of the animals are wild, their performances are not always of a pleasant character. At nearly every encampment in the interior it was necessary to maintain fires and keep a careful watch to prevent the intrusion of unwelcome creeping or prowling things. As an incident of African camp life, the following will serve for illustration:—

One night, experiencing great fatigue, I fell into a profound slumber lying in my palanquin within my tent, when I suddenly awoke with a shuddering apprehension of danger, and possessed by an instinctive feeling of the presence of some harmful thing. Involuntarily seizing my knife and pistol, I cried out, "Who is there?" No answer. Then I called out for the *askari* on guard, at the same time tried to penetrate the darkness, when I became aware, through the atmospheric conditions surrounding me, that a cold, clammy, moving object was above me, in truth almost touching me, on the top of my palanquin, the rattans of which were cracking as if under the pressure of a mangle. I was struggling to slide out of the palanquin without rising from my recumbent position, to avoid touching the thing, when the *askari* entered carrying a lantern, to my abject horror revealing to me the object I had intuitively dreaded. My blood fairly seemed to congeal in my veins at the spectacle; it was an enormous python, about fifteen feet long, which had coiled around the top of the palanquin, and at that moment was ramping and thrusting its head out, searching for some attainable projection around which to coil its great, shiny, loathsome length of body. Seeing the python, the *askari* immediately yelled wildly out for help, and in a moment a dozen stalwart porters pitched in a merciless way with their knives upon the reptile, slashing and cutting its writhing body into inch bits. I am not ashamed to confess it was the supreme

fear of my life, and almost paralyzed me. I came very near collapsing and relinquishing myself to the nervous shock; but there was no time for such an indulgence of weakness; there were other sequences to be considered.

Mrs. Sheldon pushed her explorations to the base of Mount Kilimanjaro, explored the hitherto unexplored Lake Chala, and, as the title of her book implies, proceeded from "Sultan to Sultan," and was received in every instance with all the honors due to a great personage. In her history may be said to have repeated itself. Many hundred years ago Ethiopia was invaded by an Assyrian queen. In these modern days the invasion was by an American queen, and the honors showered by the kings of Ethiopia upon Semiramis were renewed in those which were given to Bébé Bwana. It was a fine stroke of diplomacy on Mrs. Sheldon's part to carry with her a gorgeous dress in which she arrayed herself on every occasion when she was to meet one of the Sultans of Africa. To this dress was added a profusion of ornaments, a jewelled sword, and other gorgeous trappings. What wonder, then, that the Sultans on her line of travel regarded her as a personage of great importance and sought to do everything in their power to facilitate her journey! They had no reason to do otherwise than accord her a kindly greeting. Unlike many of the African explorers of recent years, she went on a mission of peace; she bore in her hand, not the sword, but the olive branch. One has only to compare the account of her journey with that of the German Dr. Peters in the same year and note the contrast. Mrs. Sheldon's journey did not require the taking of a single human life, while that of Dr. Peters was a tour of slaughter from beginning to end.

We learn much in this volume of that hitherto little known people, the Masai, of their ways of life, their manners and customs in peace and in war, their dresses, their arms and equipments, and not a little about their thoughts, passions, and feelings. Especially do we learn about their women, among whom Mrs. Sheldon went freely and was able, in consequence of her sex, to ascertain many things which by no possibility could ever reach the eyes or ears of a male traveller. But there is no space here for even the briefest summary of her wealth of information concerning the Masai, and the reader must refer to the book, which he will find of fascinating interest from the first page to the last.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

IV.

AN EMINENT ENGLISH POET, CRITIC, AND JOURNALIST'S VIEW.

I have read with pleasure and admiration Mrs. French-Sheldon's book of African travel, entitled "Sultan to Sultan." Not only does it exhibit in a unique way *quid foemina possit*, the self-reliance and resourcefulness of a courageous woman, but the spirit of it—gentle and fearless—is the right spirit of intercourse with native Africans, and its contents are not merely notes of a "globe-trotter," but the shrewd and valuable contribution to ethnology of a good observer. It has been my happy portion to be partially acquainted with all the modern explorers of the Dark Continent from the illustrious Livingstone down the honored line of Speke and Grant, Burton, Moffat, Cameron, Stanley, Johnston, and I consider the authoress of "Sultan to Sultan" has bravely and plainly earned the right to rank with them, and I have placed her charming volume, with full respect, side by side with theirs in my library. So far from being a drawback upon the bold enterprise which this lady undertook, her sex gave her evidently vast advantages in many ways over all her masculine predecessors; and thus while I find matters of information in the book peculiar to itself, I believe Mrs. French-Sheldon knows more than she has written, and upon many important points of African social life is at present about our best authority.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

THE boss had not returned; in truth, the probability was the boss *would not* return that night, inasmuch as he had generously offered the bookkeeper, who was clerk as well, permission to go to *his* supper first. True, the subordinate had declined the honor; it being Christmas eve, Saturday night, close upon the heels of the new year, and the books of the establishment sadly in need of posting. The subordinate did not relish the prospect of a lonely Christmas, Sunday at that, on the tall stool behind the big desk among the cobwebs, mackerel and onion scents, sardine boxes, nail kegs, coils of barbed wire, soap-smelling cotton stuffs, molasses and coal oil. So he gave up his supper, and the half hour with the cripple (he sighed for the half hour more than for the supper), contented himself with a bite of cheese and a cracker, which he forthwith entered upon the book, as he had been ordered to do, in a clear, clerical hand: "*To S. Riley, cheese and crackers, .07.*" He wrote it in his best hand, to cover up the smallness of it, perhaps, for it was a *very small* entry. The subordinate's face wore something very like a sneer as he made it, although he had the consolation of knowing the smallness of the transaction was upon the side of the creditor.

It was a general kind of a store, was the grocery on the corner; a little out of the way, beyond the regular beat of the city folk, but convenient to the people of the suburbs. It wasn't a mammoth concern, although its stock was varied. The boss, the real owner of the establishment, and Riley, the bookkeeper, ran it, without other help than that of black Ben, the porter.

Riley was both bookkeeper, clerk, and, he sometimes suspected, general scapegoat to the proprietor. To-night he was left to attend to everything, for he knew the boss would not leave his warm hearth to trudge back through the snow to the little corner grocery *that* night. His daughter had come for him in a sleigh, and had carried him off, amid warm furs and the jingle of sleigh bells, to a cheery Christmas eve with his family.

The bookkeeper sighed as he munched his cheese. There was a little lame girl away up in the attic on Water Street that Riley called home. She would hear the sleigh bells go by and peep down from her dingy little window, and clap her hands, and wish "daddy would come home for Christmas too." There

wasn't any mother up there in the attic; for out in the cemetery, in the portion allotted to the common people, the snow was falling softly on the little mother's grave.

The clerk ate his cheese in silence. Suddenly he dropped his fist upon the desk heavily. "Sometimes I wish she was out there with her mother," he said. "Sometimes I wish it, 'specially at Christmas times. Let me see: she is ten years old to-night; we called her our 'Christmas gift,' and never a step have the little feet taken. Poor Julie! poor little Christmas snowbird! poor little Christmas sparrow! I always think of her somehow when the boys go by in the holidays with a string of dead birds they've shot. Poor little daughter!"

He sighed, and took up his pen; it was a busy season. A step caused him to look up; then he arose and went to wait upon a customer. It was a woman, and Riley saw that she had been weeping.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Elkins," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to know the price of potatoes, Mr. Riley," she replied.

"Sixty cents a bushel. How is the little boy to-night, Mrs. Elkins? Is he getting well for Christmas?"

"Yes," said the woman. "He's a'ready well; well an' happy. I fetched him to the graveyard this mornin'."

Riley dropped the potato he had taken from the tub, and looked up to see the woman's lip quiver.

"What's the price o' them potatoes?"

"Fifteen cents a peck."

She laid a silver dime upon the counter.

"Gimme them many," she said; "there's four more lef' to feed besides the dead one, though," she added quickly, "I — aint begrudgin' of 'em victuals."

Riley measured a peck of the potatoes, and emptied them into her basket. Four mouths besides her own, and one little starving left that day, "that blessed Christmas eve," in the graveyard. He found himself hoping, as he went back to the ledger, that they had buried the baby near his own dead. The big graveyard wouldn't feel so desolate, so weirdly lonesome, as he thought it must, to the dead baby, if the little child-mother, his young wife, could find it out there among all that array of the *common* dead. "*To S. Riley, 1-3 of peck of potatoes, .05,*" the blue blotter had copied, or absorbed the entry, made it double, as if the debt had already begun to draw interest. The clerk, however, had not noticed the blotter; other customers came in and claimed his attention. They were impatient too. It was a very busy night, and the books, he feared, would not be balanced after all. It was shabby, downright mean, of the boss not to come back at a time like this.

The new customer was old man Murdock from across the river, the suburbs. He had been rich once, owned a house up town, and belonged to the aristocracy. He had possessed the appurtenances to wealth, such as influence, leisure, *at one time*. He still was a gentleman, since nature, not circumstance, had had the care of that. Every movement, every word, the very set of the threadbare broadcloth, spoke the proud, the "well raised" gentleman of the Old South time. "Good evening," Mr. Riley, he said, when the clerk stumbled down from his perch. The male customers—they learned it from the boss, doubtless—called him "Riley." They generally said, "Hello, Riley." But the old Southerner was neither so rude nor so familiar. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Riley," much the same as he would have said to the president, "Good evening, Mr. —"; and he touched his long, white, scholarly looking finger to the brim of his hat, though the hat was not lifted. Riley said, "Good evening" *back again*, and wanted to know "what Mr. Murdock would look at." He would have put the question in the same way had Mr. Murdock still possessed his thousands; and he would have put it no less respectfully had the gentleman of fallen fortunes come a begging. There is that about a gentleman *commands* respect; great Nature willed it so.

The customer was not hurried; he remarked upon the weather, and thawed himself before the big stove (he never once broached the subject of Christmas, nor became at all familiar), pitied the homeless such a night, hoped it would freeze out the tariff upon wool; then he asked, carelessly, as men of leisure might, "What is the price of bacon, Mr. Riley?—by the hundred."

"Eight dollars a hundred, Mr. Murdock," said Riley.

The ex-millionnaire slipped his white forefinger into his vest pocket. After a moment's silence, during which Riley knew the proud old heart was breaking, though the calm face gave no sign of the struggle, "Put me up a dime's worth of the bacon, if you please."

Riley obeyed silently; he would no more have presumed to cover up the pathos of the proceeding by *talk* than he would have thought of offering a penny, in charity, to the mayor in the city. He put the transaction as purely upon a business footing as if the customer had ordered a round ton of something. He wrapped the meat in a sheet of brown paper, and received the stately "Good evening, sir," saw the white finger touch the hat brim as the customer passed out into the snow, then climbed back to his perch, thinking, as he did so, that of all poverty the poverty that follows fallen fortunes must be the very hardest to endure. There is the battle against old longings, long-indulged luxuries, past pleasures, faded grandeurs, dead dreams, living sneers, and

pride, that indomitable blessing, or curse, that never, *never* dies. God pity those poor who *have once* seen better days!

"*To S. Riley, 2 lbs. bacon, at 12 1-2 cts., 25.*" The book bore another entry. Riley put the blotter over it very quickly; he had a fancy the late customer was looking over his shoulder. He shouldn't like the old gentleman to see that entry, not by any means.

"Chris'mus gif', marster."

Another customer had entered. Riley closed the big ledger, and thrust it into the safe. The *day-book* would take up the balance of the evening.

"What can I do for you, Aunt Angie?" he said, going behind the counter to wait upon the old colored woman, who had passed the compliments of the season after the old slave custom.

She laughed, albeit her clothing was in rags, and the thin shawl gathered about her shoulders bore patches in blue and yellow and white.

"I kotched yer Chris'mus gif', good marster; yer knows I did."

"But you're a little early, Aunt Angie," said the clerk; "this is only Christmas eve."

"Aw, git out, marster. De ole nigger got ter cook all day ter-morrer — big Chris'mus dinner fur de whi' folks. No res' fur de ole nigger, not even et Chris'mus. Bress de Lord, it ain' come but onc't a year."

She laughed again, but under the strange merriment Riley detected the weariness that was *thankful*; aye, that thanked God that Christmas, the holiday of the Christ-child, came "but once a year."

Christmas! Christmas! old season of mirth and misery! Who really enjoys it, after all? Lazarus in the gutter or Dives among his coffers?

The clerk ran his eye along the counters, the shelves, and even took in the big barrels, pushed back, in the rear, out of the way.

"Well, Aunt Angie, what shall the 'gift' be?"

He could see the bare toes where her torn old shoes fell away from the stockingless feet. She needed shoes; he was about to go for a pair when she stopped him by a gesture.

"Dem ar things, marster," she said, pointing to a string of masks — gaudy, hideous things, festooned from the ceiling. "I wants one o' dem ar. De chillun 'll lack dat sho."

He allowed her to select one; it was the face of a king, fat, jovial, *white*. She enjoyed it like a child. Then, unwrapping a bit of soiled muslin, she took from it three pieces of silver, three bright, precious dollars. They represented precisely three fourths of her month's wages. She purchased a tin horn "fur de baby,

honey"; a candy sheep "fur Ephum, de naix un"; a string of yellow beads "fur Jinny. Dat yaller gal ain' got no reason — mint she am dat set on habin' dem beads"; a plug of tobacco "fur de ole man's Chris'mus"; a jew's harp "fur Sam; dat chile gwi l'arn music, he am"; a doll "fur Lill Ria; she's de po'ly one, Lill Ria am"; and last, "a dust ob corn meal ter make a hoe-cake fur dey alls Chris'mus dinner."

She had been lavish, poor beggar; without stint she had given her all; foolishly, perhaps; but she apologized in full for the folly: "It am Chris'mus, marster."

Aye, Christmas! wear your masks, poor souls; fancy that you are kings, kings. Dream that pain is a myth and poverty a joke. Make grief a phantom. Set red folly in the seat of grim doubt, pay your *devoirs* one day! To-morrow the curtain rises on the old scene; the wheels grind on; the chariots of the rich roll by, and your throat is choked with their dust; your day is over.

The clerk made his entry in the day-book, "*To S. Riley, one mask, 20*," before he waited upon three newsboys who were tapping the floor with their boot heels, just in front of the counter.

The largest of the trio took the role of spokesman:—

"I want a pack o' firecrackers, mister; an' Jim wants one, an' so does Harry. Can't we have 'em all for ten cents?"

The clerk thrust his pen behind his ear.

"They are five cents a pack," he said.

"Can't you come down on *three* packs? They do up town, an' we aint got another nickel."

Riley read the keen interest of the transaction in the faces before him. But he had orders. "Couldn't do it, boys, sorry."

"Well, then," — but a half sigh said *is wasn't* "well," — "give us gum. We can divide that up anyhow."

It was a poor compromise — a very poor compromise. The voice, the very face of the little beggar expressed contempt. Riley hesitated. "Pshaw!" said he, "Christmas without a racket is just *no* Christmas to a boy. I know, for I've been a boy too. And it only comes once a year. Here, boys, take the three packs for ten cents, and run along and enjoy yourselves."

And as they scampered out, he sighed, thinking of two poor little feet that could never throw off their weight and run, as only childhood runs, not even at the Christmas time.

"*To S. Riley, 1 pack of firecrackers, .05.*"

Then it was the clerk took himself to task. He was a poor man on a small salary. He had a little girl to look after, a cripple, who would never be able to provide for herself, and for whom, in consequence, some one else must provide. She would expect a little something for Christmas too. And the good neighbor in the attic who kept an eye on the little one while Riley

was at work — he must remember her. It was so pleasant to give he wondered how a man with a full pocket must feel when he came face to face with suffering. God! if he could feel so once! just once have his pockets full! But he would never be rich; the boss had told him so often: he didn't know the value of a dollar. The head of the establishment would think so, verily, when he glanced over the night's entries in the day-book.

"Oh, well, Christmas comes but once a year!" he said, smiling, as he adopted the universal excuse.

Some one came in and he went forward again.

"No, he didn't keep liquor; he was outside the corporation line and came under the *four-mile* restriction."

"Just a Chris'mus toddy," said the customer that might have been. "Don't drink reg'lar. Sober's anybody all th' year, cep — Chris'mus. Chris'mus don't cum — don' cum but once year."

He staggered out, and Riley stepped to the door to watch him reel safely beyond the boss' big glass window.

There was another figure occupying the sheltered nook about the window. Riley discovered the pale, pinched little face pressed against the pane before he opened the door. The little waif was so utterly lost in wonder of the Christmas display set forth behind the big panes, that he did not hear the door open or know that he was observed until the clerk's voice recalled his wandering senses.

"See here, sonny, you are marring the glass with your breath. There will be ice on that pane in less than ten minutes."

The culprit started, and almost lost his balance as he grasped at a little wooden crutch that slipped from his numb fingers and rolled down upon the pavement.

"Hello!" The clerk stepped out into the night and rescued the poor little prop.

Humanity! Humanity! When all is told, thy great heart still is master.

"Go in there," the clerk pointed to the door, "and warm yourself at the fire. It is Christmas; all the world should be warm at Christmas."

The waif said nothing; it was enough to creep near to the great stove and watch the Christmas display from his warm, safe corner.

"There's that in the sound of a child's crutch strikes away down to my boots," the clerk told himself as he made an entry after the boy had left the store. "Whenever I hear one I — Hello! what is it, sissy?"

A little girl stood at the counter. A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed little maiden; alone, at night, and beautiful. Growing up for what?

Crippled feet, at all events, are not swift to run astray. The clerk sighed. The Christmas eve was full of shadows; shadows that would be lost in the garish day of the morrow. He leaned upon the counter. "What do you want, little one?"

"Bread."

Only a beggar understands that trick of asking simple *bread*. Ah, well! Christmas must have its starvelings too! The big blotter lingered upon the last entry. And when he did remove it to go and wait upon some new customers he quieted the voice of prudence with the reflection that his own wee one might stand at a bread counter some pitiless Christmas eve, and this loaf, sent upon the waters of mercy, might come floating back; who could tell since, — and the clerk smiled, —

" 'The world goes 'round and 'round;
Some go up, and some go down.' "

The counter was crowded; it was nearing the hour for closing, and business was growing brisk. And some of the customers were provokingly slow, some of the poorer ones keeping the richer ones waiting. It isn't difficult to buy when there is no fear of the funds running short. There was one who bought oysters, fruit, and macaroni, ten dollars, all told, in less than half the time another was dividing twenty-five cents into a possible purchase of a bit of cheese, a strip of bacon, and a handful of dry beans. And old Mrs. Mottles, the shop girls' landlady at the big yellow tenement, up town a bit, took a full twenty minutes hunting over cheap bits of steak, stale bread, and a roast that "ought to go mighty low, seeing it was tolerble tough and some gristly." Riley was pretty well tired out when the last one left the store. He glanced at the clock: eleven ten; he had permission to close at eleven, and it was ten minutes after.

He went out and put up the shutters, came back, and began putting away the books.

The big ledger had been scarcely touched; he had been too busy to *post* that night.

"Mr. Riley? Mr. Riley? Just a minute before you close up, Mr. Riley."

He went back to the counter, impatiently; he was *very* tired. A woman with a baby in her arms stood there waiting.

"I am late," she said, "a'most *too* late. I want a bite for to-morrow. Give me what will go farthest for *that*."

She laid a silver quarter upon the counter.

"How many of you?" said Riley. "It might make a lunch for one" —

The woman shook her head.

"A drunkard counts for one when it comes to eatin', anyhow," she said, and laughed — a hard, bitter laugh. "He counts for

somethin' when he's drunk," she went on, the poor tongue made free by misery that would repent itself the morrow. "May be man, brute likely. I've got the proofs o' it."

She set the child upon the counter and pushed back her sleeve, glanced a moment at a long, black bruise that reached from wrist to elbow, then quickly lowered the sleeve again.

"Give me somethin' to eat, Mr. Riley, for the sake o' your own wife, sir, — an' the Christmas."

His own wife! Why she was safe; *safe* forever from misery like that. He almost shrieked it to the big blue blotter. And then he looked to see what he had written. He almost trembled, lest in his agony he had entered upon the master's well-ordered book his thought: "*Safe! Elizabeth Riley, under the snow — Christmas.*" He had written it *somewhere*, upon his heart, perhaps, but surely somewhere. The entry in the boss' book was all right; it read a trifle extravagantly, however: —

To T. Riley	Dr.
1 shoulder, 10 lbs. @ 10 cents	\$1 00
2 lbs. coffee @ 30 cents	60
2 lbs. sugar @ 12½ cents	25
3 doz. eggs @ 15 cents	45

"For the sake of the dead wife," he told the blue blotter, — the dead wife and the Christmas time. Then he thrust the book into the safe, turned the combination, looked into the stove, lowered the gas, and went home.

Home to the little attic and the crippled nestling. She was asleep, but a tiny red stocking, worn at the heel, but thoroughly clean, hung beside the chimney.

He tiptoed to the bed, and looked down at the little sleeper. There was a smile upon the baby lips, as if in dreams the little feet were made straight, and were skipping through sunny meadows, while their owner's hand was clasped fast in the hand of the hero of all childish adoration, — the mythical, magical Santa Claus.

The little hands were indeed clasped tightly upon a bit of cardboard that peeped from beneath the delicate fingers, upon the breast of the innocent sleeper. Riley drew it gently away. It was a Christmas card the neighbor-woman had picked up in some home of the rich where she had gone that day to carry home some sewing. It bore a face of Christ, a multitude, eager, questioning, and underneath a text: —

Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.

He sighed, thinking of the hungry horde, the fainting multitude at the grocery that Christmas eve.

His heart had ached for them; he understood so well what it was to be wretched, lonely, hungry. Not one of those he had helped had thanked him, in words; not one had wished him a Merry Christmas. Yet, for what he had done, because of it, the little red stocking by the chimney-place would be half empty. He hadn't missed their thanks, poor starvelings, and to say "Merry Christmas," would have been to mock. Yet he fancied a smile touched for an instant the lips of the pale Nazarene, those lips said to have *never* smiled, as he slipped the card to its place under the wee hands folded upon the child's heart.

And after a little while he was lying by her side, too tired to sleep, thinking of the unbalanced ledger and the books that must be posted before the year should end.

At last he slept. But the big ledger refused to leave him; even in dreams it followed to annoy him, and drag him back to the little suburban grocery. And when he unlocked the safe and took it out, lo! he was surrounded by a host of beggars: boys without money wanting firecrackers; women with starving babies in their arms; little girls crying for bread; old men, young men, white, black,—all the beggars of the big round world. They seized the boss' big book and began to scribble in it, until a little girl with a crutch began to beat them off. And when they were gone he could still hear the noise of them—a mighty rustle of wings; and he saw they had gathered all about him, in the air; and they no longer begged,—they laughed. And there was one who wore a mask; and when it was removed he saw that it was Christ.

Then he took back his old ledger, and lo, upon the credit side where the balance was not made, a text had been entered. It filled the page down to the bottom line:—

Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.

And full across the page, as plain as if it had been writ in blood, ran the long red lines that showed the sheet was balanced.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN THE REPUBLIC: CHRISTIANS PERSECUTING CHRISTIANS IN TENNESSEE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

ON the 18th of last July a moral crime was committed in the state of Tennessee; a crime which should fire with indignation every patriot in the land; a crime over which bigotry gloats and fanaticism exults; a crime so heinous in its character and so vital in the far-reaching principles involved that any man acquainted with the facts is recreant to his manhood if he remains silent; a crime which reveals in a startling manner the presence and power in our midst of that spirit of intolerance which almost two thousand years ago pursued to the cross, nay, further, taunted in the throes of death's agony a great, serene, God-illuminated soul. The great Prophet of Nazareth had asserted the rights of man and had declared that man was to be judged by the fruits shown in life, and not by observances of rites, forms, or dogmas. He had declared that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. He had given as the supreme rule of life for all true disciples a simple but comprehensive law, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them." That was the sign by which in all ages His disciples should be known, and none knew better than this pure and tender soul that that rule carried out would forever crush the spirit of persecution and intolerance, which from the dawn of time had fettered thought and slain the noblest children of men.

The crime committed in Tennessee was very similar to the crime committed in Jerusalem more than eighteen hundred years ago. The animating spirit was precisely the same. The crime committed in Tennessee was, moreover, exactly similar in nature; that is, it involved precisely the same principles as those crimes against which enlightened thought to-day recoils, and which lit up the long night of the Dark Ages with human bonfires and drove to death for conscience' sake the noblest hearts and purest lives of Europe, because the victims could not conscientiously conform to the dogmas which the vast majority believed to be the will of

God. Strange, indeed, that the closing years of the nineteenth century should witness, flaming forth, the same spirit of insane fanaticism against which the Reformation made such an eloquent, and, for a time, successful protest. And in the present instance, as in the religious persecutions of the past, the crime has been committed in the name of justice. Victor Hugo, in speaking of the social structure in France in 1760, said: "At the base was the people; above the people, religion represented by the clergy; by the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy. And at that period of human society what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice." And so I think the historian of the future, from the noble heights of a golden-rule permeated civilization, will point to such deeds as have recently been committed in Tennessee, as illustrating the cruel indifference of a pretended civilization which could tolerate such enormities without a universal protest.

I will now briefly outline the facts involved in this crime against justice and liberty which has been committed in the name of law and through the instrumentality of a spirit which is the unmistakable and undeviating mark of savagery, as opposed to the spirit of Christ; a spirit which is at the present time exerting its power through organization, and, like a canker worm at the tap root of the giant oak, is assailing the vitals of free government; a spirit which I profoundly believe to be the most dangerous, as it is the most insidious, evil which menaces republican government.*

The facts relating to the persecution in Tennessee are briefly as follows:—

At the town of Paris, Henry Co., Tenn., on the 18th of July, 1892, three conscientious, law-loving, God-fearing Christian men who had been lying in jail for a month and a half, were marched through the streets, in company with some colored criminals, and put to work shovelling on the common highway. All were men of families. One was an old man of sixty-two

*This intolerant spirit has in recent years crystallized itself into an organization known as the American Sabbath Union. It is not American, nor does it uphold the Sabbath. It is the true child of paganism and seeks to establish in this republic the odious laws of the sun-worshipping Christian-pagan Constantine and to persecute with the ferocity of a Nero all who do not believe as do these narrow-minded children of paganism. This body is seeking everywhere to close the museums of art on Sunday, that the poor may be denied the education and the pure pleasure of these noble educators. It was the activity of this organization which made it possible to carry the Sunday closing clause of the World's Fair bill, which, should it prove effective, would rob hundreds of thousands of poor men, women, and working girls of the inestimable educational benefits of this great world of instruction, and, what is more, it is indisputably working to change the republic of our fathers into a theocracy by uniting Church and State, even in the light of all past history, which at all times has proven that such a union corrupts religion and assassinates liberty. This organization should be opposed at all times and in every rightful way, for it is no less the foe of pure religion and true Christianity, than it is the enemy of liberty and justice.

years; another was fifty-five years old. The state's attorney, who, in the interest of fanaticism, prosecuted these men with the same ferocity as a bloodhound would exhibit in attacking its victim, was constrained to admit that *aside from the crime charged, that of working on Sunday after they had religiously worshipped God on Saturday (their Sabbath), they were otherwise good citizens.* It will be noted that these men had not robbed their fellowmen, either legally or illegally; they were not extortioners; they were highly moral and exemplary citizens. Moreover, they were God-fearing men. They belonged to the little band of earnest believers in Christ known as Seventh Day Adventists, a body of Christians who find in the Bible an injunction which they hold to be divine, requiring them to work six days in the week and to keep holy the seventh day, and who do not find any passage repealing this command in the Holy Scriptures. These sincere men worshipped God according to His Word as they understood it, by keeping holy the Sabbath, or seventh day of the week. But they were poor men. Fifty-two days in the year were all the rest they could afford if the wolf of want was to be kept from the door. Now, the Constitution of Tennessee declares that "All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience; . . . that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience; and that no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship."

From this it would seem self-evident that any law which might operate so as to render it impossible for God-fearing citizens to support themselves and families without doing violence to their consciences by having to disobey what they believed to be God's imperative command, would be unconstitutional and consequently void; while it will appear equally evident that if any percentage of the population of Tennessee believe that God had commanded them to keep holy any day other than the first day of the week, to compel these persons to desist from work on the first day would be to compel poor people in the present fierce battle for livelihood to work on the day they believe holy, as to rest over one hundred days in the year would mean starvation to them and their loved ones. I do not see how any mind that is not blinded by bigotry can escape this conclusion. With this thought in mind let us proceed.

In Tennessee, as in many of our eastern states, there are ancient statutes, relics of a savage past; statutes which partake of the nature of the Blue Laws of colonial days. These enactments have for generations been practically obsolete. Hate, spite, and fanaticism have occasionally resurrected them; but constitutional

guarantees, the enlightened sentiment of the age, and competent judges have usually rendered them of no effect. The law in Tennessee which is of this nature was an heirloom from the theocracy of England, coming to Tennessee through North Carolina. It forbids any Sunday work, "except acts of real necessity" or "of charity," and prescribes a fine as punishment. If the fine is not paid, the convicted party is to be imprisoned. Another statute declares that any one who maintains a nuisance may be fined one hundred dollars; while according to recent rulings of the state courts in Tennessee, a succession of such offences as working on Sunday is a nuisance and is indictable.

On May 27 the Grand Jury of Henry County indicted five farmers living on small places near the village of Springville, Tenn. The cases were tried in Paris before a certain Judge W. H. Swiggart. The prosecution did not attempt to prove that any one was disturbed by the work of these poor farmers; indeed, the witnesses for the state each declared that he was not disturbed. One of the prisoners had been seen ploughing strawberries on Sunday, another cutting sprouts, and still another loading wood on a wagon. The accused did not employ counsel, but each made a simple statement of his case, relying upon the guarantee of the Constitution and the intelligence of the judge and jury for acquittal. The following is the statement made by Mr. M. S. Lowry, whose case came first:—

I would like to say to the jury that, as has been stated, I am a Seventh Day Adventist. I observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. I read my Bible, and my convictions on the Bible are that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath, which comes on Saturday. I observe that day the best I know how. Then I claim the God-given right to six days of labor. I have a wife and four children, and it takes my labor six days to make a living. I go about my work quietly, do not make any unnecessary noise, but do my work as quietly as possible. It has been proved by the testimony of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Cox, who live around me, that they were not disturbed. Here I am before the court to answer for this right that I claim as a Christian. I am a law-abiding citizen, believing that we should obey the laws of the state; but whenever they conflict with my religious convictions and the Bible, I stand and choose to serve the law of my God rather than the laws of the state. I do not desire to cast any reflections upon the state, nor the officers and authorities executing the law. I leave the case with you.

This simple, eloquent, and noble statement of a high-minded Christian gentleman would have made an impression on any mind not blinded by bigotry, and would have rendered just any heart not dwarfed and shrivelled by religious fanaticism. But like the ill-fated Huguenots of the sixteenth century, these victims of religious prejudice lacked broad-minded, liberty-loving, and constitution-revering patriots for judge and jurors. The prosecuting attorney struck the key-note of the true animus of the prosecution

when in closing his speech he made use of the following significant expression:—*

I cannot conceive that a man who claims to be a peaceable, law-abiding citizen can go on disregarding the day openly in the face of the law, openly in the face of the protections that are thrown around the holy Sabbath, *as we believe it and hold it*, and protected by the laws of this state; and this is a question that I presume you gentlemen will not have any difficulty in coming to a decision upon.†

The accused were promptly found guilty by the jury, and on refusing to pay the unjust fine‡ were remanded to jail on June 3, where they remained for over forty days.§ The sheriff had a higher conception of justice than the judge. He remarked to the latter that the convicted were "sincere in their belief." "*Let them educate their consciences by the laws of Tennessee*," exclaimed this judge, who had sworn to uphold that Constitution which declares that

"No human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience," and that "no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship."

After lying in jail for over forty days, three of these conscientious, upright citizens were taken out, chained to three negro criminals who had been sentenced for drunkenness, shooting in the street, and fighting the city marshal, and set to work on the public highway. What a humiliating spectacle to a justice and

*It is a pity that some one did not point out to this gentleman the impropriety of a lawyer seeking to disregard the Constitution of his state by arguing in behalf of a statute which essentially nullified a sacred guarantee; for it is clear that if these men were to save their families from starvation, they must disregard the state law in order to enjoy the religious freedom guaranteed by the state Constitution.

†In striking contrast, says the protest sent out by the National Religious Liberty Association in its appeal to thoughtful Americans, are the following words of President Fairchild of Oberlin College: "It is often urged that the right of private judgment, as now maintained, in reference to obedience to the laws of the land, will subvert government, and introduce confusion and anarchy. . . . The danger, however, is greatly over-estimated. Government is never the gainer in the execution of a law that is manifestly unjust. . . . Conscientious men are not the enemies but the friends of any government but a tyranny. They are its strength, and not its weakness. Daniel, in Babylon, praying, contrary to the law, was the true friend and supporter of the government; while those who, in their pretended zeal for the law and the constitution, would strike down the good man, were its real enemies. It is only when government transcends its sphere that it comes in conflict with the consciences of men."—*Fairchild's Moral Philosophy*, pp. 184, 185.

‡The reason for not paying these fines is given by one of the victims in the following language: "We did not pay our fines and costs, which amounted to about twenty-five dollars each, because we considered them unjust; and besides, if we had paid them and returned to our work, we would have been re-arrested, and thus compelled to spend all the little property we own in paying fines."

§While these men were in prison for conscience' sake, the following advertisement appeared in the official paper of Henry County, Tennessee: "On Sunday next there will be a basket picnic at Hollow Rock. The P. T. & A. Railway will give an excursion rate of fifty cents for the round trip from Paris. The train leaves Paris at 9.45 A. M., and returning, leaves Hollow Rock at 5.00 P. M." A further illustration of the real nature of this religious persecution will be found in the facts set forth in a letter written by one of the victims to a brother in Washington, D. C. "While I am writing to you, it being Sunday, there is a train load of workmen passing in the streets not thirty feet from the jail, going out to work; and they have done so every Sunday since we have been here, and it apparently does not disturb any one. But if a poor Adventist takes his hoe out in his field and labors on Sunday, it disturbs the people for miles around."

liberty loving American! Three upright, noble-souled men, who, like the early Christians and the children of the Reformation, were loyal to the voice of conscience, were chained to depraved and brutalized criminals.

The outrage might not call for such extended notice, were it not for the fact that in recent years in Tennessee and Arkansas these conscientious, Christian people, known as Adventists, have been systematically persecuted. The case above noted is only one of a number of similar instances where pure-hearted, Christian people have been cruelly persecuted for conscience' sake; and it would seem evident, from the systematic prosecutions and the heartless ferocity with which these just and upright persons have been pursued, that they are victims of an organized effort, which has for its ultimate aim the securing of a series of judicial rulings calculated to further aid the determined effort being made to unite Church and State and abridge the rights of American citizens. Against the infamy of these persecutions I wish to raise my voice in indignant protest. My whole soul revolts at the barbarism and ferocious savagery which seeks by resurrecting obsolete laws to re-enact in a measure the tragedies of the past and which through legal technicalities ignore the constitutional guarantee of Tennessee. It is a shame, a crying shame, that such insane fanaticism, such anti-Christian intolerance, should flourish at this late day; and doubly shameful is it that our sense of justice and love of liberty are so benumbed by conventional hypocrisy that we do not as a nation rise up against such liberty-destroying inhumanity. To me there is nothing so terrible as the spectacle of just and upright men suffering as criminals. Think of that sixty-five-year old, silver-haired father, who had harmed no one, who had committed no crime, who had striven to follow the Golden Rule as a line of conduct for life, being driven in a chain gang with hardened, brutalized negro criminals simply because of his sublime loyalty to what he conceived to be right. Think of this high-handed infamy, and remember that this crime against liberty, this crime against human rights, was perpetrated in the name of law, and instigated by persons who *impiously* claim to be Christians.

The persecution of Jesus by the Pharisees of His day finds its parallel in the persecution of the Seventh Day Adventists by those who masquerade under His name to-day. And yet these same sleuth-hounds of bigotry call themselves Christians! Let us see how their actions square by the Golden Rule, which Jesus gave as the great basic principle of moral government.

Let us suppose that in Louisiana, for example, the Catholics, being numerically in the majority, should enact a statute that on certain days made holy by their church, all men must abstain •

from work "other than acts of real necessity." Let us suppose that Protestants refuse to keep these days, first, because they denied the right of the Church to canonize men or make holy days, and, secondly, because the fierce struggle for bread made it imperative that they work. Now let us further suppose that a number of the most upright citizens openly disregarded this unjust statute, and for this violation were dragged to prison, doomed to lie in jail, and finally put to work in New Orleans in the chain gang with morally debased criminals. Would not there be a mighty uprising over the length and breadth of the land at such an un-American and iniquitous enactment, which so clearly trampled on the right of conscience and disregarded the spirit of free government? "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." Jesus taught this as a cardinal truth, the sum of laws and precepts. Are persecutors of these Seventh Day Adventists Christians? No, a thousand times, no! They are essentially pagan. Apollo-loving *Constantine* and not the tolerant and ever-compassionate *Jesus* is their model. But let us pursue this thought one step further. Suppose that in Michigan, where the Seventh Day Adventists have some strength, that they should be able to combine with the Hebrews, and were so disposed, and that through such a combination they were enabled to enact a law compelling all citizens of Michigan to rest on the seventh day. Would our Protestant and Catholic citizens peaceably acquiesce in such a statute? Would not our people call upon the Constitution to nullify such a wrong? Would we not hear on every hand that to compel people to keep Saturday would be equal to forcing a large per cent of them to do violence to their consciences by breaking Sunday, as a comparatively few could rest one hundred days in the year and yet earn a livelihood? And yet such a case would be exactly analagous to the persecutions now being carried on by persons who insult Jesus by calling themselves Christians. No, gentlemen, I grant you are the legitimate children of the holy (?) Inquisition, but your action will not square by the Golden Rule.

Poor Mr. King, of whom I have written before, was pursued with the relentless ferocity supposed to be characteristic of demons until death came to his relief. He and these new victims of religious intolerance belong to the chosen band of royal souls who in all ages have been persecuted for conscience' sake. Of that band Jesus was a conspicuous member. He broke the Sabbath and was pursued by the Sabbath Union of His day, even to the cross. The early Christians in the days of Nero followed the dictates of their consciences and for this were burned and torn to pieces. The noble spirits, yea, the chosen souls, of the Dark Ages likewise followed the dictates of con-

science, and for their splendid and sublime loyalty to what they conceived to be the truth were burned, racked, and destroyed in a thousand different ways. Roger Williams followed the same guiding star of conscience in matters of religion, and as a result was banished from the Massachusetts Colony. All of these persons are now popularly regarded as martyrs for truth, liberty, and right. The spirit manifested by their persecutor is abhorrent to all broad-minded and intellectually developed men and women. These last victims to the age-long spirit of intolerance hold the same position as was formerly occupied by the martyrs and heroes for conscience' sake, whose privations and heroic deaths form luminous examples of high thinking and noble acting amid the gloom of the past.

The secular press of the land, with many notable exceptions,* has paid little heed to these persecutions.

Indeed, a general lethargy seems to have overtaken our people, and this is the most disheartening symptom present in the body politic at the present time. The day seems to have gone by when the cry of the oppressed or the weak arouses the sense of

* Below I give some protests made editorially by leading papers. Few, however, of these papers have made the cause of the oppressed their own cause; while, on the other hand, the persecutors have relentlessly pursued their evil way.

There can be but one opinion upon this decision among all liberal-minded men. It is odious sophistry! unworthy of the age in which we live, and under it an American citizen has been condemned to spend the rest of his days in a dungeon, unless he shall stoop to deny the dictates of his own conscience, and dishonor his own manhood. — *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

The keeper of Saturday has an undoubted moral right to his convictions. More than this, his legal right to observe Saturday as a holy day and Sunday as a secular day ought not to be called in question in free America by any civil authority. It would not be in doubt for a moment were it not for the existence of legal anachronisms that should have gone out with the witchcraft laws or, at the latest, with George the Third. — *Boston Daily Globe*.

It seems absolutely incredible that in this age of enlightenment, in these free United States, men should suffer and families be plunged into sorrow because they have exercised a right of conscience guaranteed to them by the Constitution of their country.

The sooner a test is appealed to the highest tribunal in the land for adjudication, the better for the honor of Tennessee and every state ridden by bad laws, passed in violation of individual liberty. — *Chicago Daily Globe*.

Not being able to leave his crops unworked for two days in the week, Mr. King ploughed them on Sunday after having kept the Sabbath the day before. He was arrested under the Sunday law; and in order to make it effective against him, it was alleged that his work on his own farm on Sunday created a public nuisance. On this entirely untenable ground he has been harassed from court to court. He was a poor man, but has been supported by the friends of religious liberty. Mr. King has been greatly wronged, but his only remedy at law is under the law and Constitution of Tennessee. It appears that for the present his remedy is denied him, and, this being the case, he has no better course than to submit to the oppression and go to prison — to the convict camp, if it suits the convenience of his persecutors to send him there. — *St. Louis Republic*.

The principle involved is simple, and its application plain. The state has nothing to do with religion, except to protect every citizen in his religious liberty. It has no more right to prescribe the religious observance of Sabbaths and holy days than to order sacraments and to ordain creeds. — *New York World*.

So long as the labor of Adventists on Sunday does not interfere with the rights of the Mosaic and Puritanic people on the same day, the prosecution of them seems neither more nor less than persecution. — *Chicago Tribune*.

People are asking if we are returning to the days of Cotton Mather or the Spanish Inquisition, that faithful, law-abiding citizens must be fined or driven from the country when their only offence consists in quietly carrying out the convictions of conscience. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

justice in the hearts of our people. Especially is it sad to see the religious press, supposed to represent the spirit of the Reformation (which struggled against such fearful persecutions of other days), now so silent when fellowmen are being ground between the millstones for conscience' sake. It is true that one of the greatest religious papers, the *Independent*, has spoken grandly for freedom, as will be seen by the following extract:—

We have again and again, during the last few years, had occasion to express our profound indignation at the administration of Tennessee law as applied to some country farmers belonging to the Seventh Day Adventist body, who, after having carefully kept the Sabbath on the seventh day of the week, worked in their fields on the first day of the week. This prosecution has been renewed, and three men of families, one fifty-five and another sixty-two years of age, were convicted, and have, during the summer and autumn, been working out their fine, being set to work with criminals at shovelling on the common highway. They refused to pay their fine, declaring that it was unjust, and that they were liable to be arrested again as soon as they were released. We have said before, and we say again, that this is bad law, bad morals, and bad religion.

Another religious organ, the Baptist *Church Bulletin*, gives these suggestive words of warning:—

Let us be careful how we let in the camel's nose of religious legislation, lest the brute crowd his bulky form in and occupy the whole shop. If the law by which these men were legally imprisoned be a righteous law, then may any state, nation, or country set up a religious creed and enforce it; then France treated properly the Huguenots; Russia the Jews; and early New England and Virginia the Baptists and Quakers. Protestant America had better be careful how she lays foundations for other men to build upon. Rome has as good a right to build in her way as we to build have in our way.

As a rule, however, the religious press has been strangely silent.

A nation can sometimes afford to err on the side of mercy, but no nation can afford to be unjust to her lowliest citizen. I am one of those who believe most profoundly that every sin, whether committed by an individual, a state, or a nation, brings its own consequence as inevitably as the violation of a physical law brings its evil results. I believe that nations commit suicide no less than individuals, and that wrong done by nations will result in evil consequences; and believing this, while loving the great republic, I cannot remain silent when she is unjust or when she wrongs, in the name of law, upright citizens because they do not believe as the majority believe. No state or nation can afford to allow a law not based on justice to remain upon the statute books. And when our republic so far forgets the high ideals of justice, liberty, and human rights, which made her the flower of the ages, as to permit unjust laws to be passed or cruel, obsolete statutes to be resuscitated in the interests of any class, any sect, or any religion, she makes law-breaking citizens, and plants in her own breast the seeds of disintegration.



Yours sincerely
Helen Campbell.

THE ARENA.

No. XXXVIII.

JANUARY, 1893.

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

BY MILDRED ALDRICH.

IN the case of "young" Salvini, as the subject of this sketch is yet called, to distinguish him from his famous father, one meets a striking example of the transmission of definite gifts through several generations. The study is an interesting one, because nature seems to have no law in matters of heredity. One finds many instances in all paths of life where sons follow the professions of their fathers, and mediocre parent is succeeded by commonplace offspring. Occasionally ordinary fathers have extraordinary heirs; but too often a man of ability bequeaths his son less, or what by contrast seems to be less, than the average amount of wits.

The theatre furnishes by far the best examples of inherited talent to be found in the annals of any of the arts. There are no generations of painters who have won great fame. Sculpture nor music, letters nor statecraft furnish red-lettered examples of the transmission of gifts through more than two generations. But on the stage five generations of Jeffersons have won honorable mention, and six generations of Kembles, from the grandfather of the great trio, John Philip and Charles and Sarah Kemble, to Fanny Kemble, adorned the profession; while instances where the father and the son have rivalled one the other include such brilliant examples as Edmund Kean and Charles Kean, Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin, Charles and Charles James Matthews, in all of which cases the brilliancy of each actor was a matter of contempo-

rary pride, and their relative lustre the dispute of two generations.

Alexander—or Alessandro, as he was named—Salvini's case is an exceptional one. He was born in Rome in 1861, on the 21st of December, in the palace now, oddly enough, occupied by Adelaide Ristori. Tomasso Salvini, his father, was at that time within a week of his thirty-third birthday, and was already looked upon as one of Italy's greatest actors. His mother, whose maiden name was Clementina Cazzola, was a member of the same company in which her husband was at that time playing. The father of Tomasso Salvini, Mario Salvini, was an able actor, though his son far outshone him, and his mother was Guiglielmina Zocchi, who had also won distinction in the theatre.

At the age of thirteen Tomasso Salvini had already achieved success. He was the favorite pupil of Gustavo Modena—"the great Modena," as he was commonly styled. When but fifteen Tomasso Salvini lost both his parents, to whom his passionate nature was so deeply attached that for two years the theatre knew him no more. At seventeen he

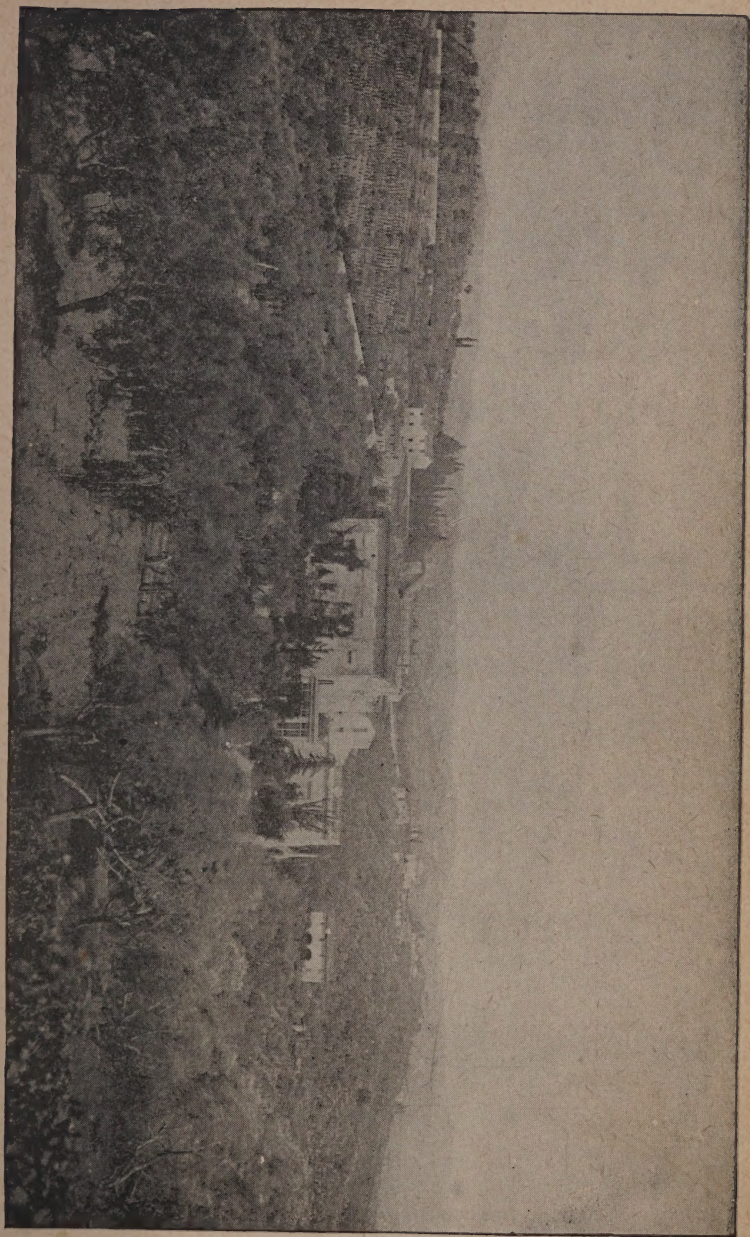
joined Ristori, and since then with the greatest achievements of the Italian theatre his name is allied.

Tomasso Salvini was more in those days than an actor. His magnificent physique, his noble head, which behind the footlights typified all that was most passionate in the southern temperament, were not belied by the man. Passionate in national devotion as he was in his personal ties, he took an active part in the great revolutions which finally freed Italy from the



ALESSANDRO SALVINI AT THE AGE OF THREE.

SUMMER VILLA OF TOMASSO SALVINI—OUT OF FLORENCE, ON THE BOLOGNA ROAD.



hated Austrian; and his patriotism, like his filial grief, for a time deprived his art of his services.

The wife of Tomassò Salvini came of a long line of actors. Her mother, her father, her maternal and paternal grandparents had all been actors; and though none of them achieved great reputations, they all did respectable service. What Signora Salvini's fate would have been cannot be guessed, so slight are all available records. She fell ill at the age of twenty-seven, and died after an invalidism of three years. Her son, much too young to remember her, believes, according to the family traditions, that she would have been a great actress in emotional roles had she lived.

From such stock sprang Alexander Salvini, and it is not strange that in his childhood and youth all his tastes were in



ALEXANDER SALVINI AS ROMEO.

From a photograph by Conley, Boston, in 1883.

the direction of the theatre. That fact did not convince his father that he was meant to be an actor. Most Southern people seem born with the inclination to act; and the father mistrusted the transmission of his art to another generation in any such measure as to cause him any pride, and he respected his profession too profoundly to allow a son of his to live by it if he did not adorn it, — a fact that has caused the elder actor to be much misjudged.

Alexander's education was planned with no recognition of the presence of the dramatic temperament. No amount of culture could, in the father's estimation, be wasted, whatever the future of the boy. His

first school days were passed at Naples, and from there he went to Florence. At the age of seven he spoke French and German as well as he did his native tongue. From Florence he went to Genoa, at the age of ten, where he remained until he was sixteen, and was sent to Switzerland, to the school of which he still speaks with enthusiasm, in spite of the military severity of the discipline. At the age of eighteen he entered the Technical Institute in Florence, where he remained two terms.

At this time his ambition all tended toward a life at sea. He wanted to enter the navy. His severe training, the healthy physical activity of his life, its vigorous mental discipline, had for a time dulled his craving for the imaginative exhilaration, the sensual excitement, of the actor's life. He was determined on a career of naval glory. The parental authority would hear of no such plan. The lad tried in vain to reverse his father's decision; then he tried with equal lack of success to circumvent it. He managed to get seven months at sea, an experience which did not cure him of his love of it; but the father, appreciating the hardships of the life, felt that its tardy recognition of service—the incurable complaint of all navies save in time of war—was the death blow of ambition. He managed to put obstacles in the way of the lad as strong as his disapproval; and fortunately at that time an affair, which has yet no place in the actor's biography, made it seem advisable for Alexander to quit Italy for a time.

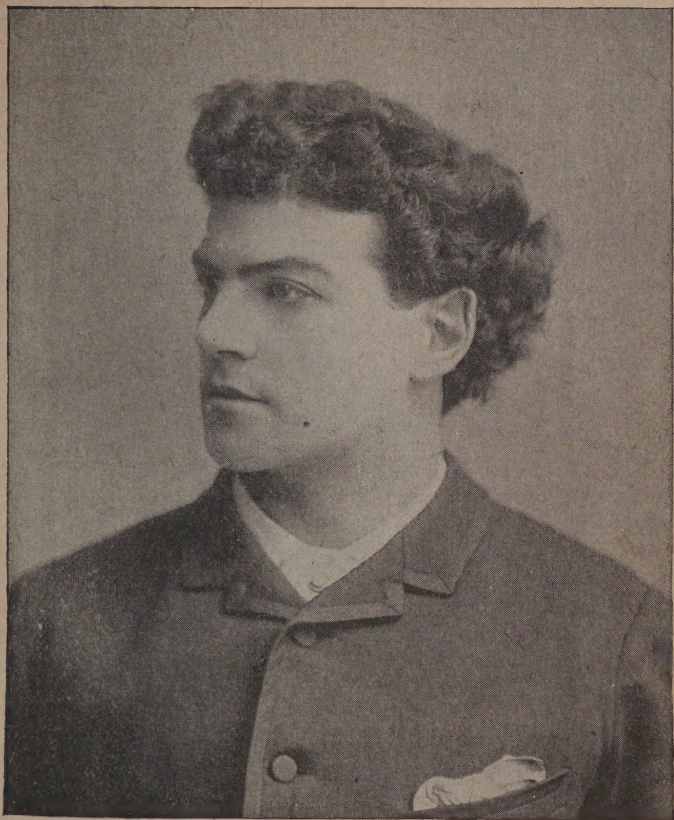
In the fall of 1881 he left his home in the care of Chizola, the veteran manager, who had first brought Tomasso Salvini to this country, and who was coming over with Signor Rossi. In his pocket the young man carried a letter from his father addressed to a Mr. Robinson of Baltimore, whose connection with railroads the elder Salvini fancied would open a sensible career for his son, and one to which his training especially fitted him. Mr. Robinson never saw that letter nor its bearer. The study of engineering was never resumed. The company of the players was too congenial. Once more his imagination, freed from long restraint, or possibly quickened by it, was aroused, and from that hour he had no ambition but to succeed where his father had succeeded. It is needless to say that the father was not informed of this decision until too late. From that hour to

this, in spite of an unusual allowance of filial respect, the young Salvini has made an independent career, aided only by his father's name.

He travelled over the country when he first arrived here with the Rossi company. He watched the actor closely. He expressed his opinions pretty freely, — and he was troubled with no dearth of opinions. After several months Rossi hinted to Chizzola that he could dispense, without any especial grief, with the presence of the son of Salvini. Chizzola advised the lad to go to New York. So armed with a letter to Mr. Palmer, he arrived in New York early in 1882.

His first interview with Mr. Palmer must have been amusing. His father's son was sure of a welcome, and he felt equally sure of the engagement he was determined to have. He spoke no English deserving the name. Naturally the manager's first question was, "Can't you recite something?" The aspirant replied in confident tones, "Anything."

In this case anything was De Musset's "*Fille du Titiens*." But Mr. Palmer wanted something in English, as he had no possible way of using an actor who could not speak that tongue. Nothing daunted, the actor told him that he would return later, and he literally rushed out of the office. He was not to be daunted by any such little thing as a lack of English. In two hours he had committed Hamlet's soliloquy in English. He had mastered all the words; he knew what they meant; he even pronounced them correctly, though his intonation was so hopelessly Italian that he might as well have been speaking his own tongue. But Mr. Palmer was inclined to have the lad appear under his auspices. He offered him Vladimir in "*The Danicheffs*"; but the would-be actor, with all the effrontery of an old stager, demanded Osip or nothing. Then Mr. Palmer offered him Count de Karac in "*The Banker's Daughter*." Another stumbling block, — young Salvini did not care to play a part with a foreign accent. His determination was to speak English well, and he did not intend to start by playing a dialect part, though his English at that time would hardly have been recognized by the acutest ears. Finally an opportunity was made. He had seen and was fascinated, as his father was later, by Clara Morris, and he consented to support her. So Feb. 23, 1882, he made his professional début as George Duhamel in "*Article 47*," to the Cora of Miss Morris.



ALEXANDER SALVINI DURING HIS FIRST SEASON IN THIS COUNTRY.

From a photograph by Conley in 1883.

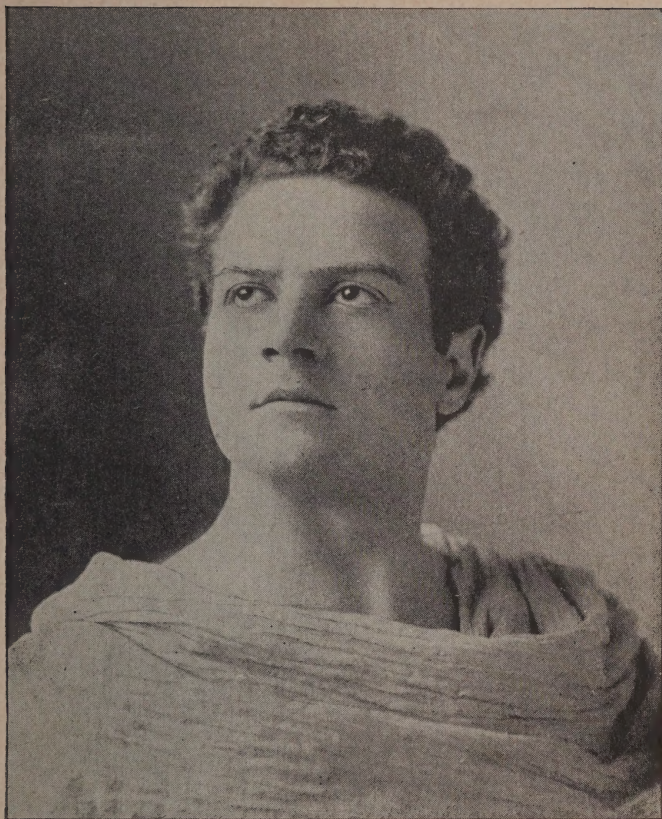
That same night a cable conveyed to Tomasso Salvini the news, "Sandro played George Duhamel in 'Article 47' to-night. Great success." The father replied by letter, asking the son, "How dare you, sir, go on the stage without my permission?" to which the son replied, "Because, sir, I knew that if I asked, I could not get it."

Although this was his professional début, his very first acting was done at a seaside resort near Leghorn, probably in the summer of 1869. The play was Goldoni's "Le Smanie per la Villeggiature," which was played for some charity by

the children staying at the resort, the elder Salvini taking an interest in its preparation, and his daughter, as well as his sons Gustavo and Alexander, or Sandro, as he was called, taking part in it.

The details of this performance were so characteristic of the temperament of young Salvini that they are worth recording. At first he was intrusted with a small part, a post-man; but the lad who was to play Don Filippo, a character about sixty years old, fell ill of the measles, and the question of an understudy had not been considered. In this emergency little Sandro, but seven years old, piped up that he would play the part. His father frowned at him. Could he learn the lines? Young courage dauntlessly replied that he could. He even offered to learn them before the rehearsal the next day. Having made the offer, he went off to some childish sport, and nearly forgot all about it. The next morning the father sent for the child to come to his room and go over his lines. Alas! he made such a botch of it that the actor, exasperated, flung the book at his head with unerring aim, and sent him howling from the room. He ran to his grandmother for consolation, and when asked the cause of his tears told her, "Father fired a book at me"; and asked to explain, he assured his grandmother that it was because he had not "learned a long part since yesterday," no word being said of his offer. The pride of the old actress was up. She took the child, she coached him carefully, and when the next rehearsal came the father was amazed to find that not only had the boy conquered the lines, but that he had a quaint notion of the character he was to play. Salvini straightened his heavy brows and peered at the boy. "Who's been teaching you?" he thundered. "Grandma," was the reply. The father shrugged his shoulders as he said, "Oh, it's grandma, is it?" But he took the boy in hand, and on the night of the performance the chit was made up for the part by his father; and with his wrinkled face, his tailed coat and his ruffles, his snuff box, which he was taught how to use, and the lid of which he could snap with a deal of character, flicking his ruffles after it with a most approved ease, he made a great hit.

The same self-confidence, the same unconsciousness of obstacles that the child showed, have been marked features of the career of the young man.



ALEXANDER SALVINI (FANCY HEAD).

From a photograph by Sarony in 1892.

During this first engagement he got very little experience; for before it was very old he tore his contract in bits one morning because he was asked to play a part which he did not consider good enough for him.

At that time J. M. Hill was looking for an actor to support Margaret Mather, whom he was about to launch on her stage career. He thought he saw some profit in putting the son of a great actor at the head of the supporting company. Salvini remained two seasons with that company, making his first appearance as Romeo in Chicago in August,



ALEXANDER SALVINI AS FLAVIAN.

From a photograph by Falk in 1886.

1882. During that time he played, in addition to Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Sir Thomas Clifford, and Rudolph (Leah). It was in the spring of 1883 that his father first saw him act, going to Philadelphia for that purpose on one of his own off nights.

In 1884 he was a member of Shook & Collier's travelling company, playing leading parts in "Stormbeaten," "A Celebrated Case," "Child of the State," "Lights o' London," and the Chevalier in "Two Orphans." During this season he made one of his first hits, — Macari in "Called Back."

In 1885 his father again came to America, and Alexander joined his company, playing Flavius in "The Gladiator," Tullus Aufidius in "Coriolanus," Edgar in "King Lear," and on off nights playing Romeo to the Juliet of Viola Allen, and appearing for the first time as Captain Lagadere in "The Duke's Motto." This latter was his first essay of the romantic roles with which he is now identified.

In the fall of 1886 he returned to the management of A. M. Palmer. During this season he made his first New York hit, Don Ippolito in "A Foregone Conclusion," first given at an author's matinee November 18, and was allowed by Mr. Palmer to appear at the Lyceum Theatre with Helen Dauvray and E. H. Sothern as Paul de St. Germain in "Walda Lamar."

In the fall of 1886 Mr. Palmer had produced his great success, "Jim the Penman," and W. J. Le Moyne had made a hit as Baron Hartfelt. In the following fall Mr. Le Moyne deserted Mr. Palmer's forces and went to the Lyceum, and Alexander Salvini was put in his place. In spite of the undertaking of following an actor of such experience as Le Moyne, Salvini presented the spectacle of an Italian who had not wholly conquered English speaking that tongue with a German accent and making a hit. During the same season he played Anibal Palmieri in "The Martyr," and in December, 1887, he created the role of Launcelot in the dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine" made by George Parsons Lothrop and Harry Edwards. In the fall of



ALEXANDER SALVINI AS DON CÉSAR
DE BAZAN.

From a photograph by Falk in 1891.

1888 he matched his Baron Hartfelt by his performance of Henry Borgfeld, a role which he created in Buchanan's inadequate dramatization of Daudet's great book, "*Fremont Jeune and Risler Ainé*," called "*Partners*."

In the fall of 1889 his father once more visited this country, and Alexander accompanied him on his tour to direct the stage, occasionally playing at the regular performances, and on the off nights appearing as Don Ippolito in "*A Foregone Conclusion*," Don Cæsar de Bazan, and for the first time appearing as Cirillo in "*Child of Naples*," one of the best things that he has yet done. In the spring of 1890 Tomasso Salvini went back to Italy, and his son at once started on his starring tour. He had decided to devote himself to such romantic roles as Charles Fechter used to play, but which since his time have had no general interpreter, although many actors have made detached efforts to secure the popularity that they used to enjoy.

Few men of his age have played the round of parts that have been assumed by young Salvini. They range from romantic drama to tragedy; from comedy to melodrama. In everything that he has attempted the first notable quality has been the strong individuality of the actor and his remarkable magnetic force.

In considering his work critically, one must lay especial emphasis on the fact that he is an Italian. Born and bred in the South, all the naturalizing in the world, though it change his political ideas, destroy his notions of domestic economy, and upset his original code of values, cannot alter his temperament. For that reason his acting possesses desirable qualities by nature which the cooler, less impassioned northern actor can never hope to achieve.

When he first appeared as Romeo, his performance was keenly emotional and most poetic. He looked like a hero, and he moved like one. Something in his bearing set him apart from the commonplace. Yet so utterly incomprehensible was his speech to English ears that his performance was without effect to all save those whose imaginations were so keen that they did not need to hear the words of the part to feel its spirit and respond to its passion. He possessed then, as he does now, many bad faults which prevented those critical in points of technique from enjoying his intentions. The papers were very severe on the performance, and yet I



MARIO SALVINI.

ALEXANDER SALVINI.

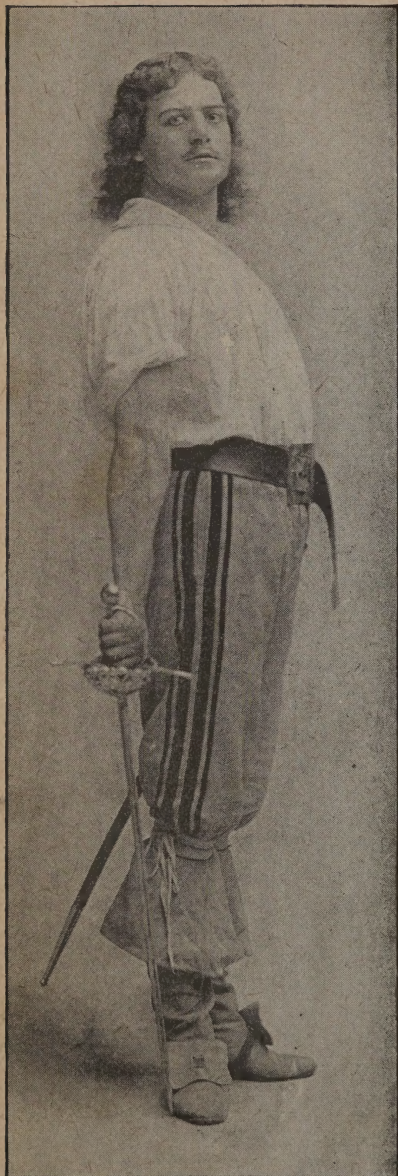
CHAS. GABRIELLI
(Son-in-law of Tomasso Salvini)

TOMASSO SALVINI.

SIG. MARGARITA SALVINI
(Widow of Tomasso's brother).

MARIA SALVINI (Mario's wife).

From a photograph taken in the summer of 1891 at the "Salvini Villa."



ALEXANDER SALVINI AS D'ARTAGNAN
IN "THE THREE GUARDSMEN."

From a photograph by Falk in 1891.

doubt if a better conception of the part has been seen in ten years,—a characterization so replete with the poetry, with the spirit of romantic youth, the abandon which is so rare in northern actors. His balcony scene will be remembered by all lovers of Shakespeare for the charm of its business as well as for the absolute absorption of the actor in his work. This same quality was present in his Orlando, a part he particularly liked, and in Claude Melnotte.

To the severe critic who prefers to trust his head rather than his imagination, and thinks more of technique than of poetry, his work in "Jim the Penman" was more remarkable. His technique was better in the plays which he did at the Madison Square Theatre than it has been in his more independent efforts. There was a reserve in those creations which was most acceptable, but which is wholly lacking in his other work. With a physique almost unmatched, he is often lacking in grace. His voice, while admirable in quality, often seems unmanageable. His face, perfectly suited to the line

of work he has adopted, is not marked by any great flexibility of expression. Neither body, face, nor voice seems to respond with any remarkable variety to the demands of emotional work. His father is one of the greatest pantomimists in the world; his capacity for making his face and his entire body respond to his thought would alone keep him at the head of his profession had he not that magnificent voice and wonderful temperament. Young Salvini is an utterly different actor. He often carries a scene by the stupendous physical force with which he goes into it, and which takes an audience by surprise. His magnificent abandon is so unusual that one cannot help but admire it even though one might wish it harnessed a little oftener with discretion or art. However, as he is, he is a popular success. His greatest fault at present arises from the fact that he gives too much time, in rehearsing his plays, to trying to inject some of his animal force into the skins of the poor things that fill the stage with him. This waste of vital power does not do his supes any good, and it takes both time and strength which would be better employed by the actor in preparing himself. Conscientious in all he undertakes, the man, like the child, forgets obstacles, and too often trusts to his instinct to carry him through.

Nature generously gave him the qualities to play the line of business he has adopted, and nature has not so endowed any of his rivals. But it is possible to make such parts appeal to the imagination of the critical, since art is but the capacity to do all things in the best way; and when Alexander Salvini reaches the point where he can, not only arouse the enthusiasm of romance lovers but the admiration of those who demand some idealism as well as physical power, he will have achieved what was hoped for him when he made his success in New York in "Elaine," at which time a New York critic wrote of his work: "It has all the young actor's grace, force, and magnetism. It lacked, however, that nameless something which would have proved his appreciation of Tennyson's hero. Nevertheless, I hardly know where to look for a better Launcelot." This exactly expresses the opinion of many who have not been satisfied with Salvini. They recognize his shortcomings, but they do not know where to look for his better.

Few foreigners are so fond of America as is Salvini the

younger. He does not admire it solely because it has given him money; he really takes great pride in the American ingenuity, the American go-aheaditiveness, and assures his friends here that they have no idea how rapidly Europe is becoming Americanized. In speaking of the theatres over there, he asserts, with an air of conviction, that if one or two London and Paris and German theatres are excepted, the theatres are not so good in Europe as they are here; that, considering the number of playhouses, the acting and staging average better in America than in Europe.

He says that he always likes to go home once in two years just to see how they are keeping their end up over there, and that every time he goes to find more American contrivances. Even his artist brother, Mario, the sculptor, the youngest, and said to be the most gifted of the family, is constantly studying some American invention.

When he is in Italy he is at home at his father's beautiful villa just out of Florence, where the family delight to gather about the parent to whom they are so devoted. It is a magnificent estate, with its vineyards, its perfectly equipped stables, and its picturesque appointments. There the actor, who is little likely to visit this country again, — not because he is not willing to act any more, but because a manager would need great courage to take the financial risks, so terrible are his terms, — lives the life of a landed proprietor in the house over which his sister-in-law presides, and the affairs of which he administers himself with great care.

DOES BI-CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE INEBRIETY ?

BY HENRY WOOD.

THE potency of gold is marvellous. By the magic of its spell cities spring up like exhalations, distance is annihilated, mountains tunnelled, rivers spanned, and art, science, and invention widen their boundaries. Even aerial navigation is only waiting for a little more of the yellow treasure in exchange for its stock certificates, before becoming a full-fledged accomplishment. Gold is the universal "open sesame." From the days of Croesus and of Jason's expedition after the Golden Fleece down to the present, it has been the Great Idol; but not until our own times has it been exalted into a therapeutic, mental fetich and invested with power over human ills and frailties.

It is now about twelve years since Dr. Keeley of Dwight, Ill., began to experiment with the hypodermic application of the bi-chloride of gold as a remedy for inebriety and the opium habit. The precise formula of this preparation, which is claimed to have cured nearly ten thousand drunkards and opium-takers up to the present time, has not been made public. Whether or not this number be in some degree an exaggeration, there is overwhelming evidence that a very large number of radical and positive cures have taken place. Scores and hundreds of educated men of character and veracity who in time past have fallen into slavery to the appetite for stimulants, give their unequivocal testimony as to their complete emancipation. The patients include representatives from all classes. Many who for years had bravely battled in vain with their insatiable and intangible foe, come forth, after a few weeks' treatment, free and reliant, with all craving for stimulants eradicated. Men and women, naturally noble, gifted, and generous, who have been reduced to moral and physical wrecks by the burning passion, have their fetters broken and are restored to themselves, their friends, and society. A prominent journalist, writing of his experience while a patient, says: "My comrades were

lawyers, physicians, editors, merchants, three judges, the attorney-general of a Western state, an ex-congressman, and an assorted lot of half a dozen state senators."

It is true that a few lapses have taken place, among which perhaps the sad case of John Flavel Mines (Felix Oldboy) was the most prominent, and these few have been given great notoriety through the daily press; but for every such exception there have been scores of cures, genuine, unostentatious, and lasting. The sensation produced by the few failures among the great number treated abundantly proves the rule. The widespread reputation of the original institute caused by the changed lives of its patrons soon created a demand for branch institutes, which have already been established in about twenty different states, and it now seems probable that no important section of the country will long be without one. The recent opening of a branch in London is also an indication that Europe will soon be supplied in like manner.

The best obtainable statistics show that not much if any more than five per cent of the graduates have fallen back; but even if double that proportion had lapsed, the record would be remarkable when the fact is borne in mind that, as a rule, it has been a *dernier ressort*. It was recently affirmed that the Chicago Bi-Chloride Club of four hundred members had had but six failures. Bearing these facts in mind, there is another side and another class of facts, which are of great significance.

The most eminent physicians and experts of this country and Europe are practically unanimous in the opinion that inebriety *cannot* be cured by the use of any drug or medicine whatsoever. In a symposium by several leading American physicians which appeared in the *North American Review* for September, 1891, there was practical unanimity of opinion upon this subject. Dr. William A. Hammond, in his contribution, said:—

It may be stated, with perfect confidence in the absolute correctness of the assertion, that there is no medicine or combination of medicines that will cure a person of the habit of drunkenness; that is, that will destroy his or her habit or appetite for alcoholic liquors. It may be incidentally stated with equal positiveness that there is no habit, whether of chloral, opium, hashish, or any other intoxicating substance, that can be cured by medicine; and even further, that there is no habit or appetite whatever to which mankind is subject

that can be got rid of by drugs, whether it be drinking coffee, or smoking tobacco, or taking a walk every day at a particular hour, or going to bed at a certain time.

Ziemssen, whose "Cyclopædia of Medicine" stands high as an authority, says: "We possess no medicine which can act as a direct antidote to alcohol or neutralize its pernicious effects." Expert testimony on this point might be cited to almost any extent were it necessary. Universal practical experience also indorses this position. Who thinks of sending for a physician to cure the passion for intoxicants? Every one recognizes the fact that the disorder is too deeply seated to respond to material remedies. It is possible in some cases to temporarily satisfy the terrible craving by a *substitute*, but this only gratifies the appetite, and in no way cures or even lessens it.

We have now two great, apparently opposing facts, both of which are overwhelmingly corroborated.

Fact one. — Thousands of confirmed inebriates have been thoroughly cured by the Keeley treatment.

Fact two. — That no drug or material remedy can cure drunkenness, as proved both by expert testimony and the experience of ages.

It is axiomatic that two truths cannot be in conflict, and how shall these two great aggregations of opposing logic be reconciled? There seems to be but one way, and rightly considered it is reasonable and also scientific. It is that the so-called bi-chloride of gold cure is in reality *unconscious MIND CURE*.

Of what use, then, is the gold? None whatever, except as a concession to prevailing materialism. Being blind to the potency of higher immaterial forces, it demands something which the senses can grasp. It must have a fetic — a material fulcrum for support. The understanding of average humanity is impervious, except through the low pathway of the sensuous nature.

If Dr. Keeley had named his establishment a mind-cure institute, a psychological hospital, or even a metaphysical sanitarium, — leaving out the gold, — he would have received such an amount of popular ridicule for *daring* to be unconventional, that few would have entered his institution. But gold is "solid" and of the *earth*, and can be grasped and appreciated.

Dr. Keeley is doing a good work for humanity, and the results justify him in its continuance. No one has a right to judge him, and perhaps no one knows to just what degree he depends upon the gold, or to what extent he relies upon mental forces. If his faith is based exclusively upon the gold, he may yet be sincere; and if so, he is not the first eminent man who has misplaced the realm of primary causation. But even if his real dependence be mainly outside of the gold, the great results accomplished may perhaps—in the present stage of human development—partially atone for a harmless technical deception. In many ways men court delusion and insist upon exercising it. The Keeley graduates are cured, even though they do not divine the underlying cause. Innumerable things that yield their beneficence are used unintelligently. If the position taken in this paper be conceded, it need not in the slightest degree disturb the confidence of any Keeley graduate in the genuineness of his cure simply because the *modus operandi* is higher and broader than he had supposed. The most radical mental readjustments are below the surface of consciousness, and they are therefore powerful and lasting; but truth as a means is always *preferable* to error, even when the results are apparently the same. It is the *belief* in the gold—with other accompanying factors—which produces the result, but no graduate need lose the faith that he has while that faith is being broadened. While human evolution is in its present stage of development, fetiches of various shades are indispensable. The numerous and well-authenticated cures of disease at the shrine of Lourdes and by contact with the Holy Coat of Traves and other sacred relics are—if viewed rightly—scientific examples of the power of the law of mental causation, even though it comes into action through pure superstition. The great daily procession,—including many persons of high intellectual development,—marching up with arms bared for the hypodermic, is a striking commentary upon human materialism and superficiality. Water might as well be used as bi-chloride, provided the name and mystery were retained. Only the truth can lift men above their homage to the great variety of fetiches, which, though of a different class, are as plentiful in America as in Africa.

Let us briefly enumerate some of the mental factors which

are auxiliary to the *belief* in the gold. The initiate enters the institute and leaves all demoralizing associations behind. His boon companions, familiar haunts, and all the strong meshes of his old environment have vanished. He comes full of hope, faith, and *positive* expectation of being healed by the mysterious infusion. Unlike conventional asylums, the patient has great liberty. He is even offered his fill of the old intoxicant, but he speedily becomes indifferent to it. He is trusted, and his self-respect is not only preserved, but greatly confirmed. New ideals flash vividly before him. He is a *man*, and no longer a slave. Visions of future usefulness and happiness dawn upon and gradually overspread his mental horizon. The divine "image" in him begins to assert its prerogative, and at length he recognizes this as his intrinsic ego, and that the sensual claimant, which has held him in thralldom, is a falsity and a counterfeit. Dr. Keeley's own strong personal faith and pure ideals, which are winged with great power, are impressed upon his mentality. He is also surrounded by comrades whose confidence and enthusiasm form a common inspiration. One hope and one purpose permeate the great mass of mind, and its individual units act and react upon each other. The new life is cumulative, and grows and glows in pentecostal intensity until the patient is firmly crystallized into a readjusted mental environment. The true and ideal self mounts the throne and takes the reins of the consciousness, and the old animal nature drops into subordination. The moral disgust with which the old life is viewed expresses itself in a feeling of physical disgust and even nausea at the sight, and often at the thought, of the old stimulants. The cure is manifest, but the inert little gold fetich receives the homage. What a world of unrecognized beneficent forces lies just below the visible surface of things!

It will doubtless be suggested that moral influences have always been used, often quite systematically, in Washingtonian homes and in various asylums and retreats. To a degree this is true, but even with longer courses of treatment the results have been quite uncertain. Often their prison-like restrictions tend to degrade the inmates rather than inspire them; and the prevailing doubts, suspicions, and fears of failure are great though unrecognized obstacles to success. To any student of psychological or spiritual science, it is

at once evident that the conventional application of moral forces through institutional methods has been unintelligent and unscientific. The nature is constrained, and the patient made to fear temptation rather than defy it. Fear always includes bondage. It is not enough that the animal nature be repressed and refined, and that it is *hoped* that there will be no going back. Spiritual freedom must be asserted as *already positive* and complete; and this, when persisted in, gives a new consciousness. Man's real enemy is not the liquor, but the illusive and sensuous lower personality which he mistakes for the real ego. Only the good and true in an inebriate should meet with recognition from others; and as these qualities are emphasized, they are thereby developed and brought into actuality. If his degradation is spread before him even for the well-meant purpose of counsel and correction, it thereby gains force and has realism conferred upon it. Temporary repression and apparent cure may result from outside dictation, but such means will never set men *free*.

A study of mental therapeutics, as applied to the cure of inebriety, would be incomplete without some brief reference to the use of hypnotic suggestion, which is being successfully used in France and to a limited extent in this country. Professor Bernheim's institute at Nancy is already gaining a world-wide reputation for the effective treatment, not only of inebriety, but of many physical ailments, especially those of a chronic nature. Professor Bernheim defines hypnotism as "the induction of a psychical condition in which the subject's susceptibility to suggestion and ability to act upon it are enormously increased." In many cases it is not necessary to produce sound sleep or unconsciousness, as it is found that merely a slight languor or drowsiness, with consciousness retained, answers every requirement. Many interesting accounts are given of cases in which, after the use of hypnotic suggestion for a few weeks, the subject acquires a strong aversion to alcoholic liquors so that he not only will not but *cannot* take them. One case is mentioned where a drunkard was thrown a few times into a deep hypnotic sleep, and told that alcohol would be poisonous to him, and that in future the taste of it would make him violently ill. Afterwards a small glass of beer gave him severe nausea, and his great aversion to all intoxicants bids fair to be per-

manent. This is but an average typical case, and may be taken as fairly representing what is all the time taking place through hypnotic law. The applications are becoming reduced to a science, and have ceased to excite wonder or to have their genuineness questioned.

But with all its accomplishments, hypnotism implies mental servitude on the part of the subject, and in a deep sense it does not set him *free*. It is the *imposition* of one will upon another; and although used for a beneficent purpose, its operation is upon a plane far below ideal mental or spiritual healing. A selfish and unprincipled man, who is endowed with strong psychic force, may professionally use his power to give a patient an abnormal dislike for his cups, and it may be called a cure, but still it is mental coercion. The true mind healer must have an overflowing love for his weaker brother, and, instead of crowding him up and putting artificial props underneath, must put him upon his own feet. There will be an at-one-ment of two minds in mental treatment, because the false and lower self of the subject will in no way be recognized. Purely hypnotic cures for inebriety are therefore unscientific and artificial. The cure, through the voluntary worship of the gold fetich and its many unobjectionable accessories, is greatly preferable to a mechanical and slavish abstinence. Intelligent spiritual treatment for inebriety is scientific because it is in accord with higher law, and is a wise adaptation of means to ends. Until there is a general higher level of spiritual evolution and recognition of unseen forces which are in waiting to be utilized, Dr. Keeley's remedy — though far from an ideal one — will be of great service in breaking the shackles of the animal selfhood.

Modern intemperance is the giant octopus which is sucking the life blood of the nations. About the middle of the last century distillation began to spread through Europe and America, and destruction followed both among civilized and savage peoples. China is fast becoming a nation of opium inebriates because of the avarice of Christian England. The importation of the drug is enormous, and is rapidly increasing from year to year. Mohammedans are less and less restrained from drink by their religious vows. Archbishop Jeffreys, who lived thirty years in India, is reported to have said that English drinking practices have made a thousand

drunkards to every native converted by missionary labor. Intemperance is also rapidly spreading in Japan, Persia, and other oriental nations. In Africa many native tribes are being wiped out by the monster. But though this picture is a dark one, humanity will be saved from destruction.

Prohibition and all kinds of legal restriction prove to be but broken reeds. They are *external* to man, while his real cure must come from *within*. Mighty forces are waiting for recognition and service, but materialism has made humanity blind to them. But a new era of more general spiritual development is at hand, "even nigh unto our doors." When true temperance, which signifies the readjustment of the inner *man*, becomes general, saloons will rapidly diminish in numbers for lack of business. Man's real foes are those falsities which intrench themselves within.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS: THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

FIRST PAPER.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

I.

THE history of women as wage-earners, though actually comprised within the limits of a few centuries, would, if given in full, mean a summary of the whole history of working humanity. The position of working women all over the civilized world is still affected, not only by the traditions, but the direct inheritance from the past, and thus the nature of that inheritance must be understood before passing to any detailed consideration of the subject under its various divisions. It is the conditions underlying history, and rooted and grounded in the facts of human life itself, which we must know, since from the beginning life and work have been practically synonymous, and, in the nature of things, remain so.

In the shadow of that far remote infancy of the world, where from cave dweller and mere predatory animal men by slow degrees moved toward a higher development, the story of woman goes side by side with his. For neither is there record, beyond the scattered implements of the stone age and the rude drawings of the cave dwellers, from which it is plain to see that warfare was the chief life of both. Subjugation of the weaker by the stronger is the story of all time — the “survival of the fittest,” the modern rendering of that struggle.

Naturally slavery was the first result, and servitude for one side the outcome of all struggle. Physical facts worked with man's will in the matter, and early rendered women subordinate physically and dependent economically.

“The basis of all oppression is economic dependence on the oppressor,” is the word of a very keen thinker and worker in the German Reichstag to-day, and he adds: “This has been the condition of woman in the past, and it

still is so. Woman was the first human being that tasted bondage. Woman was a slave before the slave existed.”*

Out of this chaos of discordant elements, struggling unconsciously toward social form, emerged by slow degrees the tribe and the nation, the suggestions of institutions and laws, and the first principles of the social state. Master and servant, employer and employed became facts, and dim suspicions as to economic laws were penetrating the minds of the early thinkers. The earliest coherent thought on economic problems comes to us from the Greeks, among whom economic speculation had begun almost a thousand years before Christ. The problem of work and wages was even then forming the most sharply accented difference between theirs and ours, lying in the fact that for Greek and Roman and the earlier peoples of the remote East, economic life was based upon slavery, accepted then as the foundation stone of the economic social system.

With these phases of history the present series of papers can have little to do. For our purpose it is sufficient to add that change comes at last to even the most fossilized thought. One by one, generation by generation, social institutions clung to with fiercest tenacity fell away. Barbaric independence had followed Greek and Roman slavery, which was in turn succeeded by feudal servitude, to reappear once more in the enfranchised communes. Each experiment had its season and sunk into the darkness of the past, to give place to a new one, which must transmit to posterity the principal and interest of all preceding ones. But though progress when taken in the mass is plain, the individual years in each generation show small trace of it. Even as late as the sixteenth century, the workman fared little better than the brutes. Erasmus tells us that their houses had no chimneys, and their floors were bare ground; while Fortescue, who travelled in France at the same time, reports a misery and degradation which have had vivid portraiture in Taine's "*Ancien Régime*."

A flood of wealth poured in on the discovery of the new world. The invention of gunpowder put a new face upon warfare, and that of printing made possible the free dissemination of long-smouldering ideas. Economic problems perplexed every country, and on all sides methods of solving

* "Woman," August Bebel.

them were put into action. Sully, who found in Henry IV. of France an ardent supporter of his wishes for her prosperity, had altered and systematized taxes and introduced a multitude of reforms in general administration, and later Colbert did even more notable work. The Italian republics had made their noble code of commercial rules and maxims. The Dutch had given to the world one of the most wonderful examples of what sheer pluck and persistent hard work may accomplish if the state and commercial institutions are founded on a principle of liberty. With this as their basis, neither the terror of the Spanish rule nor the always active, though often smothered, jealousy of England had ever succeeded in undermining their power. Credit, banking, all modern forms of exchange, were coming into use; and agriculture, which the feudal system had kept in a state of torpor, awakened and became a producing power. Side by side with this were gigantic speculations, like those of John Law and the East India Company, followed by the helpless ruin of their collapse. The time was ripe for the formulation of some system of economic laws; and two men who had long pondered them, De Gournay and Quesnay, made the first attempt to explain the meaning of wealth and its distribution. After Quesnay and his system, still holding honorable place, came Turgot; after Turgot Adam Smith, and thenceforward halt is impossible, and economic science marches on with giant strides.

In all this progress woman had shared in many of the material benefits, but her industrial position had altered but slightly. Driven from the trades, she had passed into the ranks of agricultural laborers; and Thorold Rogers, in his "Work and Wages," records her early efforts in this direction. France held the most enlightened view known to what was called civilization, and within her boundaries women even then took active part in business, and had a position unknown and undesired in any other country. But they had no place in any system of the political economists, nor did their labor count as a factor to be enumerated.

This for the human forces. For the mechanical, machinery was slowly making its way, feared and hated by the lower order of worker, eyed distrustfully and uncertainly by the higher. Men and women struggled for bare subsistence, and became active competitors till, in 1789, a general

petition, entitled "Petition of Women of the Third Estate to the King," was signed by hundreds of French workers, who, made desperate by starvation and under-pay, demanded that every business which included spinning, weaving, sewing, or knitting, should be given over to women exclusively. Thus, side by side with the wave of political revolution, running highest and fiercest in France and Austria, rose another no less wild with elements of destruction and reconstruction. The industrial revolution was upon us, and the opening of the nineteenth century brought with it the myriad changes we are now about to face.

II.

For nearly a century and a half, dating from the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, the condition of laboring women was that of the same class in all struggling colonies. There were practically no women wage-earners, save in domestic service, where a home and from thirty to a hundred dollars a year was accounted wealth, the latter sum being given in a few instances to the housekeepers in great houses. Each family represented a commonwealth, and its women gave every energy to the crowding duties of a daily life filled with manifold occupations.

The farmer—for all were farmers—was often blacksmith, shoemaker, and carpenter, and more or less proficient in every trade whose offices were called for in the family life. The farmer's wife spun and wove the cloth he wore and the linen that made his household furnishing, and was dyer and dresser, brewer and baker, seamstress, milliner, and dressmaker. The quickness, adaptiveness to new conditions, and the fertility of resource, which are recognized as distinguishing the American, were born of the colonial struggle, especially of the final one which separated us forever from English rule.

The wage of the few women found in labor outside the home was gauged by that which had ruled in England. For unskilled labor, as that employed occasionally in agriculture, this had been from one shilling and six pence, for ordinary field work, to two shillings a week paid in haying and harvest time. For hoeing corn or rough weeding there is record of one shilling per week, and this is the usual wage for old women. To this were added various allowances which

have gradually fallen into disuse. A full record of these and of rates in general will be found in "Six Centuries of Work and Wages." *

Unskilled labor during the whole colonial period, meaning by this such labor as that of the men who sawed wood, dug ditches, or mended roads, mixed mortar for the mason, carried boards to the carpenter, or cut hay in harvest time, brought a wage of seldom more than two shillings a day, fifteen a week, making a man the envy of his fellows, while six or seven was the utmost limit for women of the same order.

On this pittance they lived as they could. Sand did duty as carpet for the floor. The cupboard knew no china, and the table no glass. Coal and matches were unknown. They had never seen a stove. The meals of coarsest food were eaten from wooden or pewter dishes. Fresh meat was seldom had more than once a week. A pound of salt pork was ten pence, and corn three shillings a bushel. Clothing was as coarse as the food, and imprisonment for the slightest debt was the shadow hanging over every family where illness or any other cause had hindered earning. Boys and girls in the poorer families were employed by the owners of cattle to watch and keep them within bounds, countless troubles arising from their roaming over the unfenced fields. Andover, Mass., being from the beginning of a thrifty turn of mind, passed, soon after the founding of the town, an ordinance which still stands on the town records:—

The Court did herupon order and decree that in every towne the chosen men are to take care of such as are sett to keep cattle, that they may be sett to some other employment withall, as spinning upon the rock, knitting and weaving tape, &c.

Spinning classes were also formed, the General Court of Massachusetts ordering these in 1656, this being part of the general effort to begin some form of manufactures. But fishing to load ships, and shipbuilding to carry cured fish, absorbed the energies of the growing population, and these vessels brought textiles and manufactured goods from the cheapest markets everywhere and anywhere. †

These "homespun" industries soon showed a tendency toward division. By 1669 much weaving was done outside

* "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," by Thorold Rogers.

† "Weeden's Economic and Social History of New England," Vol. I., p. 304.

the home as custom work, and there is record of one Gabriel Harris who died in 1684, leaving four looms and tacklings and a silk loom as part of the small fortune he had accumulated in this way.* His six children and some hired women assisted in the work. In 1685 Joseph, the son of Roger Williams, entered in an account book now extant,† a credit to "Sarah badkuk [Babcock], for weven and coaming wisted." This work was, however, chiefly in the hands of men.

The records of Pepperell, Mass., show that many women saved their pin money and sent out little ventures in the ships built at home and sailing to all ports with fish. These ventures included articles of clothing, embroideries, and anything that it seemed might be made to yield some return. There were also women of affairs, some of whom took charge of large industries. Thus Weeden, in his "Economic and Social History of New England," quotes from an interesting memorandum left by Madam Martha Smith, a widow of St. George's Manor, Long Island, ‡ which shows her practical ability. In January, 1707, "my company" killed a yearling whale and made twenty-seven barrels of oil. The record gives her success for the year and the tax she paid to the authorities at New York, fifteen pounds and fifteen shillings, a twentieth part of her year's gains.

Other women oversaw the curing of the fish; but there is no record of the wage beyond the general one, which for the earliest days of the colony gives rates for women as from four to eight pence a day without food. These rates followed almost literally those of England at that time. Half of the day's earnings were accounted an equivalent for diet, and contractors for feeding gangs in agriculture, among sailors, or wherever the system was adopted, allowed seven and one-half pence per day a head for men and women alike. Women servants received ten *shillings* a year wages and an allowance of four *shillings* additional for clothing. The working day still remained as fixed by the law late in the fifteenth century, from five A. M. to eight P. M., from March to September, with half an hour for breakfast, and an hour and a half for dinner.

These rates gradually altered, but for women hardly at all,

* "Caulkins," p. 273.

† Rider, "Book Notes," Vol. II., p. 7.

‡ Boston News Letter, Jan. 25, 1773.

the wages during the eighteenth century ranging from four to six pounds a year. The colony, however, gave opportunities unknown to the mother country, and gardening and the cultivation of small vegetables seem to have fallen much into the hands of women.* They had studied the best methods for hot beds, and grew early vegetables in these, the first record of this being in 1759.

Gloves were by this time made at home, buttons covered, and many small industries conducted, all connected with the manufacture and making up of clothing. Patriotic spinning occupied many, and the *Boston News Letter* has it that often seventy linen wheels were employed at one gathering. The agitation caused by the Stamp Act turned the attention of all women to the production of cloth as a domestic business. Worcester, Mass., in 1780 formed an association for the spinning and weaving of cotton, and a jenny was bought by subscription.†

Prices by this time had risen, and in 1776 the Andover records mention that a Miss Holt was paid eighteen shillings for spinning seventy-two skeins, and seven shillings eleven pence for weaving nineteen yards of cloth. Women generally could spin two skeins of linen yarn a day; but there is record of one, a Miss Eleanor Fry of East Greenwich, R. I., who spun seven skeins and one knot in one day, an amount sufficient to make twelve large lawn handkerchiefs such as were then imported from England.

The Council of East Greenwich fixed prices at that time at rates which seem purely arbitrary and are certainly incomprehensible. Thus for spinning linen or worsted, five or six skeins to the pound, the price was not to exceed six pence per skein of fifteen knots, with finer work in proportion. Carded woollen yarn was the same per skein. Weaving plain flannel or tow or linen brought five pence per yard; common worsted and all linen one penny a yard; and all other linen in the like proportion.‡

At this period women widowed by the fortune of war, or forced by the absence of all the male members of the family on the field, were often found in business. The mother of Thomas Perkins of Salem, one of the great American mer-

* *Boston News Letter*, Jan. 25, 1773.

† Barry, "Massachusetts," Vol. XI., p. 193.

‡ Weedon's "Social and Economic History of New England," Vol. II., p. 790.

chants, left widowed in 1778, took her husband's place in the counting-house, managed business, despatched ships, sold merchandise, wrote letters, all with such commanding energy that the solid Hollanders wrote to her as to a man.* The record of one day's work of Mary Moody Emerson, born in 1777, reads:—

Rose before light every morn; read "Butlar's Analogy"; commented on the Scriptures; read in a little book Cicero's Letters—a few touches of Shakespeare—washed, carded, cleaned house and baked.†

There is another woman no less busy, a member of the distinguished Nott family, who did work in her house and helped her boys in the fields. In midwinter, with neither money nor wool in the house, one of the boys required a new suit. The mother sheared the half-grown fleece from a sheep and in a week had spun, wove, and made it into clothing, the sheep being protected from cold by a wrappage made of braided straw.

Details like this would be out of place here did they not serve to accent the fact of the concentration of industries under the home roof and the necessity that existed for this. But a change was near at hand, and it dates from the first bale of cotton grown in the country.

In the early years of the eighteenth century, not a manufacturing town existed in New England, and for the whole country it was much the same. A few paper mills turned out paper hardly better in quality than that which comes to us to-day about our grocery packages. In a foundry or two iron was melted into pigs or beaten into bars and nails. Cocked hats and felts were made in one factory. Cotton was hardly known.‡ De Bow, in his "Industrial Resources of the United States," tells us that a little had been sent to Liverpool just before the battle of Lexington, but linen took the place of all cotton fabrics, and was spun at every hearth in New England.

In the eight bales of cotton, grown on a Georgia plantation, sent over to Liverpool in 1784, and seized at the Custom House on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in America, but must come from some foreign country, lay the seed of a new movement in labor, in which,

* Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1798, 1835, p. 353.

† *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1883, p. 773.

‡ For further detail, see McMasters' "History of the United States," Vol. I., p. 62.

from the beginning, women have taken larger part than men. By 1800 cotton had proved itself a staple for the Southern States, and even the second war with England hardly hindered the planters. In 1791 two million pounds had been raised; in 1804, forty-eight million; the invention of the cotton gin, in 1793, stimulating to the utmost the enthusiasm of the South over this new road to fortune.

It is with the birth of the cotton industry that the work and wages of women begin to take coherent shape, and the history of the new occupation divides itself roughly into three periods. The first includes the ten or fifteen years prior to 1790, and may be called the experimental period. The second covers the time from 1790 to 1811, in which the spinning system was established and perfected, and the third the years immediately following 1814, in which came the introduction of the power loom and the growth of the modern factory system.

The experimental stage found an enthusiastic worker in the person of Tench Coxe, known often as the "Father of American Industries," whose interest in the beginning was philanthropic rather than business. Bent upon employment for idle and destitute workmen, he exhibited in Philadelphia in 1775 the first spinning jenny seen in America. He had already incorporated the "United Company of Philadelphia for Promoting American Manufactures," and they at once secured the machine and made ready to operate it. Four hundred women were very speedily at work at hand spinning and weaving; and though the company presently turned its attention to woollen fabrics, a large proportion of women was still employed.

Till the building of the great mill at Waltham, Mass., in which every form of the improved machinery found place, spinning was the only work of the factories. All the yarn was sent out among the farmers to be woven into cloth, the current prices paid for this being from six to twelve cents a yard. American cotton was poor, and the product of a quality inferior to the coarsest and heaviest unbleached of to-day, but experiment soon altered all this.

To manufacture the raw product in this country was a necessity. For England this had begun in 1786, but she guarded so jealously all inventions bearing upon it that none found their way to us. Our machinery was therefore

of the most imperfect order, the work chiefly of two young Scotch mechanics. In 1788 a company was formed at Providence, R. I., for making "homespun cloth," their machinery being made in part from drawings from English models. Carding and roving were all done by hand labor, and the spinning frame, with thirty-two spindles, differed little from a common jenny, and was worked by a crank turned by hand.

Even at this stage England was determined that America should have neither machinery nor tools, and still held to the act passed in 1789 which enforced a penalty of five hundred pounds for any one who exported, or tried to export, "blocks, plates, engines, tools, or utensils used in or which are proper for the preparing or finishing of the calico, cotton, muslin, or linen printing manufacture or any part thereof."

Nothing could have more stimulated American invention, but there were many struggles before the thought finally came to all interested, that it might be possible to condense the whole operation with all its details under one roof, a project soon carried out.

Thus far all had been tentative; but the building in 1790 at Pawtucket, R. I., of the first large factory with improved machinery, gave the industry permanent place. Another mill was erected in the same state in 1795, and two more in Massachusetts in 1802 and 1803. In the three succeeding years ten more were built in Rhode Island and one in Connecticut, altogether fifteen in number, working about 8,000 spindles and producing in a year some 300,000 pounds of yarn. At the end of the year 1809, eighty-seven additional mills had been put up, making about 80,000 spindles in operation. Eight hundred spindles employed forty persons: five men and thirty-five women and children.

The first authoritative record as to the progress of the manufacture, numbers employed, etc., was made in a report to the House of Representatives in the spring session of 1816. In the previous year 90,000 bales had been manufactured as against 1,000 in 1800. The capital invested was \$40,000, and the relative number of males and females employed is also recorded.

Males employed from the age of 17 and upwards	10,000
Women and female children	66,000
Boys under 17 years of age	24,000

For these women spinning was the only work. Hand

looms still did all the weaving, nor was it possible to obtain any plan of the power looms then in use in England and a recent invention. Another mill had been built in 1795, and thus the first definite and profitable occupation for women in this country dates back to the close of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, the history of its phases having been written by Trench Coxe. The village tailoress had long gone from house to house, earning in the beginning but a shilling a day, and this sometimes paid in kind; and in towns a dressmaker or milliner was secure of a livelihood. But work for the many was unknown outside of household life, and thus wage rates vary with locality, and are in most cases inferential rather than matter of record.

Cotton would seem, from the beginning of manufacturing interests, to have monopolized New England, but other industries had been very early suggested. In May, 1640, the General Court of Massachusetts made an order, for the encouragement by bounties, of the manufacture of linen and woollen as well as cotton. In 1638 a company of Yorkshiremen came over and settled in Rowley, Mass., where they built the first fulling mill in the United States. Fustians and the ordinary homespun cloth were woven, but few women were employed, the work being far heavier than weaving of cotton. It was hoped that broadcloths as good as those imported could be made, but American wool proved less susceptible of high finish, though of better wearing quality than the English. Various grades of cloth, with shawls, were manufactured, but the growth of the industry was slow and constantly hampered by heavy duties and much interference. In 1770 the entire graduating class at Harvard College were dressed in black broadcloth made in this country, the weaving of which had been done in families. Yarn was sent to these after the wool had been made ready in the mills, and the census of the United States for 1810 gives the number of yards woven in this way as, 9,528,266.

What proportion of women were engaged we have no means of knowing, but the census of 1860 shows that New England had 65 per cent of the total number then at work. The cotton manufacture had but 38 per cent of males as against 62 per cent of females, while in woollen, males were 60 per cent. In New England, 10,743 women were in woollen mills; in the Middle States, 4,540, and

in the South, 689. For the West no returns are given. Many more would be included in the Southern returns were it not that most of the weaving is still a home industry, this resulting from the sparseness and scattered nature of the population.

Knitting formed one of the earliest means of earning for women, the demand for hose of every description being beyond the power of the family to supply. Knitting machines of various orders were in use on the Continent and had been brought into England, but any attempt to employ them here was for a long time unsuccessful. Yarn was spun especially for this purpose, usually with a double thread, and in the year 1698 Martha's Vineyard exported 9,000 pairs. The German and English settlers of Pennsylvania brought many hand knitting machines with them, and were rivals of New England; but Virginia led, and the census of 1810 credits her with over half of the hand-knit pairs exported, Connecticut coming next. In Pennsylvania the women earned half a crown a pair for the long hose, and this in the opening of the eighteenth century, and the state still retains it as a household industry. The percentage for the United States of women engaged in it by the last census, is 61,100.

The early stages of the industry employed very few women, the processes involving too heavy labor; and out of 159 workers in the first mills, only eight were women, these being employed in carding and fulling. According to our last census, 10,743 are employed in New England mills alone, but the proportion remains far below that of the cotton mills, and at many points in the South and remote territories it is still a household industry in which all share.

Until well on in the nineteenth century, the factory and the domestic system were still interwoven, nor had there been intelligent definition of the actual meaning of this system until Ure formulated one: —

The factory system in technology is simply the combined operation of many orders of work people in tending with assiduous skill a series of productive machines, continuously impelled by a central power.*

A central power controlling an army of workers had been the dream of all mechanicians, and Ure formulated this also:

* "Philosophy of Manufactures," by Andrew Ure, M. D., p. 13.

It is the idea of a vast automaton, composed of various mechanical and intellectual organs, acting in uninterrupted concert for the production of a common object—all of them being subordinate to a self-regulated moving force.

This was the result brought about by the gradual extension of the factory system. The objections made from the beginning, and still made, with such answers as experience has suggested, find place later on.

EARLY ASPECTS OF FACTORY LABOR FOR WOMEN.

The difficulties attending our lack of machinery were in a few years mastered, and in 1813 Waltham, Mass., saw what is probably the first factory in the world that combined under one roof every process for converting raw cotton into finished cloth.

Manufacturing, even when most hampered by the burden of taxation then imposed, and the heavy duties and other restrictions following the long war, began under happier conditions than have ever been known elsewhere. Unskilled labor had smallest place, and of this class New England had for long next to no knowledge. Her workers in the beginning were recruited from the outlying country, and the women and girls who flocked into Lowell, as in the earliest years they had flocked into Pawtucket, were New Englanders by birth and training. This meant not only quickness and deftness of handling, but the conscientious filling of every hour with the utmost work it could be made to hold.

The life of the Lowell factory girls has full record in the little magazine called the *Lowell Offering*, published by them for many years. Lucy Larcom has also lately given her "Recollections," one of the most valuable and characteristic pictures of the life from year to year, and it tallies with the summary made by Dickens in his "American Notes." Beginning as a child of eleven, whose business was simply to change bobbins, she received a wage of one dollar a week, with one dollar and a quarter for board, the allowance made by most of the corporations while the system of boarding-houses in connection with the factories lasted. The oldest corporation, known as the Merrimack, introduced this system and for many years retained oversight of all in its employ. With increasing competition and the increase of the foreign element, alteration of methods began, and Lowell lost its characteristic features.

Factories had risen at every available point in New England, all of them thronged by women and girls. But great cities were still unknown, and the first census, that for 1790, showed that hardly four per cent of the people were in them. The tide set toward the factory towns as strongly as it now does toward the cities, though factory labor for the most part was of almost incredible severity. The length of a day's labor varied from twelve to fifteen hours, the mills of New England running generally thirteen hours a day the year round. Several mills are on record, the day in one of which was fourteen hours, and in the other fifteen hours and ten minutes, this latter being the Eagle Mill at Griswold, Conn., and previous to 1858 there were many others where hours were equally long. Work began at five in the morning, or at some points a little later, and there is a known instance of a mill in Paterson, N. J., in which women and children were required to be at work by half-past four in the morning.

In most of the New England factories, the operatives were taxed for the support of religion. The Lowell Company dismissed them if often absent from church, and their lives without and within the factory were regulated as minutely as if in the cloister. Women and children were urged on by the cowhide; and the first inspection of the factories, notably in Connecticut, revealed a state of things hardly less harrowing than that which had brought about the passage of the first Factory Acts in England. At the same time wages were very inadequate. In twelve hours' daily labor, the weavers of Baltimore were able to earn from sixty to seventy cents a day, the wage of the women being half or a third this amount, and they declared it not enough to pay the expenses of schooling for the children.

With the increase of production and the growing competition of manufacturers, wages were steadily forced downward. Less and less attention was paid to the comfort or well being of the operatives, and many factories were unfit working-place for human beings. Overseers, whose duty it was to keep up the utmost rate of speed, flogged children brutally, and the treatment was so barbarous that a boy of twelve, at Mendon, Mass., drowned himself to escape factory labor. Windows were often nailed down and their raising forbidden even in the hottest weather.

The most formidable and trustworthy arraignment of these conditions is to be found in a pamphlet printed in 1834, the full title of which is as follows:—

“An Address to the Workingmen of New England, on the State of Education, and on the Condition of the Producing Classes in Europe and America.”

The author of this pamphlet, a mechanic of some education, stirred to the heart by the abuses he saw, made an exhaustive examination of the New England mills, and he gives many details of the hours of labor, the wages of employees, and the abuses of power which he found everywhere among unscrupulous manufacturers. The principal value of his work lies in this, and in his reprint of original documents like the “General Rules of the Lowell Manufacturing Company” and “The Conditions on which Help is Hired by the Cocheo Manufacturing Company, Dover, N. H.” These conditions were so oppressive that in several cases revolt took place, usually unsuccessful, as no organization existed among the women, and they were powerless to effect any marked change for the better.

By 1835 chiefly the poorer order of workers filled the mills, but even skilled labor made constant complaint of cruelties and injustices. Not only were there distressing cases of cruelty to children, but outrage of every kind had been found to exist among the women workers, whose wage had been lowered till nearly at the point known to-day as the subsistence point. Parents then as now gave false returns of age, and caught greedily at the prospect of any earning by their children, and any specific enactments as to schooling, etc., were still delayed.

These evils were not confined to New England, but existed at every point where manufacturing was carried on. But New England was first to decide on the necessity for some organized remonstrance and resistance, and the first meeting to this end was held in February, 1831. Of this there is no record; but the second, held in September, 1832, is given in the first “Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor,” issued in 1870. Boston sent thirty delegates, and the workmen of New York City addressed a letter to the workers of the United States, showing that the same causes of unrest and agitation existed at all points.

“These evils,” they said, “arise from the moral obliquity

of the fastidious, and the cupidity of the avaricious. They consist in an illiberal opinion of the worth and rights of the laboring classes, an unjust estimation of their moral, physical, and intellectual powers, and unwise misapprehension of the effects which would result from the cultivation of their minds and the improvement of their condition, and an avaricious propensity to avail of their laborious services, at the lowest possible rate of wages for which they can be induced to work."

The evils protested against here did not lessen as time went on. Irish emigration had begun in 1836, and speedily drove out American labor, which was in any case insufficient for the need. A lowered wage was the immediate consequence, the foreigner having no standard of living that included more than bare necessities. At this distance from the struggle it is easy to see that the new life was educational for the emigrant, and also forced the American worker into new and often broader channels. But for those involved such perception was impossible, and the newcomers were regarded with something like hatred. English and German emigrants followed, to give place in their turn to the French-Canadian, who at present in great degree monopolizes the mills.

In the beginning little or no effort was made toward healthful conditions of work and life, or more than the merest hint of education. England, in which far worse conditions had existed, had, early in the century, seen the necessity of remedial legislation. But though the first English Factory Act was passed in 1802, it was not till 1844 that women and children were brought under its provisions. The first one, known as the Health and Morals Act, was the result of the discovery made first by voluntary, then appointed inspectors, that neither health nor morals remained for factory workers, and that hopeless deterioration would result unless government interfered at once. Hideous epidemic diseases, an extinction of any small natural endowment of moral sense, and a daily life far below that of the brutes, had shown themselves as industries and the attendant competition developed, and the story in all its horror may be read in English Blue Books and the record of government inspectors, and made accessible in the works of Giffen, Toynbee, Engels, and other names identified with reform.

The bearing of these acts upon legislation in our country is so strong that a summary of the chief points must find mention here. In the Act of 1802 the hours of work, which had been from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, were fixed at twelve. All factories were required to be frequently white-washed, and to have a sufficient number of windows, though these provisions applied only to apprenticed operatives. In 1819 an act forbade the employment of any child under nine years of age, and in 1825 Saturday was made a half-holiday. Night work was forbidden in 1831, and for all under eighteen the working day was made twelve hours, with nine for Saturday.

By 1847 public opinion demanded still more change for the better, and the day was made ten hours for working women and young persons between thirteen and eighteen years, though they were allowed to work between six A.M. and six P.M., with an allowance of an hour and a half at mealtime. Our own evils, while in many points far less, still were in the same direction. Here and there a like evasion of responsibility and of the provisions of the law was to be found. Even when a corps of inspectors were appointed, they were bribed, hoodwinked, and generally put off the track, while the provisions in regard to the shielding of dangerous machinery, cleanliness, etc., were ignored by every possible method. Were law obeyed and its provisions thoroughly carried out, English factory operatives would be better protected than those of any other country, America not accepted. Sanitary conditions are required to be good. All factories are to be kept clean, as any effluvia arising from closets, etc., renders the owners liable to a fine. The generation of gas, dust, etc., must be neutralized by the inventions for this purpose, so that operatives may not be harmed thereby. Any manufacturer allowing machinery to remain unprotected is to be prosecuted, and there are minute regulations forbidding any child or young person to clean or walk between the fixed and traversing part of any self-acting machine while in motion. At least two hours must be allowed for meals, nor are these to be taken in any room where manufacturing is going on.

For this country such provisions were long delayed, nor have we even now the necessary regulations as to the protection of machinery. In the early days, though many mills

were built by men who sought honestly to provide their employees with as many alleviations as the nature of the work admitted, many more were absolutely blind to anything but their own interest. With the disabilities resulting we are to deal at another point. It is sufficient to say here, that the struggle for factory workers became more and more severe, and has remained so to the present day.

The increase of women workers in this field had been steady. In 1865 women operatives in the factories of Massachusetts were thirty-two thousand two hundred and thirty-nine, or nineteen per cent of men operatives. In 1875 they were eighty-three thousand two hundred and seven, or twenty-six per cent, and the increase since that date has been in like proportion. From the time of their first employment in mills the increase has been on themselves over three hundred per cent. In Massachusetts mills women and children are from two thirds to five sixths of all employed, and the proportion in all the manufacturing portions of New England is nearly the same.

In judging the factory system as a whole, it is necessary to glance at the conditions of home work preceding it. These are given in full detail in historical and economical treatises, notably in Lecky's "History of the Eighteenth Century" and in Dr. Kay's "Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes." A list of the more important authorities on the subject will be found in the general bibliography at the end.

The conditions that prevailed in other countries were less strenuous with us, but the same objections to the domestic system held good at many points. In weaving, the looms occupied large part of the family living space, and overcrowding and all its evils were inevitable. Drunkenness was more common, as well as the stealing of materials by dishonest workers. Time was lost in going for material and in returning it, and only half as much was accomplished. Homes were uncared for and often filthy, and the work was done in half-lighted, airless rooms.

These conditions are often reproduced in part even to-day in buildings not adapted to their present use, but as a whole it is certain that the homes of factory workers are cleaner; that regulation has proved beneficial; that light and air are furnished in better measure, and that overcrowding has be-

come impossible. This applies only to textile manufactures, where machines must have room.

In an admirable chapter on the "Factory System," prepared by Colonel Carroll D. Wright for the Tenth Census of the United States, he takes up in detail the objections urged against it. These are as follows :—

A. The factory system necessitates the employment of women and children to an injurious extent, and consequently its tendency is to destroy family life and ties and domestic habits, and ultimately the home.

B. Factory employments are injurious to health.

C. The factory system is productive of intemperance, unthrift, and poverty.

D. It feeds prostitution and swells the criminal list.

E. It tends to intellectual degeneracy.

Under "A" there is small defence to be made. The employment of married women is fruitful of evil, and the proportion of these in Massachusetts is twenty-three and eight-tenths per cent. Wherever this per cent is high, infant mortality is very great, being twenty-three and five-tenths for Massachusetts and nineteen per cent for Connecticut and New Hampshire. The "Labor Bureau Reports" for New Jersey treat the subject in detail, and are strongly opposed to the employment of mothers of young children outside the home, and the conclusion is the same at other points.

In the matter of general injury to health under "B," it is stated that many factories are far better ventilated and lighted than the homes of the operatives. Ignorant employees cannot be impressed with the need of care on these points, and the air in their homes is foul and productive of disease. A cotton mill is often better ventilated than a court-room or a lecture-room. A well-built factory allows not less than six hundred cubic feet of air space to a person, thirty to sixty cubic feet a minute being required. Ranke, in his "Elements of Physiology," makes it thirty-five a minute.

The homes of operatives have steadily improved in character; and wherever there is an intelligent class of operatives, regulations are obeyed and sanitary conditions are fair and often perfect, while the tendency is toward more and more care in every respect. Operatives' homes are often better guarded against sanitary evils than those of farmers or the ordinary laborer.

Under "C" it is shown conclusively that the factory has diminished intemperance, Reybaud's "History of the Factory Movement" giving full statistics on this point, as well as in regard to the growth of banks and benefit societies. The standard of living is higher here, but there are countless evidences of thrift and a general rise in condition.

In the matter of prostitution under "D" it is shown that but eight per cent of this class come from the factory, twenty-nine per cent being from domestic service. In Lynn, Mass., a town chosen for illustration because of the large percentage of factory operatives, it was found that but seven per cent of those arrested were from this class, and this is true of all points where the foreign-born element is not largely in the majority.

Last comes the question of intellectual degeneracy under "E." On this point it is hardly fair to make comparison of the present worker with the Lowell girl of the first period of factory labor, since she came from an educated class, and was distinctively American. Taking workers as a whole, a vast advance shows itself. Regularity and fixed rule have often been the first education in this direction; and the life, even with all its drawbacks, has the right to be regarded as an educational force, and the first step in this direction for a large proportion of the workers in it. There are points where the arraignment of Alfred in his "History of the Factory Movement" is still true.* He speaks of it as a "system which jested with civilization, laughed at humanity, and made a mockery of every law of physical and moral health and of the principles of natural and social order." The "Report of the New York Bureau of Labor for 1885" shows that the charge might still be righteously brought, and Mr. Bishop gives the same testimony in his reports for New Jersey. Evil is still part of the system, and wellnigh inseparable from the methods of production and the conditions of competition. But that there are evils is recognized at all points, and thus their continuance will not and cannot be perpetuated.

* Alfred's "History of the Factory Movement," Vol. I., p. 27.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

BY PROF. W. J. ROLFE.

THE so-called "arguments" in behalf of the theory that Francis Bacon wrote William Shakespeare's plays and poems are so many and various that it would be impossible even to mention them all in a brief paper like this; but the theory can be refuted without considering all its details. It is a hydra-headed monstrosity, but it is not necessary to crush every separate head, in order to kill the creature; and when it is once dead, we need not trouble ourselves to stab it again and again, as Falstaff did the corpse of Harry Percy.

The theory is literally a *baseless* one. The fundamental assumption on which it rests is utterly false; namely, that Shakespeare could not have written the works ascribed to him, and that Bacon could have written them. We are told that all we know of Shakespeare's life and character is incompatible with the supposition of his being the author of the works, while all that we know of Bacon as a man and a writer favors the hypothesis that he was their author. On the contrary, every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works *must* have been written either by Shakespeare or by some man whose education and experiences were like his, so far as we have become acquainted with them, while it is absolutely impossible that they could have been produced by a man whose training and fortunes were what we know Bacon's to have been.

The facts concerning Shakspeare's personal history that have come down to us are few indeed, but they are important and significant in the study of his works. His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings, and, on the other hand, the writings throw light upon the life, and assist us in filling out the meagre outlines of the

biographer. The Baconians are fond of telling us that every new fact concerning Shakespeare or Bacon drops neatly into its place in their theory; but this is strikingly true in regard to the orthodox view, as we may call it. In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well settled, and all the more important questions concerning their authorship — what plays are wholly Shakespeare's, what are his only in part, how the mixed authorship is to be explained, etc. — have been satisfactorily answered. Now, the better we understand the order and the history of the plays, the clearer it is that they were the work of a playwright who began his career, and who went on, step by step, in that career as we believe Shakespeare did. It is evident that the author was not an amateur, writing plays in the intervals of his more serious occupations, but a man who had his fortune to make, and who, after securing some humble position in the theatre, worked his way up as actor and dramatist, until he had gained reputation and wealth by his labor. His first literary work was evidently such as a manager would intrust to a promising tyro in that day — the retouching of old plays in order to give them a new lease of life on the boards. The earliest plays, as the best critics almost unanimously agree, are of this sort, *not* the finished compositions of an amateur in dramatic composition, like the Bacon of the theorists. Next we find our playwright trying his hand at original pieces — light comedies, followed by historical dramas of the same general character as those he had been formerly set at work to furnish for the stage, but all showing the practical man of the theatre, no scholar, but familiar with the obvious requirements of his profession, and endowed with *genius* that made him, to a great degree, independent of learning and literary culture. It is unnecessary to trace him through all the stages of his career as actor and author. Suffice it to say that from first to last we recognize him as the same man, and a man as unlike the learned and cultivated sage of St. Alban's, amusing himself with occasional writing of plays, in the seclusion of his closet, as can well be imagined.

The point to be emphasized in this connection is that Shakespeare was not a learned man, and that the author of the plays was not, as the Baconians assume, a learned man. It is amazing that any Shakspearean scholar or critic should have ever conceived that there is evidence of learning

in the plays, when the proof of the contrary is so manifest and incontrovertible. The misconception could only have been possible (except to a Baconian) before the plays had been minutely examined, their anachronisms and other literary faults and defects carefully scrutinized, and their relation to the sources whence their materials were drawn, critically investigated. This kind of study shows, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that, marvellous as was the *genius* of the author of the plays, and the insight into human nature, and all its capabilities which that genius gave him, he not only was no scholar, but all the details of his work prove that he had not the scholarly or critical way of working. We see clearly how, notwithstanding the immense advantage the possession of extraordinary genius gave him, the lack of scholastic training was, in certain minor respects, a serious disadvantage to him. If he had had the learning of Bacon, superadded to his own natural gifts, he would have done his work differently and in some respects better.

The *anachronisms* in the plays are illustrations of Shakespeare's lack of learning, and of themselves a sufficient refutation of the Baconian hypothesis. The advocates of that hypothesis have made no attempt to explain them, except to say that they may have been intended as a "blind," or to guard against discovery. This is the height of absurdity and inconsistency. These same people tell us that the plays are so full of the evidences of erudition that, if they had come down to us as anonymous productions of the time, we should at once recognize them as Bacon's; and yet these occasional anachronisms were deliberately inserted to prevent our suspecting that the scholarly Bacon was the author! The plays, it is said, show a familiarity with Greek and Latin literature that had not then been translated into English, and also with the best science and philosophy of the time; but scattered references to "holy churchyards," nuns, striking clocks, and mediæval manners and customs were put into the Roman plays that we might not guess who wrote them!

It may be said that Shakespeare himself knew that the Romans burned their dead, though he makes Menenius speak of "graves in the holy churchyard," and Mark Antony of coming to "bury Cæsar"; but this simply illustrates what I have said of the unscholarly habits of the dramatist. He

knew these things, but not as Bacon or any good classical scholar would know them. He was not sufficiently at home in Roman life to be safe from these lapses, which are much like those of a schoolboy, who is apt to get his every-day manners and customs mixed up with those of the ancient times he is studying. Call his attention to the slip, and he sees it, but a better scholar would not have needed the admonition.

Shakespeare's use of his *historical materials* is another striking illustration of his want of learning and literary training. In the Roman plays, for example, he draws his material almost exclusively from Plutarch. Bacon was of course quite familiar with Plutarch in the original Greek, and would have gone to the original, if he had written the plays, rather than to a translation of a translation (Sir Thomas North's Englishing of Bishop Amyot's French version); or, if it were conceivable that he resorted to this as a matter of convenience, he would at least have corrected the palpable misprints and corruptions which had crept into North's book. Shakespeare was not familiar enough with the minutiae of Roman history to put "*Decimus Brutus*" in place of "*Decius Brutus*," or *Calpurnia* as the name of Cæsar's wife, instead of the impossible Latin form *Calphurnia*. Bacon could as soon have written the "Richard Conqueror" of Sly the Tinker, instead of "William the Conqueror," as this *Decius* for *Decimus*. Indeed, he gives both this name and *Calpurnia* correctly in a passage in his "Essay on Friendship"* which is quoted by Judge Holmes (p. 289) to illustrate the similarity in style between the essay and the play. The judge has been comparing certain other passages from Bacon and Shakespeare, which, he says, make it "scarcely possible to doubt, either that the story of Plutarch passed through his pen into this scene, or that the play was written by him." He then goes on confidently thus: "But if there be a lingering doubt in any mind, it must certainly be removed by a comparison of these further passages from the 'Essay on Friendship' with the second act of the play." And yet nothing can be clearer than the fact that the essayist knew what the playwright did *not* know.

*"With Julius Cæsar, *Decimus Brutus* had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. . . . For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and especially a dream of *Calpurnia*," etc. Lest it should be suggested that the *Decimus* and *Calpurnia* may be modern corrections of the original text, I may add that they are found in the edition of 1625. See Mr. Aldis Wright's careful reprint of that edition. (Cambridge and London, 1865) pp. 108, 109.

In "1 Henry IV." (i. 1, 71) the King speaks of

"Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas";

but he was not the son of Douglas, but of the Duke of Albany. How did Shakespeare make this mistake which Bacon could never have made? He was misled by the accidental omission of a comma in the edition of Holinshed, which he followed. Mordake is thus apparently described as "son to the gouv-ernour Archembald earle Dowglas," and not merely son to the governor, or *regent*, the office then held by the Duke of Albany; "Archembald, earle Dowglas" being another person in the list of prisoners which the old chronicler is giving.*

Again, in "Henry V." (i. 2, 56 fol.), to add one more, out of scores of similar instances of Shakespeare's ignorance or carelessness, he copies an arithmetical blunder from Holinshed without detecting it. Canterbury says:—

"Nor did the French possess the Salic land
Until *four hundred one and twenty years*.
After defunction of King Pharamond."

He proceeds to state that Pharamond died in the year four hundred and twenty-six, while it was not until the year eight hundred and five that Charlemagne conquered the Saxons, and extended the French domain beyond the River Sala. But four hundred and twenty-six from eight hundred and five leaves three hundred and seventy-nine, not four hundred and twenty-one, as Holinshed and Shakespeare make it.†

It is possible, of course, for a careful scholar to make these slips now and then, and for others to copy them without seeing or suspecting their existence (I was the first editor of Shakespeare, so far as I am aware, to detect this error in subtraction); but they are too frequent in the plays to justify this excuse for them all. A man of Bacon's training and habits could never have been guilty of such repeated and preposterous mistakes, especially in history, where he was thoroughly at home.

But I pass to a line of argument in which I believe I may

*In the next paragraph but one, Holinshed refers again to Mordake as "earle of Fife, the Duke of Albany's son"; and it is a good illustration of Shakespeare's unscholarly carelessness that he overlooked the correction of the blunder he had made. Imagine Francis Bacon doing this!

†The reader will see that Holinshed mixed up his subtrahend and minuend, taking five from twenty-six and four from eight.

claim to have been a pioneer * in dealing with these Baconian heretics — the bearing of the folio of 1623 upon the question. Mr. Donnelly tells us that this first collected edition of the plays, published seven years after Shakespeare's death, was most elaborately revised and "doctored" by that eminent dramatist Francis Bacon, in order that it might preserve to coming generations the cryptogramic evidence that he, and not Shakespeare, was the author of its contents. According to Judge Holmes, Mrs. Pott, and others, the volume was published by Bacon two years after his downfall, at a time (to quote Mrs. Pott) "when his poverty and failing health caused him to press forward the publication of all his works." The differences between the early quartos and the folio are said to be due to the revision of the plays by the author. Both Judge Holmes and Mrs. Pott lay much stress on this, and both give illustrations of the changes made, because of Bacon's "increased knowledge and new interests."

Now, if we assume that the folio is just what it purports to be — a collection of plays, made after the author's death by two of his fellow-actors, who had no skill or experience in editing, and who did little more than to gather up old manuscripts that had been used in the theatre and were more or less dog's-eared and mutilated, to say nothing of the abridgment and alteration to which they had been subjected for stage purposes; the earlier quarto editions, similarly treated and used, being in the case of some of the plays taken for "copy" instead of the manuscripts; and all this matter put through the press, according to the usage of the time, with no proof-reading worthy of the name — if we assume this to have been the history of the volume, its peculiarities and its imperfections are in the main easily accounted for. But if it is to be regarded as an edition compiled by the author, and presenting the plays in the revised form in which he desires to hand them down to posterity; and especially if we are to believe that he has wrought into the texture of certain of the plays the secret evidence that they are his and not another's — if this is the view of the volume that we are to take, its peculiarities are absolutely inexplicable. No author, least of all one so orderly and systematic as Bacon, ever issued a collection of his works in such condition — so badly arranged, so wretchedly printed, with such inequality of wretched-

* See an article in the *North American Review*, January 1891, pp. 47-63.

ness withal, for portions of the book are far worse than others in respect to misprints and corruptions of the texts. If it is the author's own revised edition, how are we to explain the fact that it contains certain plays which are apparently earlier works by other hands slightly remodelled for reproduction on the stage? That others are pieces left unfinished and completed by another playwright, in some cases by one so incompetent that the author, if living, would never allow his work to be touched by such a bungler? If it be said (as a very small minority of critics do say) that all the matter is from one and the same hand, this is not absolutely inconceivable if the collecting and publishing of the works have been done by inexperienced or unscrupulous editors after the author's death; but how can we explain it if the author himself is the editor?

Mr. Donnelly tells us (pp. 286, 487) that Bacon "rewrote his essays thirty times," and "twelve times transcribed the 'Novum Organum' with his own hand." He tells us also that Bacon believed his plays "would yield more lustre and reputation to his name" than his essays or his philosophical works, and he therefore took "the utmost pains" to publish them before his death. Are we to believe, then, that he would go to the theatre for manuscripts of the plays for the printer's use? Could he have revised these manuscripts for the press or have read the proofs without detecting the repeated use of actors' names instead of those of the *dramatis personæ*?* Could he have overlooked the repetition of matter, the original and the revised form of a passage—as in "Love's Labour's Lost" and "Timon of Athens"?† Could he have allowed other indisputable and undisputed errors, too many and various to be enumerated here, to get into the printed volume—errors, to quote the words of Craik in his "English of Shakespeare," "so gross that it is impossible they could have been passed over, at any rate in such numbers, if the proof-sheets had undergone any systematic revision by a qualified person, however rapid"?

"Timon of Athens," by the way, one of the worst printed

* Like "Jacke Wilson" (Jack ilson) for Balthazar, "Kemp" nine times for Dogberry, and "Cowley" twice for Verges, in "Much Ado"; "Sinklo," "Sincklo," or the abbreviations "Sink." and "Sin." for characters in "3 Henry VI." and "The Taming of the Shrew," etc. Kemp, Cowley, and Sincklo are known to have been actors of that day in London.

† See scene iii. act iv. of the former play, and the epitaph in the last scene of the latter. In some modern editions one version is omitted; in others (as in mine) it is enclosed in brackets.

and most corrupt plays in the folio, and one in which nearly all the recent critics recognize two authors — the second of whom is wretchedly inferior to Shakespeare and probably finished the piece after the death of the dramatist, — was, according to the Baconians, one of the latest plays, if not the very latest play, their philosopher wrote; and *Timon* is meant as a representative of himself, deserted by his parasite friends after his fall!

Again, Shakespeare's *women* are of themselves a sufficient refutation of the Baconian theory. Whatever else in the plays Bacon might have been capable of writing, he could never have created this wonderful group of characters. Nothing that I could say in support of this statement would be half so telling as the attempt of Mrs. Pott, in her edition of Bacon's "*Promus*" (page 479), to prove the contrary. She remarks:—

"From the entries which refer to women, we see that Bacon formed very unfavorable views regarding them, views which unhappy passages in his own life probably tended to confirm. The Shakespeare plays seem to exhibit the same unfavorable sentiments of their author. There are one hundred and thirty female personages in the plays, and the characters of these seem to be easily divisible into six classes:—

"1. Furies or viragoes, such as *Tamora*, *Queen Margaret*, *Goneril*, *Regan*, and even *Lady Macbeth* in the dark side of her character.

"2. Shrews and sharp-tongued women, as *Katherine*, *Constance*, and many others when they are represented as angry.

"3. Gossiping and untrustworthy women, as most of the maids, hostesses, etc., and as *Percy* insinuates that he considers his wife to be.

"4. Fickle, faithless, and artful, a disposition which seems assumed throughout the plays to be the normal condition of womanhood.

"5. Thoroughly immoral, as *Cleopatra*, *Phrynia*, *Timandra*, *Bianca*.

"6. Gentle, simple, and colorless, as *Hero*, *Olivia*, *Ophelia*, *Corodelia*, etc.

"Noteworthy exceptions, which exhibit more exalted and truer pictures of good and noble women, are the characters of *Isabella*, of *Volumnia*, and of *Katherine of Arragon*; but these are not sufficient to do away with the impression that, on the whole, the author of the plays had but a poor opinion of women; thus love he regarded as youthful passion, marriage as a doubtful happiness."

It is difficult to believe that a woman could have written this. She is right, however, in regard to the philosopher's opinion of women, grossly as she misrepresents Shakespeare's views of the sex. It will be observed that she does not mention *Imogen*, *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, the two *Portias*, *Rosa-*

lind, Viola, Perdita, Hermione, Miranda, Helena, Julia and Sylvia (in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona"), Marina (in "Pericles"), and others, who, if added to her three "note-worthy exceptions" — where else could she put them? — would have made the preceding classification as ridiculous at sight as the reader acquainted with the plays perceives it to be the moment he notes the sophistical omissions. Shakespeare making fickleness and faithlessness "the normal condition of womanhood!" Why, his conceptions of feminine character are so exalted that often he does not appear to be able to find men worthy of his heroines. On this point Charles Cowden-Clarke, one of the most sympathetic and appreciative of critics (partly, no doubt, because Mary Cowden-Clarke was his wife and fellow-worker), remarks (in his "Shakespeare Characters," p. 305): —

"Of all the writers that ever existed, no one ought to stand so high in the love and gratitude of women as he. He has indeed been their champion, their laureate, their brother, their friend. . . . He has asserted their prerogative, as intellectual creatures, to be the companions (in the best sense), the advisers, the friends, the equals of men. He has endowed them with the true spirit of Christianity and brotherly love, enduring all things, forgiving all things, hoping all things; and it is no less remarkable that, with a prodigality of generosity, he has not unfrequently placed the heroes in his stories at a disadvantage with them."*

A few minor arguments against the Bacon theory may be briefly alluded to.

The *relations of Ben Jonson to Shakespeare and Bacon* are, as they may well be, a stumbling-block to the heretics. Ben was an intimate friend of both men. The Baconians believe that he was in the secret of the authorship of the plays, and that in 1623 he did what he could to promote the sale of the "folio," because Bacon was poor and needed the money that the publication might bring him. But Ben was a scholar, and knew that the author of the plays was not a scholar; for we have his own testimony that he criticised some of Shakespeare's work on that account, and his reference to his friend's "small Latin and less Greek" is familiar. At the same time he had a personal liking for the dramatist — a love, as he himself says, which was only short of idolatry.

* Cowden-Clarke proceeds to illustrate this by the characters of Claudio (in "Much Ado"), Bertram (in "All's Well"), Posthumous (in "Cymbeline"), Leontes (in the "Winter's Tale"), and Proteus (in the "Two Gentlemen"); but I cannot take space for further quotation.

It is amusing to see how Judge Holmes endeavors to reconcile these facts with his theory. Ben was perhaps speaking ironically, he says, and when eulogizing Shakespeare he was thinking more of the works than of the man—and so on. But this does not touch the fact that the manner in which Ben qualified his praise of the dramatist is that of the scholar criticising the work of one who, with all his genius, was no scholar; and it is impossible that he could have spoken of Bacon in that way. It is clear that Ben supposed Shakespeare to be the author of the plays ascribed to him; but the Baconians are unquestionably right in assuming that if Bacon wrote them he would almost certainly have made Ben his confidant.

The Sonnets are another stumbling-block to the Baconians. As Grant White says, that Bacon wrote them is "morally impossible," and, I should add, poetically impossible. But whoever wrote them must also have written the plays; the "parallelisms" of style in the plays and the Sonnets are far more remarkable than any which the Baconians imagine they find in the works of Bacon and Shakespeare. Mr. W. D. O'Connor, in his "Hamlet's Note Book," agrees with Grant White that the Sonnets cannot be Bacon's: "The considerations he [White] advances are manifestly conclusive." "He might have gone further," adds Mr. O'Connor, "and shown that their autobiographic revelations are incompatible with the history of Bacon's life." Walter Raleigh wrote the Sonnets, we are then told,—as one G. S. Caldwell far away in Australia had maintained nearly ten years earlier (1877),—but *he* was consistent enough to assign the plays also to Sir Walter. On the other hand, Judge Holmes has no doubt that the Sonnets, like the plays, were written by Bacon. "The similitudes of thought, style, and diction," he says, "are such as to put at rest all question on that head. They bear the impress of Bacon's mind, . . . and they exhibit states of mind and feeling which will find an explanation nowhere better than in his personal history."

More recently (in 1887) another judge, H. L. Hosmer by name, has published in San Francisco a book entitled "Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets." His theory is that the Sonnets are addressed by Bacon to Shakespeare, and that in them the former makes over the plays to the latter, gives him directions concerning the concealment of their true

authorship, etc. There is also in these poems much impersonation of truth, beauty, thought, the drama, tragedy, etc.*

The arguments here advanced against the Baconian theory have never been answered. The evidence that the author of the plays was not a scholar stands unshaken. There is nothing worthy the name of argument on the other side. Mr. Reed, in his so-called "brief"—pettifogging throughout—adduces nothing but scattered passages from Shakespearean critics, separated from their context, like texts of Scripture which, similarly isolated, can be made to "prove" anything; comments of critics of a former generation, which no good critic accepts now and which the authors themselves would repudiate if they were still living; baseless assumptions concerning the sources of the plays in foreign languages; and the occasional lapses in judgment from which even the best critics are not exempt.†

* As an amusing illustration of this Baconian interpretation of the Sonnets, take the comments on Number 76:—

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and whence they do proceed?"

Superficial critics have supposed that to "keep invention in a noted weed" meant to clothe imagination—or the creations of imagination—in a well-known or familiar dress (that of the sonnet); but this is a sad misconception. Judge Hosmer says: "The only *weed* of which history gives account in Elizabeth's time was tobacco. The word *tobacco*, by its various forms of pronunciation, was blessed with an orthography which would fill a small dictionary [examples are given, including 'bacco and bacey']. . . . In every form which spelling gave to *tobacco*, it almost told the name of Bacon." The critic adds triumphantly: "This evidence of the true origin of the dramas of Shakespeare, written by their author, and published nearly three centuries ago during Shakespeare's life, cannot by any force of logic or ingenuity be destroyed. . . . No other name can fill the requirements of that line but *Bacon*." If this were intended as a burlesque of the Baconian foolery, it could not be better.

† For instance, Mr. Reed quotes Grant White's reference to Shakespeare's use of Latin derivatives as showing "a somewhat thoughtful and observant study of that language." A schoolboy with a taste for etymology might be complimented in the same way for seeing what *extravagant*, *continent*, etc., originally meant in Latin. On the other hand, Shakespeare errs, as no good Latin scholar could, in using *plurisy* as if it came from *plus*, and, according to Dr. Abbott (Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 16), in confounding *eternal* and *infernal* (I doubt this), *temporary* and *temporal*, *important* and *importunate*, etc. Grant White, in that remarkable passage ("Shakespeare Studies," p. 178) in which he demolished the Baconians in a single long sentence, calls Shakespeare "the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most unexact of all writers who have risen to fame," and, "wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight."

Shakespeare seems to have had a fair acquaintance with French, though he makes mistakes that a schoolboy would not make now; like the mispronunciation of *bras* by the French soldier in "Henry V." (iv. 4. 18), to which Pistol replies, "Brass cur!" The plots in some of the plays based on Italian and Spanish novels may have been got from his more cultivated friends or, as is quite certain in some instances, from earlier dramatizations in English now lost. His occasional quotations from Spanish and Italian were familiar in the every-day speech of the time.

As to his knowledge of the law, experts disagree. The tradition that he spent some time in an attorney's office before leaving Stratford is not improbable. Later in life he was much engaged in legal transactions connected with purchases of land, mortgages, etc., and in sundry lawsuits. In this way he could easily have picked up all the knowledge of law he appears to have had.

Mr. Reed's remarks about his family, the various ways of spelling his name (the same is true of every name of the time that *could* be thus varied), his handwriting (grossly caricatured in the wretched woodcut, as one may see by comparing it with pho-

No Baconian has ever attempted to reply to the arguments drawn from the typographical and other peculiarities of the folio of 1623.

The argument based on Shakespeare's delineations of feminine character was advanced at least fifteen years ago (by Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakespeare: The Man and the Book," London, 1877); and Mrs. Pott, the only Baconian who has had anything to say on the other side, has merely confirmed the assertions of her opponents concerning Bacon's low and mean ideas of woman, and stultified herself by asserting that Shakespeare's views of the sex were similar.

Nothing new in the way of argument has been brought forward on the Baconian side since the appearance of Judge Holmes' revised edition of "The Authorship of Shakespeare" in 1886 (which added little to what he had put forth twenty years before, in 1866), except Donnelly's "Cipher"—long since exploded—and similiar "crankisms" by Hosmer, Wigston, and others.

tographic and other truthful reproductions), his making no mention of literary property in his will (he had none, plays being then generally sold outright to a manager), his not claiming the authorship of the plays (Bacon did not claim them nor anybody else, and why should he "claim" what was universally acknowledged as his own?) and the like, are unworthy of serious attention.

NOTE.—It is but fair to say that this paper was written last July, when I had seen only the first of Mr. Reed's papers on the subject.

FROM HUMAN SACRIFICE TO THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

IT is common to think of the religion of the Bible as being all one and the same, from Genesis to Malachi, and from Matthew to Revelation.

The various Scripture writers are commonly read, accepted, and quoted, as if all were equally wise, as if all held and taught the same views of truth, as if all were on a level as to reliability and authority. Nothing in the Bible itself justifies this conception, the influence of which is confusing and harmful in the highest degree. The religion taught in the Bible is all "one and the same" only in the sense that the acorn and the oak are one and the same, or that the immaturity of the child and the wisdom of the man are one and the same. There is a veil over the eyes of every theory of biblical interpretation which does not see in the religion which the Bible portrays a flowing stream, broadening and deepening as it advances. The Bible is a panorama of religious progress. It deals with life, not death; therefore it is a record of growth, for life never stands still. It is a history of a moral and religious development the most remarkable of which we have any knowledge, carried on on the scale of a whole nation, extending, not through a single generation only, but through forty generations,—a period of time as long as from Charlemagne to the present day,—and presenting with photographic exactness every phase of individual and national progress, from the crude child state to a rich maturity. It is this that makes the Bible so living, so fresh, so inexhaustible, so full of interest and power, a book for all times and all peoples, a world-book, as no other volume, sacred or profane.

This religious and moral growth which appears in the Bible reveals itself in many different forms of manifestation. Let us glance at some of the more important of these.

The Old Testament portrays the growth of a people from polytheism to monotheism; from the worship of gods, cruel

and vengeful, represented by various images, up to a very pure and lofty spiritual worship. This growth is harder to trace, because the books do not stand in the Bible in the order of their dates, and some that deal with very early times were written later. Still, with care, we are able to get at the facts. Little in the Pentateuch is historic. That the Ten Commandments, however, in some form, longer or shorter, came from Moses, there can be but little doubt. But even in these we find an intimation that other gods were believed in and recognized besides Jehovah. The Decalogue does not begin, "I, the Lord, am the *only* God." It begins, "I am the Lord, *thy* God." And the command that Jehovah lays upon the people seems to be simply that they shall worship *Him*, not the others. *He* is *their* God, he has done much for them, brought them out of the land of Egypt, etc.; hence they shall be true to *Him* and "have no other gods before" Him.

All through the Pentateuch, and in many other parts of the Old Testament, the Hebrew word "Elohim" (a plural form) is much used for God.

Why a plural? It seems to be a reminiscence of a time when it was common for men to think and speak of "gods," not of a single deity. And such passages in the book of Genesis as "Let *us* make man," "Behold, the man has become as one of *us*," "Ye shall be as *gods*," have a polytheistic sound. Even as late as Elijah, we find the thought of that prophet to be, not that Jehovah is the god of the whole world, or the only god, but that He is "*God in Israel*."* And later still, we find the writer of the eighty-sixth Psalm declaring, "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Jehovah."†

Polytheism and idolatry are deeply rooted in the thought and sentiment of the Hebrew people. To eradicate them, and to educate the nation up to the higher religion which will come by and by, the seed of which has been planted by Moses, will take many centuries.

The book of Judges tells us that when the Israelites entered the land of Canaan, they proceeded almost at once to engage in the worship of the peoples who lived there — the Canaanites, the Hittites, and the Amorites‡ — probably in addition to the worship of their own God, Jehovah.

* 1 Kings xviii. 36.

† Verse 8.

‡ Judges iii. 5, 6.

The same book also tells us that at the time graven and molten images, ephods and teraphim, were part of an equipment of a priest of Jehovah.*

Even King Solomon offered sacrifices unto "Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Sidonians, and Milcom, the abomination of the Ammonites," and built a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Maob, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon."† Indeed, of thirty-seven kings of Israel and Judah, beginning with Saul and ending with Josiah, thirty-one were open worshippers of other gods than Jehovah. When we read of the worship of the golden calf in the wilderness in the time of Aaron, we are apt to think of that as a solitary instance in Hebrew history; but the truth seems to be that this form of worship was practised even as late as the time of Jeroboam.‡

Kuenen argues with great force that, for several centuries, indeed until near the time of the Captivity, Jehovah was extensively worshipped under the form of a bull.§ And on the general subject of the early religion of the Jews, he says: "At first the religion of Israel was polytheism. During the eighth century before Christ the great majority of the people still acknowledged the existence of many gods, and, what is more, they worshipped them. And we can add that, during the seventh century and down to the beginning of the Babylonish exile (586 B. C.), this state of things remained unaltered. Jeremiah could say to his contemporaries without fear of contradiction, "According to the number of thy cities are thy gods, O Judah." ||

The truth seems to be that polytheism, idolatry, and the use of images were not finally put away, and the popular religion of Israel did not become really and permanently monotheistic, until the period of the Exile; so great was the task, and so long an education did it require, to make over the religious conceptions and sentiments of a people!

Nor was the development *simply* up to *monotheism*. What was even more important, it was up to *ethical* monotheism.

It is difficult for us to-day to understand all that this means; difficult, because we so little realize how low was the popular conception of the character of God entertained by

* Judges xvii. 3-5, 13.

† 1 Kings xi. 5-7.

‡ 1 Kings, xii. 26-33.

§ "The Religion of Israel," Vol. I., and pages 235-36, 345-46.

|| Idem, Vol. I., page 123.

the Hebrew people at the beginning of their career. In those parts of the Old Testament which portray their earlier thought and life, God is not only represented as walking, talking, having bodily form, coming down from the sky to see what men are doing, "wrestling with one patriarch, eating veal and cakes with another," contending, and for a while in vain, with the magic of other gods, but He is portrayed as getting angry, being jealous, repenting, deceiving, sanctioning fraud, commanding shocking cruelties, exhibiting almost every passion and imperfection of man! Not only are vast numbers of cruel and bloody sacrifices of animals offered to Him, but there are distinct traces of human sacrifices. The story of Abraham, commanded by Jahveh to offer up his son Isaac, is familiar to all. True, in this case we are told that the sacrifice was not actually made, but we have a definite command from Jahveh to make it, and we see Abraham in earnest, attempting to carry out the command.* A case in which the victim was actually slain, is that of Jephthah's daughter. Jephthah promises Jahveh a human sacrifice, and fulfils that promise in the immolation of his own child.†

Says Kuenen: "Human sacrifice occurs not unfrequently in the worship of Jahveh. When Micah introduces one of his contemporaries, a worshipper of Jahveh, speaking thus, "Shall I give my first born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" it is undoubtedly implied that in his days such a sacrifice was not looked upon as at all unreasonable. Human sacrifice appears as an element of the bull-worship in the kingdom of the ten tribes; David seeks to avert Jahveh's anger by the death of Saul's progeny;‡ Samuel hews Agag, the king of the Amalekites, in pieces *before the face of Jahveh* at Gilgal."§

It was from such conceptions of God and worship as are portrayed here, that the development of the Hebrew religion proceeded. . . . Are we shocked when we thus discover pictures of a God who is almost without moral character, and who is pleased with the sacrifice of human life?

Let us not forget that we are here at the beginning of the Bible's religion, not at its end. It is the glory of the Bible

* Gen. xvii.

† Judges xi. 30-40.

‡ 2 Sam. xxi. 1-14.

§ 1 Sam. xv. 33. On the general subject of the offering of human sacrifices among the ancient Hebrews, see Kuenen's "Religion of Israel," Vol. I., pp. 236-37, 249, 252; Kalisch's "Commentary on Leviticus," Part I., pp. 248-253: "Bible for Learners," Vol. I. pp. 26, 146-149, 319, 320, 410; Vol. II., pp. 16, 17, 299, 300, 402, 509.

that it gives us the record of a people's *progress from* all this *up to* the God of the Prophets, whose law is righteousness, and whose service is doing justly and loving mercy; indeed, from all this up to the God of Jesus, whose name is Our Father, and whose worship is love.

We find in the Bible, as we advance from the earlier to the later writings, great progress of thought regarding the doctrine of immortality.

The New Testament is full of this doctrine. As to the Old Testament, it is a question among scholars whether it can be said to be taught there or not. Most of the books, particularly the older ones, are silent on the subject. The religion of ancient Israel was pre-eminently a religion of this world. Its interests were here; it looked for its rewards and its penalties here. In some quarters there appears to have been thorough-going disbelief in any hereafter for man. Says the sceptical author of the book of Ecclesiastes: "The dead know not anything, neither have they any reward." "That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts—even one thing befalleth them; as one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no pre-eminence over a beast."

Dean Stanley thinks the doctrine of a future life is not taught in any except the later books; in these, however, he is sure that he finds it.

Professor Toy examines the principal passages in the Old Testament which are claimed as teaching the doctrine, and decides that if we mean by immortality a conscious, intelligent, active life, of hope and interests, rewards and punishments, then none of these passages teach it.* What he finds taught in the Old Testament, and believed in generally among the ancient Jews, is an existence for man beyond the grave, but so shadowy, unsubstantial, and devoid of pleasure that it ought not to be called immortality. He finds what he calls "the old Semitic conception of a colorless existence in Sheol, a gloomy under-world with gates and bars, tenanted by joyless shades, whose existence runs a gray, unchecked course, unilluminated by the ordinary emotions of men, unstimulated by their ordinary aims and hopes, severed from the life of the great world above, and cut off from living communion with God."† He believes that the first Jewish

* "Judaism and Christianity," pp. 379-382.

† Idem. p. 378.

book that teaches the doctrine of immortality in any adequate sense is the apocryphal Ecclesiasticus,* written about 200 B. C., a book which, by what seems a strange and unaccountable un-wisdom, was not allowed a place in the canon.

The book of Daniel, written about 164 B. C., unquestionably contains the doctrine; and most scholars hold that certain passages in the Psalms do the same.

But whatever our decision may be about the Old Testament, when we pass on to the New, all doubt is removed. Here we find the doctrine of a life to come shining from almost every page. Perhaps no single New Testament teaching is more conspicuous, as certainly none is more inspiring.

It is not to be wondered at if change, or the coming of what is new into the Bible, does not always indicate progress. The advent of the doctrine of the existence of Satan is a conspicuous case in point.

This doctrine is absent from those books of the Old Testament which we know to be the oldest; namely, the eighth and seventh century prophecies. Indeed, it appears only in the books written during or after the Captivity. Even if we admit that the serpent in the Genesis Paradise story ought to be identified with Satan, we have here no exception, for it should be borne in mind that the book of Genesis was probably not completed before about the beginning of the fifth century B. C., a century after the Captivity closed.

Satan appears in the books of Job, Zachariah, and Chronicles; but these are all late writings.

Belief in the existence of such a bad being — the foe of God, the accuser of the good, the tempter of men to evil — seems to have come into Judaism from the religion of the Persians, through contact with that people during the Exile.

In the appearance of this new belief we find an instructive explanation of that strange contradiction which appears between the two accounts of the numbering of Israel, found in the books of Samuel and Chronicles.† The record in Samuel tells us that it was the *Lord* who tempted David to do the numbering; that in Chronicles says it was *Satan*.

The explanation is evidently this: Samuel is the older book by two or three centuries. At the time it was written, the belief in such a being as Satan was unknown, and evil

* Idem. p. 386.

† 2 Samuel xxiv. 1; 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

as well as good was referred to God as its author. But by the time Chronicles was compiled, belief in Satan had come in, and he, not God, was now held to be the instigator of evil. Hence an event which in the earlier book was naturally ascribed to God, was now as naturally ascribed to Satan.

Belief in the existence of Satan appears in many of the New Testament Books; in some, like the Apocalypse, it is prominent.

Thus we see that change in thought found in the Bible does not always mean advance in truth; it may mean temporary retrogression or the coming in of a superstition. The main movement, however, in both the Old Testament and the New, is undoubtedly progressive—in the direction of higher truth and life.

Perhaps no form of advance seen in the Bible is more striking than that which appears in its moral teachings. To be sure, we are very likely to be blinded to this, by seeing at the beginning of the volume, as we read it, the tale of a Paradise garden and of a supposed perfect man and woman, and such idyllic pictures of life as those of the patriarchs.

But as soon as we put all this apart by itself, as we must, as legend and poetry, and not historic fact, and remember that our earliest reliable picture of Hebrew life is that which we have in the books of Judges and Samuel, then we are prepared to discover the moral progress which comes so clearly in view in the career of Israel.

The Israelitish people when they emerge from the shadow of the prehistoric time—say in the eleventh or twelfth century before Christ—have advanced as yet hardly beyond a half-civilized state. They have no settled government; lawlessness and cruelty abound. We have only to read the accounts which come down to us from those times,—of assassinations like those committed by *Ehud* * and Jael, † brutalities like the ones practised upon Adoni-bezek and the seventy kings, ‡ debaucheries like those of Samson, § Samuel's word to Saul as he went away to battle, "Spare no Amalekite, slay man and woman, infant and suckling," || and the wholesale massacres of women and innocent children reported in connection with the conquest of Canaan ¶, — to

* Judges iii. 21. † Judges iv. 21. ‡ Judges i, 6, 7. § Jud. xvi. || 1 Sam. xv. 3.
¶ Deut. xx. 16, 17. Josh. viii. 18-29; x. 28-41. Num. xxi. 35; 17, 18.

see what a long road Israel had to travel before reaching the noble ethics of the Prophets and Job and Ecclesiasticus, not to say of Paul and Jesus.

Perhaps no one ever pictured that long and splendid advance more vividly than Jesus himself, when, in the sermon on the Mount, he said: "Ye have heard that it hath been declared (by them of old time), Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." If we turn to the book of Exodus, where this last passage quoted by Jesus stands, we find it reading in its fuller form: "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, strife for strife"; or if we turn to Deuteronomy we find a similar passage: "Thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot." From such teachings as these to Christ's "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you," or to Paul's "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; overcome evil with good," is about as long an ethical journey as it is possible for us to conceive.

No intelligent and honest man can deny that sanction is to be found in parts of the Old Testament for slavery, for polygamy, for revenge, for deceit, for the putting to death of witches, for war, for the indiscriminate slaughter of captives taken in war, and for other evils. Are these evils good, then? Certainly not. Then must we throw the Bible away as an untrustworthy guide? An untrustworthy guide it certainly is, if we see in it no growth, and accept all parts of it as of equal value and authority. It is this kind of interpretation that has in all ages turned it into an armory from which to draw texts for the defence of every kind of cruelty, superstition, and wrong. It is only as we recognize it as a book of growth and progress, and take as our guide its best and highest teachings, not its lowest and worst,—what it has grown *to*, not what it has grown *from*,—that it becomes a safe and valuable guide.

WHY THE WORLD'S FAIR SHOULD BE OPENED ON SUNDAY.

BY REV. O. P. GIFFORD.

JEWISH legislation is not binding upon the Christian Church, the Mosaic Code is out of place in the American Republic. Paul understood the law of Moses and the Christian religion as well as any man who ever lived. From his teachings we learn that this law, made up of moral and ceremonial, was fulfilled in Christ.

The ritual was as binding upon the Jew as was the moral part of the law. Both came from the same source, to the same people, for the same purpose. It all failed through the weakness of the flesh. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews argues the question at length, showing how Christ fulfilled the ceremonial law, and took the place of Moses. Christ summed up the whole law in two applications of love, one to God, one to man. Christ's law is as different from the law of Moses as the fruit is different from the fibre of the tree. Moses urges two reasons for keeping the Sabbath: one in Exodus, "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Doubtless the men to whom this law was given believed that statement literally. We do not so believe it. Denying the reason robs it of any force when urged for Sabbath rest.

In Deuteronomy we read: "Remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand, and by a stretched-out arm; therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." Whatever force this reason may have had among the Jews, it is of no force to us. If both were still believed, we could not urge them as arguments for observing the first day in place of the seventh. The Christian Sunday commemorates neither the end of creation nor the beginning of Jewish liberty, but the resur-

rection of Christ from the dead. Arguments from the law of Moses have no bearing on Christian customs.

Having no place in the Christian Church, the law of Moses has still less place in the American Republic (if that be possible).

A recent writer, in defending congressional legislation in closing the Fair, says: "The one supreme, sublime moment in the defence of Sabbath (?) closing at the World's Fair was when Senator Quay, on July 9, had the Fourth Commandment read from his Bible by the Senate's clerk, as his only and sufficient argument for his amendment conditioning upon Sabbath closing the Fair's financial aid from this 'Christian nation,' so called in a recent Supreme Court opinion. The senators listened in reverent silence to that constitutional law of nations. It was a scene worthy of an historic painting to be hung beside the landing of Columbus, cross in hand, or the devout landing of the Pilgrims after making in the Mayflower that famous compact, which Daniel Webster used to say was in reality the first paragraph of our American Constitution."

If the law of Moses were the foundation of the Christian Church, it is utterly out of place in the Senate chamber as an argument for legislation. The same principle would thrust the inquisition into state legislation. The law of Moses is not the "constitutional law of nations"; it was given to one people for a limited time for a special purpose, and has no more to do with American legislation than the laws of Augustus Cæsar, or the decrees of Draco. Moses was not legislating for nations. The honorable Senator had as much right to urge the ceremonial law upon the World's Fair, through the Senate, as he had the moral law of Moses. Moses goes on to tell the Israelites how to hallow the Sabbath. The how is quite as binding as the what. I do not wonder that the senators sat silent. The assumption that underlay the act was enough to strike the nation dumb. Had Paul been on the floor of the Senate, he would have met the honorable gentleman's argument, but Paul was at home in both Judaism and Christianity.

The reference is of interest because it shows the real reason for much of the present opposition to opening the Fair Sundays. Modern Christianity is yet largely Judaism. Men are afraid of life, and lean on law.

Christ spent his Sabbaths teaching the truth and healing the crippled, as he spent all his days. He left no law of the Sabbath for his followers. For a long time they kept two days: one as followers of Moses, one as followers of Christ. The fittest survived; the one that was fullest of power, and meant most for man, persisted.

To-day we are faced by the question of opening or closing a great industrial exposition. The time has passed when we can compel men to attend church. The time has not yet come when all men know enough to keep out of saloons and theatres on the Lord's Day. Multitudes will be in Chicago who cannot observe the day rightly anywhere, because they do not believe the fact for which it stands, nor trust the person whose resurrection it commemorates. They will not care for churches, they are not degraded enough to patronize saloons, nor empty enough to think life means amusement. They will come to the fair for education, for improvement, to broaden the life they have. I question if an open fair will draw many away from the churches or from the saloons. To-day, as in the time of Judas, men go to their own places. The question must be settled quite aside from Moses and without definite instruction from any source.

There is nothing morally wrong in looking upon works of art, finished products, flowers and fishes, Sunday. The highest works of nature and of man will elevate, not degrade, else the whole Fair had better be closed. The running of machinery would necessitate too much labor. Let the wheels be still, and men and women enjoy the perfume and beauty of this century plant of American industry.

A certain amount of labor will have to be done in the way of watching, whether the gates are open or not; the street cars will run whether the gates are open or not; thousands of people will spend Sundays in the park, whether the gates are open or not. Arrangements can be made for relieving the watchmen so that no man need work seven consecutive days. The railroad will have to plan shifts of men any way. Opening the Fair ought not to rob any employee of one day's rest in seven.

Opening the gates makes it binding upon no man to enter the Fair; it simply gives an opportunity for those who wish to study art and finished products to do so. Men who do not agree with me as to the best use of the day, ought to have the

right of spending the day as they please, so long as their pleasure does not work injury to the state.

It will be far better to open the gates wide, than to close them on the false reasoning that the law of Moses is binding on the American Republic.

If the gates are open, and thousands enter them on successive Sundays, it will afford the greatest possible field for personal Christian work. The Christ who walked the fields of Palestine, and gathered great crowds on the Jewish Sabbath that he might help men, would be the first to mingle with the gathering thousands and teach them of the Father's kingdom. Paul, who used all days for leading men to his Master, would be early on the grounds urging the finished work of Christ and pressing the claims of his Lord.

In place of closing the gates and inviting the crowds to ride to the churches, it would be much nearer the primitive order to close the churches and do personal work by seeking men at the Fair.

ARE WE A PROSPEROUS PEOPLE?

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime!
There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet,
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.

There the Master scrimps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread,
There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It is not so much the grime that I abhor, nor the labor that crooks their backs and makes their hands bludgeons. It's the horrible waste of life involved in it all. I don't believe God intended a man to be bent to plow handles like that, but that is not the worst of it. The worst of it is, these people live lives approaching automata. They become machines to serve others more lucky or more unscrupulous than themselves. What is the world of art, of music, of literature, to these poor farmers? What is such a life worth? It's all very comfortable for us to say, "They don't feel it." How do we know what they feel? What do we know of their capacity for enjoyment of art and music? They never have leisure or opportunity. These people live lives but little higher than their cattle,—are forced to live so. Their hopes and aspirations are crushed out, their souls are twisted and deformed just as toil twists and deforms their bodies. They are on the same level as the city laborer. It makes me wild to think of it.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

ESSAYISTS and politicians are continually descanting upon the marvellous prosperity of our nation, while comparatively few seem to imagine it necessary to consider what elements are essential to the real prosperity of a people. The accumulation of great wealth within a country's borders does not necessarily indicate that the nation is prosperous; indeed, this is the vital point which apologists for present conditions ignore, though no fact is more incontrovertible. For example, if all the wealth of the United States was controlled by five men, while over sixty million people were practically vassals or slaves, it could not be said that ours was a prosperous people in the true sense of the term. And it is equally true that if conditions are such that each succeeding year drives millions of our countrymen nearer the dark sea of want and despair, even though a few hundreds or thousands of individuals become vastly wealthier, we are not in a prosperous condition. In this paper I shall give a few facts taken from different authentic sources which are studiously avoided by those whose trade it is to anæsthetize the public mind and conscience.

And at the threshold of our discussion it is well to remember how exceedingly difficult it is for the honest seeker after truth to obtain a clear and comprehensive conception of the nature and extent of suffering due to poverty in our country at the present time. All data and estimates illustrating deplorable social conditions emanating from sources other than the arsenals of conservatism are promptly discredited by conventional apologists. Conservatism, which claims to represent respectability, and wealth, which is power, are in coalition; and a more formidable union cannot well be conceived. With resources wellnigh limitless it disseminates through the arteries of information ingenious sophistries in ways well calculated to confuse, when they do not anæsthetize, the intellect of millions. If with this truth in view we bear in mind the important fact that the victim on the rack or the slave under the lash is in a poor frame of mind to argue or present a convincing array of facts,—his protest being usually articulated in a groan of agony or a cry of rage,—we can readily understand how exceedingly hard it is to arrive at a comprehensive appreciation of the extent of suffering present to-day; and this failure, more than aught else, prevents the quickening of the conscience of the people necessary to the inauguration of vital reforms calculated to alleviate the burdens of body and soul which now darken millions of lives.

I now desire to present some facts from such conservative sources that conventional apologists cannot deny or discredit them, and also to draw some legitimate inferences which will, I trust, aid us in our effort to arrive at a just understanding of the extent of poverty in the United States.

II.

IN URBAN LIFE.—At my request Mr. W. P. McLoughlin recently investigated the subject of evictions in New York City. He had access to the court records, and was enabled to present facts as incontrovertible as they were appalling. Let us for a moment notice some of the facts revealed or suggested by his discoveries. First, it was shown that while the number of evictions in Ireland during the year 1890 was a little over five thousand, the eviction warrants in New York City during the same period reached the total of twenty-three thousand eight hundred; while the number of

eviction warrants issued for one judicial district in the tenement region of New York last year reached the enormous figure of six thousand one hundred, or about a thousand in excess of the entire number of evictions in Ireland in 1890. Second, that in the city of New York for the year ending Sept. 1, 1892, the eviction warrants issued reached the appalling aggregate of twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty. Third, as Mr. McLoughlin indicated, if we allow five persons to the family, which is the usual ratio in computing population, we have a grand total of one hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred human beings, who were outcasts to all intents and purposes, in one of the most wealthy cities of the world. In computing these figures, however, I desire to avoid all possible exaggeration of social misery and to understate rather than overstate the deplorable condition present; hence we will make ample allowances for (1) those cases where the same families were evicted more than once; (2) for the eviction warrants which applied to places other than homes, such, for example, as offices. Now should we allow one fourth of the number of the eviction warrants issued for the above causes, which I think is quite liberal, we would still have an aggregate of twenty-two thousand two hundred and ninety families, or one hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and fifty individuals who were practically outcasts in the opulent city of New York last year. Lest, however, some apologists for present social conditions argue that the deduction of one fourth is not sufficiently liberal, we will for argument's sake grant that one third of all the above warrants were issued for families previously evicted or for offices or places other than homes. Even then we have nineteen thousand eight hundred and thirteen families against whom eviction warrants were issued, representing over ninety-nine thousand persons, or in round numbers, a commonwealth of one hundred thousand social outcasts! Let us imagine the spectacle of this army of haggard, half-starved men, women, and children — the army of the overpowered — uniformed in rags and tatters in mid-winter, divided into one hundred battalions of one thousand each, with sable colors and muffled drums, with eyes made dull by hopelessness or baleful by despair, — *a section of the human family in full defeat*, — marching with mournful tread past the lordly palaces of Fifth Avenue and gazing wistfully

through the windows at the dazzling splendors of homes whose owners represent hundreds of millions of *acquired* wealth.*

The allowances I have made for cases where it is possible the warrants were not served against suffering families are, I believe, far in excess of the real numbers which should have been deducted; but even after conceding more than apologists for present conditions could fairly ask, the numbers remaining which type the commonwealth of outcasts, or the democracy of poverty, is great enough to startle all thoughtful persons, and this great army of social exiles only faintly suggest the extent of the misery in our metropolis. Beyond the one hundred thousand people evicted last year there were probably three or four times that number who lived in constant fear of eviction. A spell of sickness, the loss of work for a week, a death—indeed, anything involving a few dollars' expense would result in inability to pay rent and consequently eviction. Hence this spectre haunted many hundreds of thousands of lives in gay, careless, cathedral jewelled New York during the past year. In confirmation of the widespread misery and biting poverty indicated by the above facts, it is well to remember the significant data bearing on this subject brought out in the carefully prepared statistical tables published by Jacob Riis in the appendix to "*How the Other Half Live.*" In these tables it is shown that in 1889 over seven thousand persons in New York died in the workhouses, insane asylums, and hospitals; that is to say, more than one person to every five who died in the city during that year died in one of the above-named institutions; while three thousand eight hundred and fifteen, or almost one in every ten who died, was buried in the Potter's Field. These facts are as suggestive as they are appalling; and while it is unquestionably a fact that New York, being our largest city and the chief gateway from Europe, makes a more deplorable showing than other great cities, what is true of New York is true to a certain extent of Chicago, Boston, and, indeed, all our leading centres of life.

* The New York *Herald* some time since published a list of multi-millionaires, of which the following is an extract: "John D. Rockefeller, \$155,000,000; W. W. Astor, \$120,000,000; Russell Sage, \$110,000,000; Jay Gould, \$100,000,000; Henry M. Flagler, \$60,000,000; W. K. Vanderbilt, \$50,000,000; C. Vanderbilt, \$50,000,000; E. A. Stevens, \$50,000,000; F. W. Vanderbilt, \$35,000,000; Wm. Rockefeller, \$30,000,000; Mrs. E. F. Shepard, \$30,000,000; C. P. Huntington, \$35,000,000; total, \$825,000,000." Here we find a dozen citizens whose wealth at the time the table was prepared approximated as near as could be estimated the enormous aggregate of over \$800,000,000.

Nor is this all. These facts only hint at the nature and condition of this dark world of eternal heartache which is all around us. In the perusal of these facts the mind catches little of the horrors which they convey to those intimately acquainted with life in the under-world. The spectacle of over one hundred thousand persons evicted is frightful, especially when we remember that fully half this number were evicted during the winter months. But there are still more tragic features: the suicides and murders, the sinking from virtue to vice, from probity to crime, occasioned by hopeless poverty, — these are the supreme tragedies of nineteenth-century civilization. Here is a typical case; it will be sufficient to type the world of darkness which follows in the wake of present-day want as the trailing smoke follows the speeding engine. A short time ago the body of a half-starved girl was found in the lake at Chicago. It was the corpse of Mamie Jennings — beautiful, ill-starred Mamie Jennings — one of an army which poverty is to-day hounding to death in a land which boasts of unexampled prosperity. Here is the story condensed from the daily papers. Mamie Jennings was the daughter of a once prosperous gentleman who through successive misfortunes came at last to want and died in utter destitution. Mamie was a beautiful girl over twenty years of age. Her mother was a confirmed invalid. In the great overflowing city crowded with the unemployed, the poor girl found the struggle for bread, raiment, and shelter for her mother and herself a frightful battle. But she faced fate bravely as ever strong men faced the cannon. At last her health broke down, but she could not afford to be sick; a starving mother's face was constantly before her eyes. Says one who investigated the case after her death: —

“Almost unable to stand from weakness, she bent over a washtub all that day, and when she returned home in the evening she cried herself to sleep. At five o'clock in the morning she arose, and without any breakfast — for there was only enough in the house for one — she started off to work. She was unable to walk down town, and she took the last nickel in the house to pay her car fare. When she reached the Troy she was sick. “I don't believe I'll be able to work to-day,” she said to the cashier. There were dark circles under her eyes and she trembled from the cold. The cashier told her to go home and return Friday. After leaving the

place, about seven o'clock, nothing was seen of her until her body was found in the lake."

The same writer thus concludes his pen picture of this every-day tragedy, which has become so common as merely to call for short notices in the papers:—

"There are hundreds of thousands in this land of boasted plenty and misery who are condemned, through no fault of their own, to the same life of grinding toil and hopeless penury that Mamie Jennings lived; and the marvel is, not that this poor, crushed, suffering, starving girl determined to end it all with one plunge, and welcome oblivion or the unknown, rather than endure it longer, but that so few of the miserable do likewise."

III.

IN COUNTRY LIFE.—We are constantly reminded that poverty and want in our great cities are largely due to intemperance, crime, and idleness on the part of the unfortunate; and this is unquestionably to a certain extent true, although I believe if we could ascertain the proportion of persons driven to drink and crime by poverty and injustice compared with those who sink to the depths of want through drink and vice, we would be amazed to find how large a factor is poverty in making drunkards and criminals to-day.

But let us turn from the great cities, where vice, idleness, and drink enter into the cardinal elements which result in the poverty and suffering of millions, to some agrarian regions where we are enabled to obtain reliable data by which to judge the real condition of the people. And before noticing the facts involved, let us remind the reader that the poverty of our agrarian population *is not due to drunkenness, crime, or idleness*; for it is well known that the farmers are among our most sober and law-abiding citizens. They are also the most incessant workers, toiling from the gray dawn till the blanket of night has completely enveloped the land. If any people in the republic deserve to be prosperous, it is our farmers. If there is any class of people in the land who should be absolutely free from the mortgage curse, it is the farmer,—for here we find sobriety married to industry,—yet here again we find conditions which bear in an important way upon the query, "Are we a prosperous people?" I have before me a carefully prepared table containing the

official mortgage record of Nebraska for the year ending May 31, 1892, which reveals some truly startling and suggestive facts.* Before noticing the figures, however, let me observe that two years ago the legislature of Nebraska passed a law requiring the registrar of deeds in each county to keep a tabulated record of the mortgages filed and released, *both real estate and chattels*. Although the law took effect on the 1st of June, 1891, the keeping of this record in many counties, so far as related to chattel mortgages, was not begun for some months later. As for example: in Lincoln County (the second county in population in the state) the registrar of deeds only began keeping the record of *chattel* mortgages in May, 1892 (one month before the table from which we glean the following facts, was made up); therefore the records are not as full as they should be, but in other respects they are reasonably reliable, being the official returns as shown from the state mortgage record. These returns tell the following story:—

SUMMARY OF OFFICIAL MORTGAGE RECORD OF NEBRASKA FOR
YEAR ENDING MAY 31, 1892.

Farm mortgages filed	\$22,460,643	
City mortgages filed	12,316,757	
Chattel mortgages filed	25,138,016	
Total in dollars filed	\$59,915,416	\$59,915,416
Farm mortgages released	18,095,064	
City mortgages released	9,034,812	
Chattel mortgages released	14,564,319	
Total amount released	\$41,694,195	\$41,694,195
† Net increase in mortgage debt in Nebraska for the year ending May 31, 1892		\$18,221,221

* That there might be no mistake I have had a friend at Lincoln, Neb., verify the figures here given by the state mortgage-record book. I have the returns by counties, but, in order to save space, give the totals as returned from the ninety-one counties in the state.

† In the light of the above facts the following clipping from the *New Nation* of Sept. 17, 1892, giving the report of a lecture by one of our most popular economic authorities is interesting:—

"When Edward Atkinson went to Edinburgh last month to address the British Association, he seemed to think that the western world was shut out as auditor, but there are nationalists in Scotland, and they resent his speech. 'The western farmers of the United States,' he said in his speech, 'have thriven in the face of declining prices and advancing wages. They are not heavily burdened with mortgages, and are creditors rather than debtors.'"

Also, the following remarks of Mr. Blaine, made during the recent political contest are, to say the least, suggestive. The former secretary of state, in his remarks at Ophir Farm, said:—

"We learn that these western states are in a desperate condition. The amount of their farm mortgages rolls up into the millions. You would suppose it fabulous that

There were also *two thousand one hundred mortgages* on farms and lots *satisfied by foreclosure of mortgages*. The reader will note the significant fact that while the amount of mortgages on real estate filed in Nebraska during the year ending May 31, 1892, was \$34,777,400, the amount of chattel mortgages filed during the same period equalled \$25,138,016, or in round numbers \$1,953,272, *more than two thirds as much* as the total amounts placed on farms and lots.*

Let us now look at some suggestive facts published in Census Bulletins Numbers 3, 16, 20, 22. In these we find Superintendent Porter gives the following interesting facts as a result of the work of his census agents. The number of mortgages on real estate in force Jan. 1, 1890, in the five states of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, are given as follows:—

Illinois,	297,247	mortgages aggregating	\$384,299,150
Iowa,	252,539	“	199,774,171
Missouri,	192,028	“	214,609,772
Kansas,	298,880	“	243,141,826
Nebraska,	155,377	“	132,902,322
1,196,071		\$1,174,732,241	

Here we have, according to Mr. Porter's census in the five states of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, 1,196,071 mortgages on realty representing \$1,174,732,241. And it must be remembered that while Kansas and Nebraska have been somewhat afflicted by drought and poor seasons during recent years, Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa are among

the amount of money they embrace could ever have been so invested. This is not so among the farmers in New York. It is not so among the farmers in New Jersey. It is not so among the farmers of Connecticut. It is not so much among the farmers of Pennsylvania. It is not so among the farmers of any state near by, whose condition can be easily learned, but by a singular fatality it is the western states that have got all these farm mortgages burdening them, and taking the life out of the people. I do not like to say that gentlemen have voluntarily misrepresented the facts, but before accepting them as such, you will do well, as wisely, to demand the proofs."

It will be noted that Mr. Blaine, while not pretending to deny facts which he must have known were susceptible of proof, shrewdly sought to convey the idea that the conditions were not as the facts reveal them. This method would be disgraceful for a conscienceless pettifogger, but in a man occupying the commanding position of Mr. Blaine, it is almost criminal.

* There are two points to be borne in mind which tend to render less discouraging the above facts; one is the increase in population during the year in Nebraska, and the other the facts alleged by those who seek to break the force of the tell-tale figures which appear in the official records, and that is, that many of the *chattel* mortgages which are paid are not released on the books. Of course it is impossible to say to what extent this loose method relating to releasing the mortgages on the records prevails, but on the other hand it is well to remember that we have no records for chattel mortgages for a considerable portion of the year from some of the counties, which would necessarily greatly increase the aggregate; but whether enough to offset the amount of paid mortgages which are not released on the books, it is impossible to say; moreover, this of course refers only to chattel mortgages.

the richest agricultural states in the republic. It will further be observed that the above sum of \$1,174,732,241 in mortgages was entirely on farms and lots. Mr. Porter's census does nothing with chattel mortgages. Now in Nebraska we have seen that the chattel mortgages filed during the year ending May 31, 1892, amounted to \$1,953,272, more than two thirds of the whole amount placed on reality during the year. If even a less ratio be correct for the above five states, say only two thirds, we have an aggregate on chattel mortgages for these five states of \$783,154,827.35, which, when added to the amount returned by the census taken on reality in the same regions, gives the enormous sum of \$1,957,887,068.35. But it may be argued that the conditions which prevail in Nebraska do not in so great a degree prevail in the other states; and here again, for the sake of argument and in order to be sure that we understate rather than overstate facts, let us grant the chattel mortgages to be one half instead of two thirds as much as the mortgages in the five states in question. Allowing one half for chattel mortgages, we have \$587,366,120.50, which, added to the mortgages on reality, gives the sum of \$1,762,098,361.30 for the cluster of five agrarian states. These figures, though exceedingly conservative, are well calculated to startle the most phlegmatic among thoughtful persons, for they unmask the plausible sophistry so popular and so pleasing to plutocracy which has of late filled the magazines and the press; moreover, they prove beyond cavil that while millions of the most industrious, sober, and honest American citizens have toiled from boyhood past the meridian of life in a land wonderfully blessed by nature, they have as a heritage billions of dollars in mortgage debts, and conditions which surely and with accelerating speed are forcing them, with each succeeding year, into greater dependency upon those who have acquired vast fortunes.

Another fact we must bear in mind is that this mortgage indebtedness we have been considering means far more than dollars and cents. True, it is appalling when considered merely as an economic problem; but when we remember the cost involved which money cannot measure, it becomes a supreme tragedy. Think for a moment of the rivers of tears flowing from the sunken sockets of half-starved eyes; the muffled sobbing which speaks of vanished hope from millions

of once buoyant lives; the laughter of childhood frozen by an atmosphere of dread if not despair. Youth and maidenhood unschooled in books; bowed with incessant toil, and wearied in soul and body, while the sun of life is far below the meridian. Age, pitiful beyond words, broken beneath the wheel of fruitless toil; health gone, hope vanished, and home lost, that the usurer "may be satisfied." Ashes of hope floating from thousands of homes where a decade ago joy fed the flame of jubilant expectation, and where buoyancy of spirit found expression in laughter's inspiring music. Such, indeed, are some of the pictures which the sad story of these mortgage figures calls up in the contemplative mind, and yet they only feebly suggest the magnitude of the misery experienced during the past decade by millions of hearts as the clouds of debt overcast the sky of life. The story of the five states given affords a vivid picture of the deplorable conditions among our agrarian population no less than the figures of evictions in New York reveal the presence of abject poverty in urban life which takes within its border hundreds of thousands of lives. Nor is this all. Superintendent Porter, in extra-Census Bulletin Number 3, gives the following interesting information in referring to the work of collecting mortgage statistics:—

The employment of a small army of two thousand five hundred special agents and clerks to make an abstract of every mortgage placed on record in every county in the United States for the last ten years has attracted attention to the danger of these incumbrances, to the enormous burdens in the way of interest, *to the alarming extent to which usury is practised*, and to the defectiveness of these records in all parts of the country. The agents of the census office have, as a matter of fact, overhauled the record in every state and territory. They have travelled on horseback and foot through the most sparsely settled districts of our vast domain in search of mortgages, and have done their work so industriously and so thoroughly, *that we now have on file in Washington, as a result of their labor, the abstracts of about nine million mortgages.*

THERE ARE A LITTLE OVER TWELVE MILLION FAMILIES IN THE REPUBLIC. *Comment is unnecessary.* Without doubt, many of these mortgages have been *satisfied* either by being paid off or by foreclosure; but we have already seen that the *net increase* in the mortgage debt of Nebraska (the only state from which we have been able to obtain authentic data), as given by the official records, was over \$18,000,000 for last year. We must, however, remember that quite a number of

mortgages, especially in the Eastern states, are placed upon properties belonging to parties who do not suffer in consequence of interest. Yet on the other hand, the chattel mortgages unquestionably far overbalance in number and amount such mortgages as do not bear heavily upon the mortgagees; for it must be borne in mind that Mr. Porter's census makes no note of chattel mortgages, while, as has been noted in at least one state in the Union, the chattel mortgages last year amounted to considerably more than \$1,000,000, more than two thirds of the mortgages placed on real estate.

These figures are not pleasant to contemplate. They are as disquieting as they are suggestive, and the apprehensions of those who study them will not be lessened because they are taken from sources which are official and conservative. Moreover, in all my estimates drawn from data at hand, I have endeavored to be ultra-conservative. I believe in every instance I have considerably understated facts wherever I have made an estimate. Is it not time for serious, conscientious, and patriotic men everywhere to call a halt and study conditions with the fixed determination of finding out the root causes of the evils which menace the Republic, and which must be remedied before the tide of prosperity will turn toward the millions of toilers, instead of seeking, as at present, the pockets of a few score of shrewd and conscienceless men who have acquired millions of wealth through class legislation, through special grants, gambling, unearned increment, and through extra-moral and unjust methods? It is an easy matter to dismiss these significant facts with a supercilious sneer or a coarse and vulgar epithet of contempt, but they are not arguments nor do they alter facts. The figures given in this paper afford food for serious reflection. If they presage impending evil, the reader should remember that they are drawn from the arsenals of conservatism. The judicial figures of our greatest city, the official mortgage records of Nebraska, and the record of Mr. Porter's census cannot be dismissed as the exaggeration of the uninformed by the willing allies of those who uphold the injustice of present economic conditions. Furthermore, these facts reveal a state in city and country life deplorable beyond the power of pen to portray. They demonstrate that honesty, thrift, and sobriety are no longer talismen against starvation in this opulent nation, and that conditions to-day are the result of

glaring social and economic evils largely due to the vicious class and special legislation of recent years.

In this paper my purpose is to point out evil conditions which exist, and which demand immediate attention. Space does not permit me to discuss at length the measures which I am convinced are called for at this crisis of our history. I will briefly say, however, that I do not believe conditions will improve until (1) our financial policy is changed. The volume of currency must be greatly increased and be based on a nation's wealth and honor instead of a commodity; and if it be argued that the commodity may be so manipulated as to debase the nation's money, I answer then, The commodity must be demonetized. While the Republic exports vastly more than she imports, gold cannot menace our circulating medium if it be demonetized; *and until the volume of currency be increased, the usurer will continue to grow more autocratic and powerful, and the toiler more completely his slave.* (2) We must have what Mr. James L. Cowles denominates *the nation's nervous and circulatory system*—the telegraph and railroad, owned and controlled by the nation instead of operated by a combination of individuals who levy enormous tariffs on producers at one end and consumers at the other, that they may pay princely dividends on watered stock, and that their sons and daughters may idle in luxury while thousands toil and starve. By bringing about these changes the nation would make splendid strides toward securing "an equality of opportunity" for her children; and if these measures be augmented by legislation which would *abolish all indirect taxation, and absolutely destroy all speculative privilege in land*, I believe the toiling millions of the Republic would experience a degree of prosperity never before realized by any populous nation; and I believe that with these measures (which look toward the happiness and well-being of all the people rather than special classes) would come higher and diviner ideals of conduct, insuring for the oncoming generation *the royal heritage of justice and freedom for man, woman, and child.*

NATIONALIZATION OF RAILROADS.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

PEOPLE talk about nothing more glibly than when they speak of our progressive age. Then they are full of enthusiasm and proud of the fact that times have changed. They will go even so far as to acknowledge that while time changes, human conditions cannot remain stationary. Yet when they are asked to draw conclusions and to transform obsolete institutions into such as would fit into modern times, they will hesitate and bring forth all kinds of excuses for preserving conservatively the powers that are.

There has been a time when the kings and nobles believed that the people were created for no other purpose than that the aristocracy should be supplied with subjects over whom to rule, an absurdity which the democratic spirit of modern times has only partly routed, because the superstition seems yet to prevail that the people must accommodate themselves to a governmental policy or to a constitution established for the wants and needs of a previous time, instead of the simple truth being perceived that constitutions and governments find their vitality only in their usefulness to the public, and hence must change with the time, as do other things. The framers of our Constitution who lived a hundred years ago legislated to cover the conditions of their time, and, being wise men, they endeavored to cover with it also the prospective needs and wants of the near future; yet would it not be absurd to presume that they could have had a presentiment of the immense changes which have revolutionized the world since their time? An example may illustrate my argument to the reader.

Cities were built in former times mostly for purposes of defence. At the time when enemies were to be found in circles of miles and war was waged for the sake of plunder, it was necessary that fortified places should afford shelter in case of a sudden attack. The sites for cities were selected

on the tops of hills or mountains, and the streets laid out so narrow that the area to be defended should be as small as possible. It was then not advisable to build high houses, because the higher they were the higher must be the walls that surrounded them, and the more difficult would it have been to defend them; in a word, the cities of old accommodated themselves to the conditions of their time, and it could not be expected that their builders should ever have anticipated our age, in which cities are built for entirely different purposes. To-day it is their purpose to serve as centres of commerce. We need no walls, but we need wide streets and high buildings. We have means of rapid transit that were unknown in former times, and, therefore, cities may extend over miles of space. It would be absurd to insist upon laying out modern cities after the pattern of ancient ones, but would it not be equally absurd to expect that the functions of the cities' government should be precisely the same as they were during the Middle Ages? At that time the city fathers had to take care of the fortifications; they built drawbridges and towers; they looked after the armories; they took good care that the city was always sufficiently provisioned, but they did not consider it a function of theirs to sweep the streets or to water them, to look after the instruction of the young, to pass sanitary regulations, and to provide that the city be properly lighted at night. They had no need to station policemen at thoroughfares to prevent accidents caused by travel or to lead ladies across the street to prevent their being run over. Compare the functions of the city government of our days with those of former ages, and you will find that they have changed with the times. In former days people would have denied that their aldermen had any business to conduct a sanitary department, or to establish a school board, or to pay an army of firemen, or to take care of the water works. All such undertakings were considered to belong to private enterprises; but how could a modern city exist without all such institutions and without burdening their officials with the duty of providing for them?

Does it, therefore, not show a lack of mere common sense when we hesitate to burden municipal, state, or national governments with functions that are called for by the development of modern devices? Are the cases not analogous,

when the demand is made in our time that the government should assume the duty of providing for one of our greatest needs of the present day, for transportation? The inventive genius of the nineteenth century has made such rapid strides that the governmental machinery has not kept step with them. But if the Constitution of our country has not made provision for such a development, is that sufficient reason that we must remain at a standstill and that an addition to the functions of the government should be considered unconstitutional? Does the constitution create a nation, or does the nation create a constitution? Is it not comparable to idolatry to bow down before, and worship as divine, the work of our own hands?

Since the discovery of steam power and the establishment of railroad systems, all our social conditions have become revolutionized. The prompt transportation of goods and persons has become one of the essentials and the very main-spring of modern life. Fifty years ago, people hardly dreamed of a possibility of travelling from Maine to California within five days, nor of the immense commerce and the exchange of products that were to be stimulated by means of railroading. When the first railroads were built, people were doubtful as to their success, and how could they think that it was the duty of the government to provide for a need that was not felt? Therefore they permitted private enterprise to take charge of it. To-day a strike of railroad employees cripples the business of the land and impoverishes hundreds of thousands of people. In fact, if our railroads should suspend business for a month, a calamity would befall us greater than any war or any epidemic would bring. Whether people consider it constitutional or not, the time has come when such an important factor for human welfare should be taken out of the hands of selfish individuals and greedy corporations, and when it should become a function of the government to take care of railways as surely as it is the function of the government to keep an army and navy to protect citizens against the attacks of an enemy.

No one can deny that, right from the start, the presentiment has prevailed that the government should have a word to say in this matter; because the various railroad companies had not only to apply for a charter but also for help from the government, which, as it is now believed, should not be

burdened with the function to take active care of this great factor of modern life. The railroad grants which were made show that it was instinctively felt that it behooved the administration of public affairs to take a hand in the new enterprise, and that it was considered one of its duties to help provide for the needs of the modern times that were dawning. It is therefore not at all unreasonable to demand that the government take charge of transportation, or, in other words that the railroads of the land should be nationalized.

Abler men than I have proved to satisfaction that under government care not only could cheaper railroad accommodations be obtained but better ones, and the examples of Germany, Russia, and Australia have demonstrated that it is as practicable for railroads to be run by the government as it is practicable to administrate the mailing system or to handle an army and navy. What difference would there be between a navy-yard and a car shop? It has been demonstrated by these countries that, though the accommodations are better and cheaper, still a surplus remains, which flows back to the people, and, what is more important, that there is no possibility of railroad strikes, and thus of a sudden interruption of the circulation of commodities. I have endeavored, therefore, to place only one side of this question in its proper light; viz., that new times require new forms of government, and that the functions of the government must constantly be changed so as to adopt themselves to the needs of the people, which, in their turn, are brought about by changing conditions. If this one side of the question be properly understood, all arguments and objections against the nationalization of railroads must fall to the ground. This one side of the question once understood, methods and means to arrange and accomplish the nationalization of railroads will be forthcoming.

I have little doubt that in due time it will become the function of the government to provide transportation, because all history proves that whenever a new need sprang up, the people—who, after all, are the government and are the framers of constitutions—have changed the functions of their officials, and have always added such new duties to them as were in conformity with the times.

THE NEW RELIGION.

BY EDWIN D. WALKER.

IN Beaconsfield's "Endymion" occurs this dialogue between Waldershare and Prince Floristan: —

"Sensible men are all of the same religion."

"And pray what is that?" inquired the prince.

"Sensible men never tell."

There are as many phases of religion as there are men. Absolute agreement on that profoundest theme cannot be expected between any two individuals. But most thinking people unite in rejecting the largest portion of what the churches call religion, with their revolting ideas woven about a human deity, total depravity, instantaneous salvation, vicarious atonement, a short earthly probation followed by a police-court judgment, and eternal bliss or misery, a heaven of harps and crowns, and a hell of fire andimps. The opposition to these tenacious dogmas, however, has little or no organization. If men would all combine to tell the fundamental principles of religion upon which they secretly build, the world might be roused from its spiritual lethargy. And if it survived the shock of losing its pet theology, it would discover the divine revelation which that rubbish buries deep in the human soul. An earnest of its possible results may be seen in what some delvers of truth have brought to light in theosophy.

This newest religion is also the oldest, and like all the others originated in the East. When the English conquered India the most precious of their spoils (though the last to be recognized) was the priceless treasure of literature and philosophy which had there accumulated for thousands of years. As the Greek ideas subjugated the Roman conquerors of Greece, the psychic forces of India seem to be mastering India's physical rulers. All the intellectual world pays tribute to the enormous literary wealth which Sir William Jones, Max Müller, Professor Whitney, and others have unearthed

in the Sanskrit Vedas. But it is not generally known what a mine of spiritual riches there awaits our possession.

Science tells us that the Western and Eastern continents were once intimately united. Animals and men roamed freely across from one hemisphere to the other, and spread themselves in similar races and civilizations throughout the undivided earth. Geological changes interposed the barrier oceans between the hemispheres, and each developed along a special line of growth until the inhabitants of the two worlds became totally unlike, and even forgot each other. At length Europe tired of her stagnant condition, and, searching for larger conquests, discovered the lost world. But it turned out that the new world was really the old one, long antedating the other; and in entering upon its immense possibilities, the declining vitality of Europe revived into an unprecedented vigor.

In the same way the western trend of thought has drifted out into a distinct world, oblivious of the parent one. All the forces of life are spent upon commercial, industrial, and scientific pursuits. We have become so absorbed in material things as to have marvellously developed inventions and improvements for outward utilities. But the hard atmosphere of "practical" things has not nourished spiritual growth. Negations, doubts, and religious formalities prevail. God and immortality are mostly conjectures. Instead of scientific inventors the East has produced sages whose lives have been occupied in introspection and metaphysical insight, arousing to the strongest consciousness all the latent marvels of the soul. Lately the western spirit of broad investigation has rediscovered this forgotten world, and starts with surprise at the vastness of its treasures. Does it mean another renaissance? Those who are most intimately acquainted with it say that it does, though like all other great movements, its progress must be slow.

There are many erroneous ideas concerning theosophy. Its early history in this country was connected with some strange doings and peculiar people, which gave it an unsavory odor. As it penetrates the depths of the soul's occult powers, and explains, as nothing else does, these mysterious phenomena attaching to mesmerism, clairvoyance, spiritualism, the mind cure, witchery, magic, etc., naturally it has attracted many wonder-hunters and eccentric characters whose vagaries

are mistaken for theosophy. Their contamination has so nauseated many theosophists that the word "theosophy," of golden significance, has become repulsive because of its degraded applications, and it is sometimes rechristened, or dwells nameless in thought and life. The metaphysics of theosophy, so searching and delicate as to easily elude western thought, is variously interpreted by different minds according to their bent. Its methods being rationalistic, some make it an Eastern guise of agnosticism. Others, glad to welcome any combatant of Christianity, use it as a convenient atheism. Because it comes chiefly from India it is frequently misapprehended to be Buddhism. Being related to certain parts of esoteric Buddhism, it is sometimes stigmatized as an imported pessimism — like one large branch of the Hindu religion.

Theosophy may be best summarized as the wisdom-religion. The etymology of the word (divine wisdom) embodies the idea of the ancient adherents of that philosophy who regarded themselves the subjects of a special inspiration. Among the modern disciples of this school, theosophy is synonymous with truth — the truth that has been clothed in various garbs of religion, and that lies concealed in every human heart. The motto of the Theosophical Society is "There is no religion higher than Truth." It does not attach infallibility to any particular system of revelation, but maintains that under proper conditions truth reveals itself to each individual. All religions are valued as the embodiments of the bodiless truth, solved by special causes. The essence of religion is only what is common to them all. The pursuit and realization of Truth are the noblest ends of life. In spite of some scholars, it is claimed by many eminent men and by the Eastern philosophers themselves that this is the nirvana of the Buddhists. It is also the beatific vision of Christians.

The basis of theosophy is experience. Individual consciousness is upheld as the only criterion of truth; but this consciousness is greatly assisted and developed by the study and experience of others. Personal exertion is the only means of advancement. But the effort of growth must not dispense with assisting others. Individuals are only varied manifestations of one universal consciousness. They are indissolubly united, more firmly than the bits of glass mosaic, in a vast family. No one can be perfectly saved apart from

the rest. The recognition of this essential unity and action accordingly is the high road to perfection. This doctrine is the grand corner-stone of all religions. It is, as well, the consummation of all philosophy, the crowning experience of mysticism, and the teaching of common sense.

The introspective habits of the Orient have made her the mother of all religions. They have always nurtured spiritual strength, and acquired mastery over the unfamiliar capacities of human nature. The garnered wealth of the centuries in this line of research is at present chiefly confined to certain secret orders of the wisdom-religion in India. No careful investigator can doubt that the esoteric priesthood of the Brahmins and Buddhists has fathomed most of the profoundest mysteries of the soul and spirit. They have solved the problems that still vex the rest of the world, on a purely rational ground. By severest application, by most patient inquiry, by tremendous tests, they have studied for ages in seclusion. These adepts know by practical experience the truth which comes to us in theosophy. The miracles of the Bible, the alleged achievements of the alchemists and Rosicrucians, are easily within their control. But they make no show of them, for these powers are to them simply the concomitants of their advanced conditions—such as all will eventually obtain. They hold them in strict secrecy, and no one can gain admission to their presence until after arduous and long initiation. Their special pupils (or Chelas) seldom see them. The mass of priests and fakir magicians, like the common people, know them not personally, and are excluded from their inner doctrines, though certain of their existence by other means. These are the masters whose studies have discovered the seven-fold division of man, and those other principles explained in esoteric books. They are the apostles of theosophy, and through various channels their influence permeates the world.

As there is some skepticism regarding the existence and attainments of these adepts, the grounds of the above statement may be called for. The very word "Mahatma" (a great soul or master), commonly used in Hindu speech, indicates that some fact must be behind it. There are large numbers of people in India of the best social and intellectual circles who are sure of it, from what they have themselves seen. Not merely native public men (apart from the priesthood)

whose names might be cited, like the editor of the *India Mirror*, the leading newspaper of the country, and various government officials, but frequently Englishmen. As one instance of many, take Mohini M. Chatterji, the Brahmin whose address at the Nineteenth Century Club in New York attracted general attention by his eulogies of primitive Christianity. He is a princely Hindu of the highest type, a grandson of Rahamun Roy (of Sepoy Rebellion fame), a wonderfully keen and pure mind, and a thorough rationalist. In the book, "Five Years of Theosophy," he shows how a few years ago, like many other anglicized natives (graduates of the universities), he was incredulous of the Mahatmas, but became thoroughly convinced, by unmistakable evidences, of the existence and powers and wisdom of these men, one of whom has frequently appeared to him as his own master and teacher under circumstances forbidding deception. As these adepts dwell in the mountains of Thibet, sometimes in isolated communities, and oftener as solitary hermits, most of their witnesses and believers are in India. But there are many people in Europe and America who are firmly convinced of their genuineness, occasionally from personal experience, generally from thorough investigation, though for obvious reasons they do not desire to publicly proclaim the fact. The following representative names will suffice to prove their strength and character: M. Bjerregaard, the learned librarian of the Astor library, New York; W. Q. Judge, editor of *The Path* and president of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York; Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati; A. P. Sinnett, author of "Esoteric Buddhism," etc.; Dr. Franz Hartmann, author of "Magic Black and White"; F. Marion Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs"; and Lord Dufferin, vice-regent of India. The last two are not theosophists, but have examined the facts closely enough to be certain of the adepts and their acquirements. It is possible for any unbiased inquirer to settle the matter by his own senses in India. Often the natives assume ignorance of the Mahatmas to avoid ridicule of foreigners. Even Edwin Arnold was told by a Ceylon priest (in a dodging answer) that the Mahatmas no longer seemed to exist, as they did not manifest themselves there. But there are persons in India who could and would conduct a doubter into their presence.

But the corps of theosophical leaders is not confined to Thibet or Ceylon. Theosophy enrolls the founders of all religions — Jesus, Gautama, Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mahomet. It includes the great religious spirits of every age — like Swedenborg, Madame Guyon, Saint Martin, and Jacob Bohme. Especially notable is the theosophical trend of those seers of all times — the poets. Conspicuous examples just now are Browning, Swinburne, Tennyson, Aldrich, Whitman. The great philosophers, too, run in the same direction, — not only such as Plato, Pythagoras, Paracelsus, and Emerson, but even Kant, Leibnitz, Lotze, Schopenhauer, and Spencer.

Theosophy does not antagonize the scientific spirit. It is the most exact of sciences. It contends that truth cannot be severed from actual consciousness; but the mere intellectual form of it approaches no nearer to the truth than a name does to the thing. It opposes the dogmas of science, as it does those of religion, claiming that reality for the facts of times' experience which science ignores. The relations of consciousness to matter are perpetually changing by a definite law — the law of causation. Therefore the experience of the present must be the necessary consequence of past causes. So long as the causes continue which produce effects in the present plane of life, the individual must remain connected with the earthly existence. Hence, the doctrine of reincarnation which alone accounts for the seeming injustice and confusion of human affairs. The things of to-day are the result of those of yesterday, and will determine what shall be to-morrow. Whatsoever a man reaps he has sown; and whatsoever he sows he shall reap. The moral deductions following these premises are most exalted. As each individual alone is responsible for himself, it is of the sternest importance that he strive for the highest ideal, and exercise the utmost toleration towards others — even to the extent of tolerating intolerance. As there is an absolute and everlasting unity of nature, all self-centred actions must cause harm. The foundation of ethics, therefore, lies in that cardinal tenet of the Theosophical Society — the universal brotherhood of man.

Theosophists regard pure Christianity as the best religion for the western world. Jesus was an adept of the highest order — a perfect man, representing what we may all attain

ultimately. But the pure fountain has been so fouled by the church that a careful filtering is needful to obtain the crystal water of life. Tolstoi has accomplished this by a painful study of primitive Christianity. But with the ex-crescent dogmas he prunes away immortality and leaves only a communistic brotherhood. Theosophy is a safer corrective of Christianity than the Russian count's method, and rationalizes religion with a grander result than metaphysical radicalism. It preserves the true spirit of Christianity, simply purifying and expanding it. Consequently many theosophists class themselves as Christians, and are even connected with orthodox churches, although their philosophy is held to be rank heresy.

While recognizing Christianity as a divine revelation, theosophists consider other religions as the same, being all various descriptions of the identical truth. As primitive Christianity is the best for the West, so are pure Buddhism, Parseeism, etc., for the East. All alike are developed with cumbersome husks, commonly mistaken by the masses for the kernel. Christ performed miracles. So did Buddha. Both are saviours, and taught substantially the same truth.

The Christian theosophist's creed may be thus summarized: Salvation is growth from selfish, sensuous life to generous, spiritual life. Predestination is the fate which each individual names for himself. Depravity is the consequence of the spirit's previous actions. Sin is departure from the inner way. Heaven and Hell are the extreme spiritual conditions resulting from a person's life or thoughts. Earth is a delusive arena of sense where we undergo repeated lives in manifold human forms until we have gained the full round of material experiences, and graduate into the invisible existence. Immortality extends in both directions. From the extreme past as a divine emanation the human spirit has lived in many shapes, and the sum total of its former doings has caused its present circumstances. Through the infinite future it shall continue in varied conditions of activity until perfectly developed as a pure spirit, when it shall become one with God. Revelation is universal, coming to all in multiform degrees. There is no miracle except everything. The only use of truth is to live it. The tendency of everything is upward and optimistic, urging the vastest hopes for mankind.

Pain and sin are a necessary downward sag in the road which climbs to infinite heights. As Tennyson sings:—

We trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill,
For pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as useless to the wind
When God shall make his pile complete.

A suggestion of what this wisdom-religion is destined to accomplish is seen in its practical operations. At the last theosophical convention in Madras, India, the two hundred delegates included Parsees, Mohammedans, Brahmins, Buddhists, and English Christians from various parts of Asia. They met upon an equal footing and frankly discussed the principles of the one universal religion, each considering the faith of his fathers as the most appropriate style of the truth for himself and his people, and seeking its inner interpretation in theosophy. Caste and religious jangling were entirely absent, and the sacred books of their different religions were all studied in turn. So the Theosophical Society in the United States in its many branches comprises Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Rationalists, Theists, and even some calling themselves Atheists, in a group of earnest students of that truth which transcends and embraces all phases of thought,—which can only be really tested by experience, and best taught by living.

ASTROLOGY IN LONDON.

BY EDGAR LEE.

As a proof that in England there is some disposition being shown to deal in a more broad-minded way with those who practice astrology, I will instance the following: At the beginning of the past year the somewhat popular and largely circulated organ, *Society*, began to devote a certain portion of its space every week to astrology. Articles appeared not always by the same hand, but over the same *nom de guerre* of "Jupiter," and in a short time the paper was simply overwhelmed with correspondence from every part of the three kingdoms. A contemporary of undeniable cleverness, which has, like most of the so-called "smart" journals of the epoch, no very ancient pedigree, attacked *Society*, and particularly "Jupiter," and called seriously upon the public prosecutor to enforce the law upon this person; and when that functionary was perverse enough to be imperturbable to the somewhat ferociously worded advice, it followed up the attack by fierce personalities more suggestive of editorial amenities in California twenty years ago than Fleet Street and the Strand in 1892. Well, the chief criminal authority at Queen Victoria's treasury remained passive, and the reason is not far to seek. Public opinion of the subject of astrology in England has undergone a startling change; and a prosecution by the state at the present juncture, and more especially immediately before the elections, would have been a trifle too daring for the most reckless government to indulge in. The professors of astrology in England are legion, and they include an immense number of charlatans; indeed, it may be broadly stated that the charlatans outnumber the genuine astrologers in the proportion of three to one; hence it is so desirable that some authoritative organ which could write on astrologic topics without fear of making itself amenable to the law should be established, if only for the purpose of acting as a finger-post to those who are seeking the truths of astral lore.

Among the genuine astrologers one must again distinguish between those who may be termed intuitive and those who base their predictions on absolute mathematics. The latter are the more numerous section, and to the reasonable mind the more reliable; the former, on the other hand, probably possess a larger following, since their deductions are far more rapid and always more startling than their slower brethren.

Among the intuitive astrologers I rank in the first flight the seer of the Charing Cross Road, whose predictions for the past forty years approach the marvellous. This man, of practically independent means, is the scion of an illustrious name in the annals of London's civic history, and is the son and grandson of two men who both practised as astrologers back into the last century, and were accounted as the leaders of the *cult*. This old gentleman has been consulted by peer and peasant; the late Prince Consort bore witness to his skill; the first Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, George Eliot, and the late Lord Beaconsfield, when Mr. Disraeli, frequently interviewed him, and to this day his house is visited by many of our leading ladies and gentlemen in society, while more than one of our commercial magnates and stock exchange speculators seek his advice on personal matters.

Then, again, in the Caledonian Road, close to King's Cross, is to be found another "intuitional." One of our chief lady novelists, whose works are well known to the American public,—I refer to Florence Marryat,—can bear witness to the astonishing power of prognostication possessed by this hoary wizard, whose fame extends far beyond the metropolis of England.

In the month of June, 1887, another famous astrologer within sound of Bow Bells was consulted by a journalist on a subject of considerable import to himself. Queen Victoria's jubilee ceremony was to take place the following day, and the journalist had received instructions from his editor to be present in Westminster Abbey to describe the event at length. In view of the enormous number of tickets issued by the lord chamberlain to view the splendid spectacle, hundreds of workmen had been employed for several days in rigging up seats in the interior of the sacred edifice, and the vast quantity of timber em-

ployed suggested to the anarchists a ready means of bringing about a perfect holocaust of victims. The threats of these gentry to destroy at one fell blow the heirs apparent of several European dynasties were overheard in a low Soho cabaret by the detectives who are ever lurking about that notorious quarter. The whole conspiracy soon got wind and found its way into the newspapers, with the result that certain feeble folk who had obtained tickets became alarmed, and the press loudly demanded extra police precautions, so that a horrible catastrophe might be averted. The particular journalist of whom I speak was among the alarmed ones; and his wife, a believer in astrology, insisted on his consulting with the "intuitional" of her choice. The oracle replied (the minute of interrogation was his guide): "There is not the slightest fear of anything happening to-morrow. Jupiter, who rules Her Majesty, is in his full dignity, and nothing sinister could possibly occur. There is, however, likely to be an accident to some one, who, though not royal, is in some way connected with the royal house, and it would appear as though it were a horse accident." It will be remembered by many that on the morning of the ceremony the Marquis of Lorne, while in the park *en route* to join the procession, was thrown from his charger and sufficiently injured to prevent his taking part in the proceedings.

That same night while the journalist was making this inquiry, two other querents applied to the astrologer, both asking a question as to the safety of the abbey on the morrow. The reply given by the astrologer was naturally a repetition of his previous answer, whereupon the younger of the two visitors, who spoke English imperfectly, asked for a forecast of his own career. After ascertaining minutely the hour of birth and the latitude and longitude of the birthplace, the astrologer inquired if he were by profession a soldier, and the reply was that he held rank in a foreign army. "Your end will be sudden, and by lead," said the astrologer, "and, so far as I can see, the end is so near that it is not worth while casting the nativity." The young man laughed at the time, but it afterwards transpired that he was the Archduke Rudolf of Austria, whose melancholy and tragic demise will be still fresh in the memory of the reader.

I could record many such instances of the abnormal

development of the intuitive faculty in astrologic seers, but I will now come to an example of what purely mathematical astrology may accomplish. An astrologer long resident in London, and who was alive until very recently, belonged to that section which regards prediction by astral calculation as an exact science. He received a mysterious visit from a stranger in the September of 1869, who asked him whether, in view of the complications then arising in Central Europe, he could fix on a date when Prussia might advantageously quarrel with France. At this time the Luxemburg Succession had assumed a perilous aspect, while the aspirations of the Hohenzollern family to the Spanish crown had already been the subject of serious diplomatic uneasiness to more than one foreign minister. "I must first," said the astrologer, "be placed in possession of actual birth moments of King William of Prussia, Count Bismarck, Count von Moltke, the Emperor of the French and his consort, and Marshal Leboeuf. It would be as well, too, that I should have the dates of the coronation of the first King of Prussia of the Hohenzollern dynasty and the coronation day of Napoleon I."

"And supposing," returned the stranger, "that these are supplied you, how long will it be before you arrive at a decision?"

"It may possibly take me a week or more," rejoined the other, and the inquirer on this left him abruptly. In due course the necessary particulars were supplied, and after an immense amount of labor, the astrologer reported that the best moment for the Prussian king to flout France would be some hour in the afternoon, as nearly as possible midway between the 9th and the 14th of July, 1870. The stranger paid nothing for this advice at the time, but, preserving his incognito, disappeared from the astrologer's ken. Who does not know the exact date when France heard with indignation that William had turned on his heel *Unter den Linden* when approached by M. Benedetti, the emissary of the Tuilleries? Is not the 11th and 12th of July graven on every German memory? while as for the result of the alleged snub, do not millions of Frenchmen to-day remember to their cost the result of this strangely given astral calculation? In the February of 1871, when the iron-girt city of Paris was in its last throes, the astrologer received a letter passed through the German

military lines, containing Berlin *Billets de Banque* to the amount of two hundred pounds sterling, with the simple words on a plain sheet of paper, "With thanks of Germany."

From 1879 to 1888 palmistry was the dominant occult attraction at the majority of our West End "At Homes." No hostess could be deemed to have filled up her evenings satisfactorily unless a cheiromant of the first quality formed part of the entertainment. Heron Allen's books on this fascinating study had obtained a somewhat wide circulation, and the amateur cheirosophist was everywhere *en evidence*. Sometimes these interesting reunions would be diversified by the appearance of a physiognomist who, after a short lecture on the wonderful index to character which the features provide, would entertain the assemblage by practical illustrative experiments on the subjects present, many of which, as may be imagined, were very amusing. Sometimes — but these occasions were rarer — a calligraphist would appear on the scene, Madame Volski, for example, whose remarkable delineations of character from handwriting have excited the wonderment of more than one European crowned head. Lesser lights than Madame Volski would often try their more 'prentice hands in the same direction, but of late years this class of entertainment has fallen into desuetude, and a demand for a science which shall have more of the elements of exactitude has become general. During the present London season I, myself, personally know one astrologer, numbering his votaries by the thousand, who has been invited to at least twenty social gatherings of the upper ten, and who has been offered large fees for his attendance. I need scarcely say the absurd act of Parliament, which prevents his taking money in the exercise of his astrologic vocation, has hindered his acceptance of these calls on his time, and as a consequence has resulted in a loss to him of considerable emolument.

Now as to works on astrology which are becoming rarer every year, it may astonish the reader to learn that there are at least one hundred and fifty authors of all sorts and conditions who have penned volumes during the last two centuries, to be found in many a collection owned by the richer class of Englishmen. The prices now of most of these books are prohibitive, but there are certain well-established astrologers to whom stocks of such books have been handed

down by their forebears, and who drive a thriving trade by their sale. It will be noted as a singular fact — and I think that the celebrated society of “Odd Volumes,” as well as one of their principal members, M. Quaritch, the biggest book buyer in the world, will bear witness to the truth of my assertion — that at nearly all great book auctions works on astrology are conspicuous by their absence. The reason for this is that your astrologic enthusiast scarcely ever permits them to come into the market if he knows of their existence; and even as the whereabouts of a valuable picture or etching is known to the dealers, and is generally snapped up before coming under the hammer, so also is the whereabouts of most esoteric books, especially those appertaining to the movements of the planets in their relation to man. In connection with astrology another point has lately cropped up; it is true that it is only a side issue, but it is so interesting to the world at large that I cannot close this paper without mentioning it. There are first sight repulsions between certain people for which there is no accounting by any fixed rule. A enters a ballroom or the coffee-room of an hotel for the first time, and sees B. Neither had ever seen the other before; neither knows any thing of one another. They are both well-dressed, respectable-looking people, so that no repugnance can possibly spring up on either side on the score of appearance; yet in both their minds has lodged a dislike for each other, such as can sometimes never be wholly eradicated.

The new Saturnian theory on this subject is a little abstruse, but it is equally remarkable. These people are positives and negatives, brought about through their being born under different conditions of Saturn's light, i. e., the positives will be born when the light is shining on the earth direct from the nucleus, the negatives when the light is shining through, or being intercepted by the ring. Astronomers will raise their hands in pious horror at such superstitious teachings, but let the astronomer shut himself up in his observatory, and be for the nonce forgotten, while the reader tests the matter for himself. Imagine the dial plate of a clock and let the figures from one to twelve be taken to represent January to December. It is a cycle without beginning or end; i. e., November and January are not nine months away from one another, but only one month intervenes. This is the threshold of the theory. A is born in January, B in June;

A and B will have a repugnance for one another, or if not an actual repugnance each will intentionally or unwittingly always injure the other. So with other months: February and July, October and April, July and December. To quote briefly from this singular and novel hypothesis after its creator has exhausted his scientific reasons for the light of Saturn exercising so direct an effect on mankind, he goes on to say:—

Men have talked of the theory of repulsion by electro-biology or magnetism, and tried to account for it in that way. It is something in the air, say others; but there is nothing satisfactory in these suggestions, and the fact that some people are without apparent reason distinctly repellent to other people exists and remains. The reason is purely and wholly Saturnian; and although the demonstration until now is not very perfect, as it has only been discovered quite recently, it is sufficiently perfect to suggest patient inquiry to render it more so. You will always or nearly always find when this feeling of repulsion comes over you that the birthday of the object of your dislike is four, five, or six months away from your own, and the farther away it is, the more certain and intense the dislike. The year matters little unless it be seven, fourteen and one-half, twenty-two or twenty-nine years from yours, these being the dates of Saturn's squares. Two individuals born in the same month, if they come together in business, get along swimmingly. In the case of husband and wife they are indeed too fond, and such a match frequently produces jealousy; but let the husband be born in May and the wife in November, and the result will be disastrous. Let any one who reads this and disbelieves it cast his or her memory back and try to remember the person who wrought them the most harm, either with intention or by accident. They will be surprised at the corroborative evidence such inquiry will produce. Naturally there are exceptions, but these exceptions prove the rule, etc.

Later on the same writer quotes the Divorce Court in support of his theory, and gives numerous instances from history of positives and negatives who have destroyed one another, cites curious facts connected with the regard borne by the Queen for her various relations, and altogether furnishes a very pretty array of facts. The theory, however, requires a convention of astrologers to sit on and analyze it before it can hope to be accepted, and meanwhile Ptolemy pure and simple, with the addenda of Uranus and Neptune to correct some of his unavoidable errors, with the sometimes vexed question of the influence of the asteroids,—these will remain the faith and gospel of the English student of astrology for the present.

GROWTH COMES FROM WITHIN.

BY EVELEEN L. MASON.

A TONE of discouragement in the sixth paper given in "Symposium on Woman's Dress" * inclines me to present a word of cheer and suggestion. The question, used as a title, "How is it that we get on no faster?" gives rise in my mind to the further question, Is it not probable that we are getting on, in fact, much faster than surface appearances may indicate?

More than eighteen years ago certain ladies, who shall be unnamed, congratulated themselves that every garment worn by them was constructed on health principles, the trailing length of the outer gown excepted.

Each garment worn by one lady was always cut in one piece, with suitable curves, from neck to hem. And these well-fitted, loose clothes provided warmth close to the body without adding weight or any impediment to motion. No bands, corsets, or bones (except those which Nature had kindly placed inside, where she thought them most serviceable) impeded circulation in any part of the system. It was like the case of the king's daughter, mentioned in Scripture, whose "clothing," it is said, "is all beautiful within."

But over all this "glory" of the fitness of things "there was a covering," a wicked "train"-skirt, which, it is true, was always a wise modification of the Princess dress, shown by fashion's slaves during the '70's and '80's. These gowns, made up, light though crisp, caused this healthfully dressed comfortable woman externally to look nearly as miserable as others, amid whom fate cast her happy lot.

Not a few people in those days, as well as now, privately devised plans for dressing very nearly right, while "over the glory" of this rightness "a covering" was thrown, which hid from view peculiarities, and conformed the wearer to the bustle-burdened, corset-stifled rank and file of women who *like* to endure unremunerative misery.

* Published in ARENA for October, 1892.

But in those days there was no ARENA which knights of the age could publicly enter and do battle for fair ideals! Knights and ladies of those times could but *privately* regulate reforms in dress and other far-reaching matters of health, while endeavoring to achieve all desired ends in inconspicuous ways.

So now (space granted) I will suggest that, even among women who like the outlines which are given by flowing draperies and trailing robes (outlines ascribed to angels by our religious teachers of the past), I will suggest that these trailing robes are often mere surface embellishments, and that many women are dressed more hygienically than they outwardly seem to be dressed.

For instance: Last winter many fashionably dressed women wore over their ordinary white garments and under the scant train-gowns, a complete lined silk costume, with leggings pulled up, in close resemblance to the costume worn by Miss Dowie among the Karpathians, barring the little outer jacket which THE ARENA shows she wore.

A little lady who has accomplished wonders in her double vocation of happy home-making wife and musical artist, wore such a costume last winter. It was *planned* by herself and *made* by her excellent dressmaker, who is wise enough to *take orders* from her admiring patrons, instead of *giving orders to them* as to what they shall wear. This Georgian lady had planned a winter of musical enjoyment in Boston; and she knew that, in order to enjoy a winter here, she must be dressed warmly, lightly, and in a manner fitted for locomotion, and yet not conspicuously dressed. And she achieved all this by having a dress which was her beautiful servant, not her burdensome master. This was a personal matter, and did not call for the support of an organization for its accomplishment.

And yet—and here is a point—if there were not such an organization, and if there were not an ARENA in which these new ideas of this age could meet for self-expression, half the benefit of individual effort after better things of all sorts would be lost. *Public* conference as to ways and means of achieving good results is at least a fine help to private energy in the same line of endeavor. So while it is a foregone conclusion with American women that personal ideals should be formulated into personal action, yet mutual

conference and the formation of organizations in which such individual efforts and ideals may be associated together, are worthy of hearty co-operation. So it is not outside of proof that we have been rapidly getting together piecemeal, and in an attractive as well as utilitarian way, many parts of a costume, either part of which would have been greeted with scorn if publicly displayed in the '70's. Sensible hats, Tam o' Shanters and snug little bonnets, Derbies, stiff and crush felts, caps with visors to shade the eyes, etc., as well as a general dispensing with lace for all but dress and dinner toilet; while the business jackets, square-soled boots, and an incessant variety of advances all along the line are in evidence that improvement in woman's costume is as steady as the sun's course.

No, I have not forgotten about the long skirt which has re-appeared on streets; and while the long gored skirt leaves room for betterment, yet — barring the bother of having to use one hand to gather up and grasp that long back gore — some observers have thought they noticed that women have stepped off with a good increase of freedom this season, which is one point, but not the point I wish to make. Many observers, in watching the costumes and the walkers in them, have had good reason to decide that it would not be much of a transit (as far as exhibiting the outline of the figure is concerned), if those who wore complete silk over-trousers and leggings under last winter's gowns, had slipped out of the gown, and had walked forth in the Dowie dress, shown us in THE ARENA; and the wearing of a thin gored gown over this summer's thin silk undersuits has included less in the way of a covering than it has in the way of impediment to motion. I repeat, then, for encouragement, that the reform in healthful methods of dress is from the within to the without, as all reforms should be; but that it is advancing along lines set by the individual concerned, and according to individual taste. It is scarcely probable that all womanhood will adopt "a dress," for the love of infinite variety is inculcated in all souls by nature's own methods of forth-putting beauty. *The beauty of use and the use of beauty* is the burden of nature's song — a song which the priestess of nature, woman, is on the way to sing most cheerily. There is everything in fitness; but those of us who have so long been taught to sing, "I want to be an

angel," "robes and all," will do well to remember that a diaphanous film of airy nothing may be the best of materials for angels who sail through the upper air on executive missions. But our methods of transit (rapidly improving as they are) necessitate that the ministering spirits, who in the body are doing universal work, do not find "easy sailing," nor too much "upper air"; and, therefore, each should choose garments adapted to the occasion on foot. As a result of the desire to dress according to the business on foot, it will probably come to pass that different women engaged in different pursuits will choose costumes really significant and full of the beauty of the special use to be fulfilled. Also, women of exceedingly diversified self-use will fall into the way of having some variety of gowns, based, not on the dictates of dressmaker or folly, but on the necessities and fitness of different uses.

In considering this question, we should remember that bad dressing in the past and the ill adjustment of ourselves to other laws of health have so marred the beauty of many older women, that not a few of us will incline to walk quietly down life's way in the sort of gown which will best obscure from view all our little departures from that fashion of carriage and contour kindly bequeathed us by our Sister Venus.

The pictures given in "The Next Step Forward for Woman" show that dignity, use, and beauty are equally conserved by at least three out of the four costumes there portrayed; and the whole article aroused in many minds, not the question, "How is it that we are not getting on faster?" but the cry, "How fast we are getting on!" For, behold! like all reforms, this has been making its way by sea and mountain, through the gymnasium and over the boards of mimic art, till the sight of costumes used in bathing, climbing, vaulting, and dancing have brought us all to a customary recognition of that fact that women have four limbs, *each one of which*, as well as heart and brain, demands freedom for healthful development.

THE CREED TO BE.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OUR thoughts are moulding unseen spheres,
And like a blessing or a curse
They thunder down the formless years,
And ring throughout the universe.
We build our futures by the shape
Of our desires, and not by acts.
There is no pathway of escape,
No priest-made creed can alter facts.

Salvation is not begged or bought;
Too long this selfish hope sufficed;
Too long man reeked with lawless thought,
And leaned upon a tortured Christ.
Like shrivelled leaves, these worn-out creeds
Are dropping from religion's tree.
The world begins to know its needs,
And souls are crying to be free;

Free from the load of fear and grief
Man fashioned in an ignorant age;
Free from the ache of unbelief
He fled to in rebellious rage.
No church can bind him to the things
That fed the first crude souls evolved,
But mounting up on daring wings,
He questions mysteries long unsolved.

Above the chant of priests, above
The blatant tongue of braying doubt,
He hears the still small voice of Love,
Which sends its simple message out.
And dearer, sweeter, day by day,
Its mandate echoes from the skies:
"Go roll the stone of self away,
And let the Christ within thee rise."

A DAY IN ASIA.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

IT was a great day in Asia, — a *gala* day some would have said, — for although the occasion was a religious one, it was not without its tinsel, its dash of jollity, and its flash of fashion. It was the day of the great annual foot washing of the colored Baptists — “de Hard-shells, honey, ez some names de ‘Hard-sides,’ an’ den, agin, some names de ole Primunters.”

Once a year it comes, — the “big meet’n,” — that is always held in Asia, the little negro settlement on the banks of the Eek, that creeps along with noiseless content among the foothills of the Cumberlands. A foot washing — why, heaven has built the basin, and set it flowing, fresh, fair, and free. Surely the rivers of Tennessee — are they not better than all the tubs of Asia? Might they not wash in them, and be clean?

By sun-up the hordes were on the way. They came by horse, by foot, and by great wagon loads — each with a basket, each wearing his holiday dress, and each with soul brimful, running over, breaking out, with religions.

The *breaking out* assumed a varied form. Sometimes it was a loud laugh, at a moment when all was still; sometimes a deep groan as a solitary horseman passed a wagon load of worshippers; sometimes it became a shriek, a cry of “Glory! glory! my soul’s happy, *en* I wanter go home”; again it was a fervent “*Amen!*” and again a knowing “Hmk-umk!” sometimes it was a quiet interchange of “news,” friendly gossip, as two wagons came in speaking distance; and *sometimes* it took the form of a lively, if brief, little fight in a wagon where two women wrangled over their respective titles to one husband. The fight must, however, have been tintured with religious fervor; for at the close of each bout the combatants closed their eyes, adjusted anew their mutilated finery, and, swaying back and forth with the rocking of the wagon, began to sing — sometimes together the same tune, sometimes in solo, and *sometimes* each with her own preferred hymn, and each trying to out-sing the other. The favorite melody, however, and drawn out with that long, fervent, not unmusical drawl that is peculiar to the negro, was one in which all the inmates of the wagon joined, and even

the passing horsemen, now and then lent their voices to swell the chorus:—

Ez I wen' down in de valley ter pray,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!
 Steddyin' about dat good ole way,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!
 Marse Jesus, He come erlong dat day,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!

CHORUS. — Lawd, who's gwine ter w'ar dat stairry crown,
 Lawd, who's gwine ter w'ar dat stairry crown,
 Lawd, who's gwine ter w'ar dat stairry crown,
 Ter meet my Jesus in de Glory?

Whar I wen' down ter wras'le en pray,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!
 Marse Jesus, He come erlong dat day,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!
 A-p'intin' out dat good ole way,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!"

The song rose and fell, reverberating with peculiar sweetness among the hills at times, at times jarring inharmoniously, as some twangy treble strove to reach a tone above the voices of the others. Sometimes it was as if the very heart of nature stood still to listen; sometimes a fox, secure in distance, barked a rejoinder from the river bluffs far below the winding road to Asia, or a blue-jay, with sacrilegious impertinence, sent back a note of contempt in response to the hymn as the wagons passed under his nesting-place. Once only, however, was there any serious opposition offered; this was in the case of a diminutive yellow fox that ran out from a farmyard, and with shrill and vigorous barking, elevated tail and ears, vociferously disputed the right of way to Asia.

Despite the protestations of the fox, however, Asia was expecting her guests. Every door stood wide open, as if Hospitality had stepped outside to meet half way the visitors. The houses were tiny cabins, neatly whitewashed and carefully adorned with vines of every creeping kind.

A little garden spot was basking in the sunlight about every door, and, being too early in the season for vegetables, the gardens did duty as ornament. There were tulips and phlox and petunias, lady pease in full bloom, cymplings with yellow blossoms, peeping slyly at the bolder coloring of its neighbor and kinsman, the gourd. A pretty scene, and flanked by still a prettier, where the mountains lifted their craggy summits to the clouds, purple with the haze of distance. Nearer the pines were waving their long arms to the river, the gentle Eek, nestled among the laurel-crowned bluffs.

A good day for worship; such a day as might have charmed

the Druids to their temples, or, indeed, made all the world turn Druid and worship likewise in the groves.

Most of the cabins were empty, their owners gone down the road to meet expected friends.

No fear of thieves to-day; the rogues would all be at "meet'n'." "Be dar long ob de balance ob de Chrischuns," the Widow Brown declared, as she spread her table, before leaving for the little "meet'n' house" at the foot of the hill beyond the river.

The widow was a pillar of the church in Asia. She was "well off," too, so far as this world's goods were concerned. And she was a "good liver," a rarely "good feeder"—a something unusual among the colored race, who work well, cook well and carefully for their white employers, but who do their own work with a half-hearted, unwholesome disregard of both health and comfort.

The Widow Brown lived well; everybody in Asia knew her cooking. And even among the visitors many a hope was harbored that the widow would "ax me ter fetch my baskit ter her house."

She had her own plans, however. She had sent out no invitations for that day, although the dinner table, when the "good liver" stood back to admire it, might have fed all Asia. She meant to have *one* guest, and but one. She had even sent her children over to Winchester the day before, on a visit to their *gran'-pap*, in order to have a clear field and a day without interruption.

She had put the last touch to the big pound cake when she caught sight of a stumpy gray tail in the sumach thicket in the rear of the church, where the preacher always hitched his mule.

The preacher is the idol, the good God in human form, of his members. The Widow Brown was not the only one of his flock who had been watching for the switch of that gray mule's tail in the sumach thicket.

She was the first to get there, however, and she was blissfully ignorant that "lill Sis Moore," the young mulattress who lived "a piece up de road, on de side todes de mount'n," had run down the road, at her mother's request, to speak to the parson as he went by.

The widow found him beside his mule—the Reverend Benjamin Franklin George Washington Henderson—fat, fifty, and well fed by the members of the respective churches under his charge. She was *first* evidently to greet the mogul.

"How *you* does, Brudder Hen'son?" she began.

"I's toler'ble," said the brother.

"How's yo folks does, Brudder Hen'son?"

"Dey's toler'ble."

"Yo ma well, Brudder Hen'son?"

"She's toler'ble."

"*You* well, Brudder Hen'son?"

"I's toler'ble. How's *you*, Siste' Brown?"

"I's toler'ble."

"Yo folks well?"

"Dey's toler'ble. You come t' my house ter dinner, Brudder Hen'son. I got nice lill bar'beue shoat fur dinner terday."

The reverend gentleman chuckled.

"Lill Sis Moore done ax me ter dinner wid dey alls."

The widow's face wore for an instant a mingled expression of doubt, disappointment, and good-natured determination.

"Dat lill heifer?" She laughed aloud. "She ain no han' ter cook vittuls. You come t' my house, Brudder Hen'son; dat's de fattes lill peeg yo eber sot yer teef in, *I* tell ye."

Alas for the widow! the bright young face of "Lill Sis" had raised a tumult in the reverend old heart. Other things than juicy pigs and pound cake swayed the holy man to-day and controlled his movements.

"Her say dey all's peeg more fatter en your'n," laughed the parson.

At this the widow showed fight. She would not have her cooking slandered; not at all.

"Sis Moore's mouf aint no pra'r book," she declared; "en no dicshuner, neider, ef it *do* op'n en shet. I knock her teef down her thoat she sey dat. You tek dinner at my house, Brudder Hen'son. De good book say yer boun' to kep keer ob de widder en de orf'n, Brudder Hen'son. Hit doan sey noth'n bout young gals ez runs roun' arter folks ter eat dey peegs up. I's de widder woman de Bible tells 'bout, *I* is. You be sho' ter come ter my house, Brudder Hen'son!"

The arrival of others cut short all further conversation. The widow consoled herself that her cause was not hopeless.

"Dat peeg'll tetch up his mem'bunce all *this* day," she told herself.

Everybody made it a point to seek out the preacher. Soon such a crowd had collected about the reverend gentleman that the widow moved off, to mingle with the visitors who were come to worship in Asia.

There was Aunt Ellen, the conjure woman, who could charm away warts and lift spells—a shining light among the hardshells, alias hardsides, alias primunters.

And there was "old Jinny," who had a habit of talking to herself; a habit known among her class as "talkin' wid de ole boy," for it is a belief with them that to talk to one's self is to talk with the devil.

Then there was "Lean Jim," the rag buyer. Other things than rags had been found in Jim's sack, often. But nobody charged Jim with that "at meet'n." Moreover, Jim had long ago explained how these things happened. They happened in Benjamin's day, too, he declared, and in Benjamin's sack.

"Count o' bein' put dar fur ter bring reproach upon de Chris-chuns. Dar's lots o' meanness in *dis* worl', honey, lots *en* lots ob it."

So Jim argued in setting himself straight *with the church*. At Asia Jim occupied the right-hand *amen* corner, and led in the foot washing.

Then there was among the celebrities in Asia, that last foot-washing day, May, first Sunday, year eighteen hundred ninety-two, Aunt Milly, "de oldes' 'ooman in the worl', honey."

Too old, indeed, to care for or to desire any other name than simple "Aunt Milly." As to age, the negro has a peculiar idea. Ask Aunt Milly, for instance, "How old are you, Aunt Milly?"

"Lor, honey, I done furgit long go. I been here long time—mighty long time. I spec' I been here *twenty year*, might nigh."

And near Aunt Milly, calmly sedate, "jes wait'n fur de trumpet," sat Aunt Winnie, another of the old-timers. Her ideas of time are as vague as those of the old woman at her side. She has spent her life puzzling over her age. "Ole marse died fo' I uz ole nuff ter want ter know," she was wont to declare. "Den ole miss, her died too, an' nuver telled. En dey ain' nobody else ter ax. But I's mos' two hundred, I reckon. I sho am—fur I wuz here fo' de war, chile. Dat I wuz. I's boun' ter be nigh two hundred."

Of a truth she was about forty-five; while Aunt Milly, "mos' twenty," was long past the seventieth mile-post.

Another distinguished worshipper in Asia was "Short Ann," the stumpy little old woman who "made soap fur de whole country."

"Don' mek it tweel de moon gits right, *ef* yer please. En fur de Lord's sake don't cep' one ob de family stir hit. Hit won't jelly ef two stirs de kittle; hit sho won't."

Uncle Sam the witch-ridden was there, too, assisting in the services. "He sey de witches rid him agin las' night, en he got a sine roun' 'is neck fur ter keep em off."

So the good sisters told each other while they waited at the church door for Yellow Jane, the fortune-teller, who was crossing the foot-log with "lill' Jack," her boy, who had been conjured "so's he los' growth," held in the hollow of her side, just above the right hip. All come to *meet'n*,—all come to worship together. Witch and wizard, saint and sinner, old and young,

the halt and the whole, the ignorant and superstitious, the rogue, the honest man, the gay and thoughtless, the old and careful, all Christians, all brothers for that one day, all of one nature at last: a nature that laughs at poverty, shakes its fist in the face of want, and sings over the corpse of morality as lustily as over the wash-tub of a day in June — an emotional nature, touched to despair by grief and ready to break into shouting before the presence of joy — all one in Asia that day.

Such a day! Asia had never felt a fairer. The worshippers were loath to leave the sunlight, the ride, the gay little street of the village, where they wandered about, with gossip and friendly greeting.

They were all brethren for one day. All the burdens of life were laid down, thrown off; all the rest of the year they might toil, suffer, battle with poverty and pain, but this day, this one day, — ah, it was so much snatched from life! — this their one day in Asia.

The service of the morning was to begin at ten o'clock. At half-past nine the worshippers had begun to move in the direction of the church, not knowing they were sorry to give up the sunshine and the gossip.

At ten they were all in, seated decorously in their places, their hearts full of warmth, their tongues tuned for praise.

The preacher rose; he was a poor man, a widower, and one not too often surfeited with the good things of this world. If visions of roasted pig, savory odors of vinegar and spice, and crisping bacon mingled with his devotions, the devotees in Asia were in blissful ignorance of their pastor's wanderings. He arose with his accustomed dignity, a hymn-book, held bottom up, in his hand.

"Brudderin," he began, "you will please to sing the hymn on de page" — he paused. Through the wide open door a spectacle was presented which held his ecclesiastical gaze until the whole congregation turned to see what it might be that had attracted him.

The widow's little pig might simmer in its own bastings; far better a dinner of herbs where *love* is, than the fatted porker of the unloved member.

Down the little foot-path through the red-oak woods tripped a lithe, graceful figure of a young girl. Boldly, daringly gorgeous through the cool greens of the forest shone her attire, like the plumage of some brilliant bird. At first a dash of crimson, a flash of gay blue and filmy white, then came the full figure, in all its splendor, of little Sis Moore, the belle of Asia.

She wore a skirt of bright crimson, gayly festooned with lace, a cheap white cotton pattern, valued for its effect rather than its

quality; a jacket of cheap blue silk, caught at the slender waist with a large rosette of blue ribbon and lace; a hat of coarse white straw, the whole scarcely larger than a bird's nest, with a cluster of large red roses planted tip-top the crown, and a fall of lace around the brim, making a rare setting for the bright, coquettish face beneath. She wore slippers, too, and *red stockings*. And, mighty straw to wreck the strained camel's back, above the giddy, girlish head, a *crimson parasol* flashed before the dazzled eyes of the worshippers, and the belle of Asia came down the path, lifted her skirts above the red-hosed ankle, tripped daintily over the foot-log,—the river was narrow at this point,—and deposited her finery in the very door of the meeting-house.

The parson, heavy and clumsy, was prepared to appreciate grace and nimbleness. He saw the apparition, the study in red, white, and blue; and his reverend old heart gave a bound that struck him for the moment dumb.

The Widow Brown saw too, and the sight, from a different cause, produced a like effect. She broke off in her singing to express herself *unto* herself:—

“Look at dat! Look *et* dat! Dat yaller nigger think she mighty fine, *I reckon*, becuse she tuk de cake *et* de walkin’ last night. Nice way ter glorify de Lawd. Ef I gits my han’s on dem eyes, I ull scratch de brazenness out’n dem. I ull bus’ her wide op’n *ef* I gits my han’s on her, de low-live triffin’ hussy, —

‘Marse Jesus he come erlong dat way,
Glory! Glory! Glory!’ ”

And the Widow Brown went bravely on with her devotions.

During the prayer, however, the widow became possessed of a desire to peep at the parson. “Hit’s de debbul temptin’ ob me, I knows,” she told herself; and stooping a trifle lower upon her knees, she managed to look between the bowed heads about her, straight at the parson. He was kneeling, his hand before his face, “fairly wras’lin’ in pra’r.” Suddenly the fat fingers parted, just where they had met before the parson’s left eye, and the Widow Brown groaned her contempt to see him, in the very agonies of prayer, steal a glance at the successful cake winner, the prize walker, Sis, the belle of Asia.

“Dat hussy!” But for the “Amens,” and “Yes, Lords,” and “Dar nows!” and “Hmk-umks!” that were ascending and descending in a hundred different sharps and flats, the widow’s wrathful outbreak might have reached the very ears of the parson himself.

“Dat hussy! Ought ter be chuched; bofe ob ’em ought ter be chuched; ain’ no ’ligion in such doin’s.”

Just then Uncle Zack, the water-witch, took up the prayer where the preacher left off.

"Good Lawd!" he began, "we's all bent en boun' fur de kingdom" —

"Amen!" said the widow. "Bless de Lawd! Dat's de Gord's troof. Bent en boun' fur de prommus lan'. Glory! glory! My soul's happy, en I wan' ter go home."

The "happiness" was evidently contagious, for in three minutes after the widow's outbreak the entire congregation, men, women, and children, had raised a shout. Every soul was "happy"; every soul "wanted to go home" — all except the girl sitting demurely on the second seat from the front — the girl, Sis. She had been to school at Winchester, the county town, and had "learned better," she declared.

"L'arned de debbul," the Widow Brown said. "Done gone en got above everybody, en de gospil, its own se'f. Be ter big fur de kingdom come, I reckon, wid her fine clothes en her book readin's. L'arned to be 'bove foot washin's en shoutin'; en gloryin' in de Lawd!"

"No," the girl had replied to the charge. "I learned when's the proper time to wash yer feet, an' it be *Sadday night*."

So she took no part in the great annual event. More than one of the younger members would have liked to follow the lead of the pretty little heretic who had with her own hand sowed the first seed of doubt in that little assembly — a seed that was destined to spring up; yield, ten, fifty, and an hundred fold.

She saw the benches moved back into four long rows — two confronting each other on one side the house, and two on the other; the left hand for the sisters, the right for the brethren. She saw the minister gird himself with a towel, a performance immediately followed by the congregation. She alone was left out; had no part with them. Yet she was smiling when Water-witch Zack and Lean Jim, the rag buyer, came in bringing each a tin pan filled with water and set them, one between each row of benches. She saw the people begin to remove their shoes and stockings. The sisters took their places opposite each other on the left-hand benches; the brethren separated to the other side. Each was girded with a towel. A hymn was sung, and during the singing the preacher removed his shoes and came down out of the pulpit to take a chair that had been set for him.

Lean Jim met him there with a tin basin, and he plunged his bare feet into it. Jim knelt upon one knee and took them, one foot at a time, between his palms, rubbed them gently, wiped them with the towel he wore; and then exchanging places while the congregation sang, Jim put *his* feet into the basin, and the preacher performed the humble service for him.

Then it was the occupants of the bench began. Each sister washed, and dried with her towel, the feet of the sister opposite, and the vessel was passed on to the next, the singing being kept up by those whose turn had not yet come and those who had already performed. Among the brethren occupying the other row of seats a similar scene was enacted. Midway the two lines the vessels were emptied through two convenient *holes* in the floor, prepared for that purpose, and fresh water supplied. As the couples completed their part of the service they withdrew, and others were invited to "come forward and take their places."

The preacher could not read, but he explained again and again, as the occupants of the benches changed, that "havin' girded Hisse'f with a towel He took de cup, en give thanks, en sed tek it in de mem'brince ob Me." A hopeless tangle of two institutions.

It was well into the afternoon when the service ended. There had been three sermons, much singing, and a continuance in prayer that must have left an impression upon many *knees*, at all events.

Chief among the worshippers was the Widow Brown; and when the service ended she hung back, ostensibly to "shake hands" with the saints, in reality to offer a last invitation to the parson.

That pig! it had been on her heart all day. So, indeed, had the "yaller gal." She would not believe the preacher really meant to set her aside for "dat lill mink in her raid petticoat."

"I 'ud jis' lack ter see her git up a chuch dinner by her own siff, lack the parson's 'oman got ter do. Dis her mammy's dinner she done axed Brudder Hen'son ter eat. She can't cook, dat lill Sis. She kin read en write, en dey alls sey she gwine teach schul bimeby. Dat ain' gwine tek de place ob vittuls, sho 'taint. She too young fur dat man anyhow; why he done berrid one 'oman, en his ma keep'n ob his chillun fur im."

So consoling herself, the widow waited. At last he came out, hat in hand, too hurried to stop, and too much interested in a vision of blue and red disappearing up the path through the red-oak woods to notice the member of his flock standing alone beside the door. He merely glanced at the retreating color, and set out at a brisk little run in the wake of "little Sis."

The Widow Brown watched him with feelings of mingled emotion. He was fat and awkward.

"Ef he keep up dat gait he 'ain gwine cross dat foot-log," she said, "en dat hussy yonder! look at her! done turn roun' en wait fur him. Look! look, dar now!"

The parson had seen the girl stop and had increased his speed. He reached the foot-log all safe, and without a moment's hesitation started across, with the daring of an athlete.

Suddenly there was a swerve; one freshly washed foot "missed its hit"; there was a scramble, a reaching out of both hands, a loud shout of laughter from the widow, and something from the parson that sounded very like an oath, and then Parson Henderson struck the log — *astraddle*. There *was* a low titter from the neighborhood of the red and blue, but the parson was blissfully ignorant of this.

Distinct enough, however, came the voice of the widow.

"Dar now! Dar now! *Ain'* yo glad de Lawd made yer forkid?"

The next moment he heard her singing, complacently pious as ever, as she went down the hill, where the visitors were spreading their dinners under the trees, to invite Lean Jim, Aunt Winnie, and Zack, the water-witch, to help eat the pig and pound cake,

'En I'll meet Marse Jesus in de Glory.

Glory! Glory! Glory!

She was still laughing over the preacher's mishap. She felt repaid for all her disappointment.

PRESENT DAY TENDENCIES AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

SOME INTERESTING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

ARE WE ON THE
THRESHOLD OF A NEW
WORLD OF TRUTH?

Few people appreciate the significance of recent progress along the lines of psychical research, the vast accumulation of facts which demands investigation, and the growing interest in occult problems among the most thoughtful people throughout the civilized world. The old-time prejudice, which, with supercilious arrogance, relegated all psychical or extra-normal problems to the realm of superstitions, is rapidly giving place to a spirit at once critical and yet truth-loving. From the evidence which is now being carefully collected and sifted by scholarly bodies and individuals, I am led to believe we are on the threshold of a new world of thought—a realm which will far transcend, in interest and practical value, the new world which the evolutionists have given us in the domain of physical science. Few people have any conception of the widespread interest among profoundly thoughtful people of to-day in matters relating to psychical phenomena. During the past year I have received scores, if not hundreds, of letters from persons who, though in many instances unknown to fame, are accounted among the most thoughtful and reliable individuals in the communities where they reside: physicians, lawyers, clergymen, literary characters, and men engaged in commercial and mechanical pursuits, who are not only deeply interested in these subjects, but who have personally experienced or in other ways become cognizant of some of the various phases of occult phenomena. These persons are now critically investigating phenomena which a few years ago they would have dismissed as unworthy of serious thought. I am constantly receiving letters from every section of the country, as well as hearing from the lips of persons of undoubted veracity who are among the most influential and respected citizens of the localities in which they live, descriptions of psychical experiences of the most interesting character, and covering so wide a range of phenomena as to indicate how varied and complicated in nature are the appearances being encountered in this little explored world. Many of the

individuals who bear testimony to these appearances share the popular prejudice which exists so widely against spiritualism; many of them are strictly orthodox in their religious views. Of course a large proportion of these communications are confidential, and cannot be noticed here. Others, however, which I am at liberty to discuss will be sufficient to indicate how general the interest is becoming, and how varied are the phenomena occurring. The first case I wish to notice comes from David Van Etten, one of the most influential attorneys of Omaha, a gentleman who enjoys a very large and lucrative practice in the Supreme Court of Nebraska. In his personal letter to me Mr. Van Etten observes:—

I am willing to make an unqualified affidavit of the entire and simple truth of every statement I have made in the following recital, which is only one experience of many quite as marvellous which I might relate. I have never spoken of them to others, as people would be apt to regard me as superstitious or spiritualistically inclined. I am prejudiced against spiritualism. I have not prepared this recital for publication, and have therefore penned facts exactly as they occurred to me, without any effort at literary embellishment or the employment of technical or psychical expressions. I however have no objection to your publishing the article if you desire.*

A
PROPHETIC
VISION.

The facts as related by Mr. Van Etten are as follows:—

In 1867 I left the home of my nativity, Kingston on the Hudson, and have never returned. In 1869 I settled in Nebraska, removing to the Republican Valley, in that state, in 1870-71, where I remained until October, 1875, when I removed to the city of Omaha, and where I have ever since resided and still reside. During all the time I have been in Nebraska, until 1884, I have not heard of, or from any person in or from my native home, or directly or indirectly of, from, or concerning the person I herein refer to, or of or from any person related to her, or who had the slightest acquaintance with her, or who ever knew of the existence of such a person. She was my cousin, several years my senior, good, honest, faithful, unpretentious and an industrious farmer's wife, respectably married, with a pleasant and affectionate family, consisting of her husband and two girls, about six and ten years of age. In fact, I had only seen her a few times in my life, except in the summer of 1861, when I spent a few days of my summer vacation at her home, hunting in the woods and fishing in the streams of the foot-hills of the Catskill Mountains, and never so much as once, had a conversation with her beyond a few minutes' duration, and then always with and in the presence of her family. I am thus minute to show that there could not possibly have been any psychological affinities between

* Mr. Van Etten in his letter further observes: "I have never been inclined to any of the pretences of modern spiritualism, so much so that I have never attended any pretended seance; was brought up as a strict Calvinist in the Dutch Reformed Church, and of late years have been and am now a member of the Episcopal Church, and therefore of no tendency to the communication of '*spirits departed*,' although of the firm belief 'the One Above sways the harmonious mysteries of the world.' Hence it will be perceived I am not of superstitious inclinations.

"The facts I shall relate do not, strictly speaking, accord with any of the experiences related by the Rev. M. J. Savage in THE ARENA, being prophetic rather than a case of 'telepathy,' as he denominates some of his instances cited, whatever that may be, or more exactly a case of his telepathy, but of a future occurrence, and so distinct and exact as to be devoid of all possibility of error."

us ; indeed, she had always been very much as a stranger to me. This was the state of affairs, when, one night in the summer of 1873, in a dream, — many would call it a dream, — lying on my bed as far as I know, asleep in my house, in the Republican Valley, fifteen hundred miles away from this lady, not having so much as thought of her for years, *she appeared present with me.* It seems I went into her room, as if called there, she lying on her couch, bolstered up by pillows, in great distress, seemingly appealing to me, as if I might save her from her terrible agony of pain. Her left breast appeared, almost in fact, entirely eaten away, torn, raw, and flayed. It almost sickens me now as I recall that scene, so vivid and real was this terrible condition presented to me, and yet I *did not see it, for she was fifteen hundred miles away, and it had not yet occurred.* Remember, this was in 1873. Of course, when I awoke, my dream, *if it were a dream,* deeply impressed itself upon me. I can see the whole scene yet, seemingly as I did that night. To see a woman in such terrible condition, such frightful agony, an acquaintance, a relative — I could scarcely sleep any more that night, and yet I regarded it then as merely a dream. I did not learn until 1884 that my cousin was dead, died of a cancer in her left breast ; “*her left breast all eaten away, raw and flayed,*” and died in terrible pain and suffering, and only Aug. 3, 1892, learned she so died on the morning of July 19, 1878, five years after “my dream,” *if it were a dream,* and precisely as I dreamed it five years before.*

This remarkable case of prevision might be matched by several similar cases. When we better understand the laws governing such phenomena, and physicians come to appreciate the possible value of these foreshadowings, many lives will doubtless be saved which now perish. If, for example, this woman had been skilfully treated to prevent cancer before the disease appeared, she might have been saved. This case suggests some interesting experiences given me a short time since by a brilliant young physician who enjoys a large practice in a small city in Indiana. “Frequently,” he said, “while holding my patient’s hand, I see, as if written on a blackboard before my eyes, the names of medicines, with instructions to prescribe them. In many instances they have been remedies I should not have thought of using ; but,” he continued, “I have noticed that whenever I have given the medicines so revealed to me, the most gratifying results have followed.” He then related the following singular occurrence which transpired two or three weeks prior to his visiting my office : —

*To this report Mr. Van Etten adds : “This was not a communication direct from any ‘spirit,’ because we have no reason to suppose a ‘disembodied spirit’ of human origin, whatever its present condition, can foretell the future any better than when in the body, in life, nor is there, at least as far as I know, any authority for it in any system of religious belief.” To this I would add, our theosophical friends would doubtless argue that the astral body of the woman, becoming conscious of the seed of death taking root in the breast, brought the picture before the only mind in the radius of its acquaintance sensitive enough to be impressed ; while those who believe in telepathy, soul projection, and double consciousness would probably claim that the unconscious self was more acute than the conscious self, and that during sleeping hours it thus conveyed the danger signal to the only person in the scope of its acquaintance whose brain was sufficiently sensitive to receive the impression given. Interesting, indeed, is the field of speculation which these marvellous visions call up, but it is chiefly *facts* which concern us in this stage of our inquiries. Facts are what we now need. When we have a sufficient volume, we can theorize intelligently and draw conclusions which will commend themselves to thoughtful people.

ANOTHER
INTERESTING
VISION.

"I have a friend who used to live at my home city," said the physician, "but now resides in the city of K.; we correspond; I had requested her photograph in a letter written a short time before the experience I am relating. One morning I awakened and looked at my watch. It was half an hour too early to rise, and I lay in a half-waking, half-sleeping state, so favorable to dreams. Suddenly I thought I was on the street in front of my office, and there I saw my friend with another lady acquaintance who lives in my city, coming across the street. I was at once struck with the peculiar dress worn by my friend. I had never seen her in anything like it, and could not fail to note the fact. At this juncture I awoke, dressed myself, and went to my office, which, after opening, I left for the post office. The postmaster handed me a package, which on opening I found to be the photograph of my friend. I was startled on looking at the photograph to find *the dress in which she had had the portrait taken was the perfect counterpart of the one I had seen in my dream an hour before, and entirely unlike any gown I had ever seen her wear.*"

I asked this young man how he first became interested in these problems, and he replied that while at the medical college, a professor, who seemed to take special interest in him, had several times demonstrated in his presence the power of hypnotism, and had aroused his interest in a line of investigation which he had always been taught by his rigidly orthodox parents to shun, as he would avoid the unpardonable sin which they frequently discussed.

A
CLERGYMAN'S
CONFESSION.

An orthodox clergyman who officiates over a prosperous church in a town in Illinois called upon me during the past summer. I had known him at college. He informed me, to my astonishment, that he was engaged with a leading physician of his town in systematically studying psychical phenomena. "I do not believe in spiritualism," he remarked, "but we have both been amazed to find how many persons have had most extraordinary experiences. We have closely questioned persons who came into the doctor's office; and although they usually professed ignorance of any personal knowledge of extra-normal phenomena, and frequently laughed at everything of the kind, after my friend the doctor gave them the main points in several well-authenticated cases which had come to his notice, they usually gave some more or less remarkable experiences, with names and dates, which enabled us afterwards to verify hitherto carefully guarded secrets. We have both," he declared, "been astonished at the number of persons who are among the most thoughtful and substantial of our people who have had experiences in their homes which transcend

the ordinary and are to us inexplicable; but as yet we are merely collecting reliable data.

This gentleman is representative of a large class of careful thinkers who to-day are quietly accumulating facts upon which to base an intelligent conclusion, and thus are following the modern method of scientific inquiry.

SEEN BY PSYCHIC
MANY HUNDRED
MILES DISTANT.

A friend of mine who is quite well known in literary circles, but who is not willing that her name be given, related to me a short time ago a striking experience. She requested a friend in whom she had great confidence, and who possessed a certain degree of psychic power, to try and see where she was and what she was doing on a certain evening. The two individuals were many hundred miles apart. The friend in striving to accomplish this feat fell into a profound trance, in which he was found by friends, who thought him dead and had him medically treated. When he recovered, he wrote his friend, saying at such an hour you were in your room. A visitor was announced. He was a person I had never seen, but I will describe him to you. He then gave a detailed description of the caller. All the facts were exactly as stated.

I now wish to give a communication from a well-known physician, J. S. King, M. D., of Decatur, Ill. The author is not only a thoughtful, educated doctor of many years' practice, but is a man of culture outside of his chosen calling. I give the facts exactly as furnished by Dr. King.

SOME
WONDERFUL
DREAMS.

The following illustrations of some psychical conditions have occurred in our family during the past fifty-five years:—*

Case 1.—In the spring of 1837 Mr. A. C. K., a merchant of Terre Haute, Ind., was at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La. One night he dreamed that his son James, then a year old, was choking; that he breathed with great difficulty, and with a deep, hoarse sound. The child's mother, his Aunt Mary, and young Dr. Hitchcock were standing by the bedside, evidently much alarmed. It seemed strange to Mr. K. that the old family physician, Dr. Daniels, was not there. Soon the child gasped and struggled for breath. The doctor said to the mother, "I think that he is dying." Mr. K. awoke much alarmed; the dream had been so vivid that it seemed to be a reality. When fully awake he could not shake off the effect. As he found it impossible to sleep, he went down into the rotunda of the hotel and tried to read, but could not, he felt so anxious and excited. About two o'clock he suddenly felt relieved, went up to bed, and slept soundly until late in the morning. He thought nothing more of his night's experience except to consider it a very disagreeable dream. When he arrived home

* Dr. King writes: "While I have an opinion as to possible explanations of the laws that govern the above phenomena, I will simply state the facts, and leave the readers to form their own conclusions. The difference from an ordinary dream in Cases 1 and 2 will be apparent to every metaphysical student, especially so in Case 1. In Cases 3 and 4 students of modern intellectual philosophy will have but little difficulty in accounting for them theoretically. Will time enable us to understand them from a strictly scientific standpoint?"

several weeks after this, his wife said: "We came very near losing James one night while you were gone. He had the croup. From midnight until two o'clock we were very much alarmed about him. Once the doctor said that he thought that he was dying. At two o'clock he was relieved, and slept till morning. Aunt Mary and I were alone with him when he was taken sick. We immediately sent for Dr. Daniels; but as he was out of town, we had young Dr. Hitchcock. On inquiry it was found that this occurred on the very night, and, as near as could be ascertained, at the same hour that Mr. K. in New Orleans had the vivid realization of the events transpiring nearly one thousand miles from him. Mr. K. had never seen a child with the croup; but as James often had attacks of the disease afterwards, he found that the symptoms were just as they appeared to him in his dream.

Case 2.—In the summer of 1855 Mrs. John Telyea, then living in Wisconsin, dreamed that her niece Mary, who was attending school at Waukesha, sixteen miles distant, had met with a serious accident, the exact nature of which she could not recall when awake; but it so alarmed her that she told her husband the next morning that he must go immediately to Waukesha, as something terrible had happened to Mary. He tried to laugh her out of her fears; but when he found that she would go if he did not, he got into his buggy and started. He had gone but a short distance when he met a messenger from the school coming to tell him that late on the evening before Mary had fallen from a tree and broken her arm.

Case 3.—One Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1889, Mrs. K. said to her husband, "I don't know why it is, but all the afternoon I have been thinking of our old friend Emma Price of Natchez, Miss. We have not heard from her for several years. I believe that I will write to her." She did so. The letter was mailed that evening. It would reach Natchez on the next Tuesday. On Tuesday morning Mrs. K. received a letter from Emma Price dated Sunday afternoon, commencing, "My Dear Mrs. K., I don't know why it is, but I have been thinking of you all the afternoon and concluded that I would write to you. It has been several years since I have heard from you." Hence these two ladies, one in the far South, the other in Central Illinois, were thinking of each other, the writing in almost the same language, and evidently at the same moment.

Case 4.—My father, Mr. A. C. King of Le Roy, Ill., was very sick with *la grippe* in January of this year (1892). On the 20th I was sent for, and stayed with him several days until he was somewhat improved. I then returned to my home, Decatur, Ill., some fifty miles distant, telling my brother Edward to write me every day, and if necessary to telephone or telegraph me. For quite a while the letters came regularly, reporting everything favorable. Then they ceased. There had not been any letters for about a week, when, on the evening of the 15th of February I concluded that I would try the experiment of making Brother Edward write me, by writing to him, and then tearing up the letter—as suggested by Mark Twain in the December number of *Harper's Monthly*. I wrote the letter, commencing it, "Dear Brother Edward: I suppose that no news is good news, as if all were not well you would write." After I had written the letter I concluded that I would send it, as if the mind influence had acted upon Edward by my writing the letter, the sending thereof would not interfere with it. He would receive it the next day. At seven o'clock on the morning of February 16, I received a letter from Edward dated the 5th, saying, "Dear Brother James: I have not written you for several days, because I have had no bad news to report. Recollect no news will be good news." As near as we can learn, he wrote this letter at the same time that I was writing to him.

Is the fact that his thoughts, and even words, were the same as mine, a mere coincidence, or something more?

These are only a few of many interesting facts I might cite which have been given me by most thoughtful people. I very much regret that a great many of the most striking cases have been related under the seal of confidence, and of course I cannot give them. These cases, however, illustrate (1) the important fact that thoughtful people have entered upon this sphere of investigation in the proper spirit, and (2) that appearances along psychical lines are so frequent that meeting with an intelligent and sympathetic reception, they must necessarily result at an early date in leading us into a new world of knowledge. It is not for us to dogmatize at present. We are not prepared to state conclusions and seek to bend evidence to fit our theories. We are merely gathering evidence, knowing full well that when we obtain a sufficient volume of sifted facts the explanation will follow. But from the evidence already adduced I repeat my conviction that we are on the threshold of a new world of knowledge; and surely it is the duty of all disciples of truth to enter into an investigation, of whose vital importance we as yet only catch faint glimpses.

CHARACTER BUILDING THE NEXT STEP IN EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

ENDURING CIVILIZATION
DEMANDS MORE
THAN INTELLECTUAL
TRAINING.

The noblest of earth's saviours, prophets, poets, and philosophers of all ages have sung the true song of human redemption to ears so dulled by animality that they have heard not, or, if heard, have detected only the faint voicing of something to them too dream-like and ethereal to be of practical value. Gautama in India voiced this message of eternity — *the mastery of self and the living for others*; prosaic Confucius and metaphysical Lao-Tsze sought to impress it upon the brain of China; Zoroaster in Persia and Israel's prophets in Judea emphasized more or less clearly thoughts of a kindred nature: viz., that in a noble character we find the fountain-head of pure happiness; that, in living for others, we reach the highest altitudes of human endeavor, and that by our thoughts and deeds we build for the to-day and to-morrow of life, time and eternity. The same thought was expressed with greater or less power by the various schools of philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome, reaching the highest peaks of ethical thought in the sublime utterances of the Stoics. Among the latter class the slave Epictetus and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius most eloquently taught and lived the truth that character is the foundation upon which must rest the structure of human happiness. The great Galilean time and again recurred to this vital truth and called up various

imagery to emphasize it. He distinctly stated that those who carry His sign *are not lip servers*, but are those who give the cup of cold water, who seek the sick and sorrowing, who care for the widow and the orphan; in a word, those who in life persistently lose all thought of self in the thought of making the pathway of life brighter and adding to the progress and happiness of the children of men; they who are dominated by that all-absorbing love which is the divine lamp in the soul of man — the love which Tennyson described as "Smiting upon the harp of life until the chord of self, trembling, passed in music out of sight." The development of character which comprehends soul culture, in contradistinction to mere intellectual training, is the one lesson which *the highest inspiration of the ages* has endeavored to impress, but which man, blindly and dumbly, has refused to learn, seeking, ever vainly seeking, happiness through brute force or physical might; through wealth, through intellectual channels, and through religious ascetism.

To-day education in its popular sense is more diffused than ever before; but restless discontent has seldom been more marked, and this unhappiness runs through every strata of the social life. *Intellectual education has not given us happiness*, and it may be broadly stated that no schooling can give us contentment which does not develop and round out character. No education which fails to emphasize the highest ideals of freedom, justice, moral responsibility, integrity, candor, and love can make a happy man or woman, because the higher attributes of being have not been developed. The keys which give forth divine melody remain untouched. At first thought it seems incredible that in the resplendent blaze of intellectualism and scientific progress which have marked the nineteenth century, ethical culture or character building should have been so generally ignored in popular education. The reason for this condition, however, readily becomes apparent when we consider the state of society which immediately preceded the present age. At that period the Dark Ages had just begun to fade before the rise of free thought and intellectual emancipation which came with the Reformation and was reinforced by such champions of intellectual freedom as Voltaire and other philosophers who flourished in the closing years of the reign of Louis XV., and which made the rise of modern science possible. For

WHY ETHICAL
TRAINING HAS BEEN
SO LONG IGNORED.

ages prior to this epoch the people had been taught that *theology and ethics were one and inseparable*; that there could be no character building worthy of the name which proceeded not from the theological fountains; that the church alone was competent to instruct youth in ethics; that the true faith was the only fountain-head from which high morals could flow. What the *true faith* was depended

largely upon locality. It was chiefly a question of geography. Under the flag of the Crescent it was Mohammedanism; in Italy and Spain it was Roman Catholicism; in Geneva it was Calvinism; in England it was Episcopalianism; in Massachusetts it was Puritanism. Now it was found that in each instance the "*true faith*," (?) when sufficiently powerful, trampled upon liberty and human rights, even when it did not become as corrupt as was the Church during the height of her power before the Reformation. It frequently evinced a spirit of persecution which was destructive to true growth and real progress. It was noted that those in Mohammedan lands who refused to accept what was considered by the *majority* the "*true faith*" were put to the sword. In Italy Bruno was burned and Galileo was imprisoned. In Spain the Holy (?) Inquisition exhausted human ingenuity in methods of torture in the name of religion, and sent the knife to the heart of national prosperity by slaying progress and exiling free thought. In Geneva Calvin compassed the death of Servetus. In England King Henry the VIII. and succeeding sovereigns burned noble and conscientious men and women who could not accept the state religion. In Massachusetts innocent people charged with witchcraft were hanged, Roger Williams was banished, and many other outrages were enacted in the name of religion. Now, with all these facts before the newly awakened popular mind and with the knowledge that "*true religion*" in one land was heresy in another, and that in all cases the so-called true religion had, under favoring circumstances, persecuted, the people very properly recoiled from encouraging any power which might prove an engine for the destruction of the noblest souls of the age, while the popular conception, entertained for ages, that theology and ethics were inseparable, still held the popular mind in thrall. Hence the people shrank from introducing aught beyond intellectual training into general education, lest persecution might follow in its wake. We had too lately come from the horrors of the Dark Ages to fail to recognize the danger of permitting the camel's head of dogmatic theology within the temple of popular learning, and thus by general consent moral training was left chiefly for the home and church. The home depended on the school and the church to make manhood and womanhood out of youth, and the church forgot the highest and holiest function of religion in a bitter, relentless, and persistent wrangle over dogmas and speculations. The atmosphere which should have been permeated with love, hope, and hospitality toward all truth and all life, was chilled with hate and partisan strife. The epistle of James, containing that wonderful summing up of true religion as consisting of visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and keeping one's self pure and unspotted from the

world, was declared by the father of the Reformation to be an *epistle of straw*, and thus the battle of creeds has raged while the spirit of pure religion and the eternal basic truth languished. As a result we find to-day a civilization, jewelled with magnificent cathedrals, whose multitudinous heaven-piercing spires tell of schisms, hate, and strife — a civilization rich in startling contrasts. On the one hand thousands revelling in untold riches, and by this acquired wealth guiding public opinion and shaping laws to their advantage; thousands ensconced in luxury, so morally anæsthetized that they hear not the cry of the multitudes in fireless attics and gloomy cellars. On the other hand are hundreds of thousands savagely struggling to maintain a footing on this planet. And between these extremes we find millions on millions battling with the ferocity of wild beasts for the comforts of life and the intellectual food which blossoms from thousands of presses. These who constitute the middle classes are no more content than the thousands above or the multitude below, for they are possessed with a vague hunger, an ill-defined longing, a soul-thirst for the presence of nobler ideals, for higher life, for truer manhood. O poor, struggling humanity! soul-blinded by false education and yet sensing the nearness of truth, whose apprehension would strike from your eyes the scales! Most pitiful is your condition, for you have caught a haunting glimpse of a higher life; you can no longer rest content in the valley of sensuous existence, and yet you are not ready to come up higher, or perchance amid the babel of voices you fail to hear the note of everlasting truth which bears with it the music of eternity, and which says to the millionnaires, the middlemen, and the child of adversity: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." And again,

"Oh, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother,
Where pity dwells the love of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer."

Our present civilization, with its effeminacy and its moral rotteness, its wealth and its easy-going self-satisfaction, insists, with the same degree of assurance as Calonne exhibited, that "all is well." Our present civilization translates itself into five-million dollar cathedrals, which almost overshadow thousands of dens of squalor, where extreme poverty breeds vice and ruin. Said Dr. Rainsford of New York, recently, when noting one result of this deplorable social condition in our great metropolis:—

The children of the poor districts are almost condemned from their birth. All that is pure and chaste and pretty is rubbed away by the horrible pressure of tenement-house existence. Wild boys have a following of other boys whom they lead. Wild girls lead other girls into

wildness. They have a precocity that is astounding, and must inevitably produce evil results. Nevertheless the Christian community has gone on and smiled, and left it there.

Now, what we need to-day, nay, what must come if our civilization is to escape the wreck of every intellectual civilization which has preceded it, is the introduction of a broad, comprehensive system of ethics which, beginning at the kindergarten, shall extend through the university, shaping or moulding character along the highest moral lines; an education in which purity of thought will be so impressed that sensualism will become as repulsive to the moral vision as a loathsome sore is repellent to the eye. The child must be taught to abhor impurity; taught that the body is the temple of the soul; a place sacred to that which is pure, fragrant, uplifting, and ennobling. It is absurd to claim, as some theorists argue, that the moral faculties cannot be developed by proper education. The development of courage among the Spartans by a thorough system of education, from the time the child began to note objects till he was ready to enter the army, produced the most intrepid people of ancient times. The Spartan children, we are told, soon learned to loathe a coward. The daily press bears eloquent testimony to the susceptibility of the child brain to impressions by education in the frequently recurring announcements of youthful desperadoes, child robbers and runaways, who have set out determined to become highwaymen. In a large number of cases, the reports indicate that these children's home influences have been at least negatively good, but that they have imbibed dime-novel literature until the plastic brains have been shaped after the fashion of the vicious heroes depicted. Indeed, to all observant investigators, no fact connected with childhood is more manifest than the pliability of the child-mind. When there are no home or other influences acting to counteract the effect, the child brain yields to moral or immoral instruction as the clay in the hands of the sculptor.

Another objection urged against attempts to secure ethical culture is the claim that it is impossible to separate dogmatic theology from ethics, and yet nothing is more easily disproved; indeed, were it not that this thought clings to the human mind like all heirlooms of accumulated ages, it would have no force with a thinking person to-day; but space prevents me from discussing at length this phase of the question. I will, however, give the views of Mr. W. S. Lilly, an eminent Roman Catholic essayist, reinforced by a quotation from Suarez, another most distinguished Roman authority. I do this because the Catholic Church is regarded as asserting most persistently that ethics cannot be divorced from theology. Says Mr. W. S. Lilly: — *

* "Ethics of Marriage," *Forum*, January, 1890.

The ethics of Christianity are not, as Mr. John Morley somewhere calls them, "a mere appendage to a set of theological mysteries." They are independent of those mysteries, and would subsist to all eternity though Christianity and all other religions were swept into oblivion. The moral law is ascertained, not from the announcements of prophets, apostles, evangelists, but from a natural and permanent revelation of the reason. "Natural reason," says Suarez, in his great treatise, "*De Legibus*," "indicates what is in itself good or bad for men"; or, as elsewhere in the same work, he expresses it: "Natural reason indicates what is good or bad for a rational creature." The great fundamental truths of ethics are necessary, like the great fundamental truths of mathematics. *They do not proceed from the arbitrary will of God. They are unchangeable, even by the fiat of the Omnipotent.* The moral precepts of Christianity do not derive their validity from the Christian religion. They are not a corollary from its theological creed. It is a mere matter of fact, patent to every one who will look into his Bible, that Jesus Christ and his apostles left no code of ethics. The gospels and epistles do not yield even the elements of such a code. Certain it is that when, in the expanding Christian society, the need arose for an ethical synthesis, recourse was had to the inexhaustible fountains of wisdom opened by the Hellenic mind; to those —

"Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools,
Of academics, old and new; with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe."

The clearness, the precision of psychological analysis, which distinguish the ethics of the Catholic schools are due more to Aristotle and Plato, than to Hebrew prophets or Christian apostles.

So much for eminent Roman Catholic authority upon the claim that ethics cannot be taught apart from dogmatic theology. History and example prove nothing more clearly than that the plastic brain of childhood readily yields to impressions for good or evil, which stamp life throughout all after years; while as we have already seen, some of the most eminent authorities in the Roman Church bear witness to what all unbiased minds who have thought deeply and read much have long held; namely, that ethics are not dependent on theology. Do not understand me as assailing any church or creed: I only maintain that popular education can and should develop character instead of bestowing mere intellectual training on the one hand or inculcating the dogmas of any special religion on the other. The education of the future must be based on character development. It must centre all the energies on making a broad, liberal, tolerant, justice-loving, pure, and inherently honest manhood and womanhood. Intellectual training, industrial and physical development will fit in the perfect educational arch, but *ethical culture must be the foundation* upon which an enduring civilization is built. We must bring forth a new manhood and womanhood in which the most divine thoughts which have emanated from the noblest of earth's prophets, seers, and poets will exert an all-controlling influence. Could we have such teaching for a few generations,

we would have a transformed civilization ; for instead of the few chosen souls, the multitude would walk upon the royal road of light,— the luminous pathway of true spirituality. The millions would learn the mysteries of the ages which reveal true happiness because the higher faculties would have been from infancy developed. The windows of the soul, which look toward the throne of life, would no longer be darkened, and humanity by seeing this higher light would be lifted from a plane where selfishness and cunning, sensualism, and the supremacy of animal instincts exert a major influence to an altitude over which the spiritual would transcend baser and brutal impulses; an altitude where good would overcome evil as naturally as sunshine overpowers or dispels darkness; an altitude where the million might gain the vantage-ground from which the luminous few of all ages have voiced divine truth; where the ideal which haunts the soul of every noble life could be realized.

WHAT OF THE
FUTURE OF
OUR RACE?

I believe that humanity will some day reach this altitude. The persistency exhibited by the divine ideal of love, justice, and fraternity in the hearts of men foreshadows the ultimate realization of the age-long dream. The trend of life is toward this goal, and it is the only justification for creation. But whether it shall come in the near future or whether successive nights and cloud-canopied days are to intervene, depends largely upon the present generation. The human mind to-day is in a wonderfully receptive state. If those who have caught glimpses of the luminous dawn persist in teaching the truth; if they prove true to the highest impulses of their nature, the light that now streaks the east will not be overcast with clouds.

In saying this I am not unmindful of the giant wrongs of our time. I behold the possibilities of the morrow, while noting the outrages of the present. Nor would I minify the evils that are to be overcome, or exalt our present-day civilization beyond its merits. On the other hand I am every hour reminded of the herculean task before us. I see Christians in Tennessee persecuting Christians with the ferocity of wild beasts; and, like Paul of old, they imagine they are doing God's will.

I see the ideal of manhood and happiness in the minds of our university young men so low that hundreds from our most orthodox and conservative universities imagine they commit no great moral crime when they debase the divine within them by nights of bacchanalian revelry which recalls Greece in her most voluptuous era. I see millionnaires who desire the practical subjugation of the workman, complacently witnessing the starvation and untold misery of those who have angered them by showing resistance to their autocratic wishes. I noticed with aching heart that Thanks-

giving at Homestead, Penn., the past year was a grim mockery. I witnessed through the eyes of one who was on the scene the heart-rending picture of this day of family reunions and rejoicings as it passed in the little Pennsylvania city. There it was observed that scarcely any one answered the call of the church bells. The half-starved victims of man's cupidity declared that they had nothing to be thankful for; that instead of turkey they had hunger. Indeed, the terrible description as given by a writer in a great New York daily belongs here, as revealing a glimpse of the shadows which surround us while we seek to weigh the good and evil of to-day and note the prospects of the future. Said this metropolitan journal:—

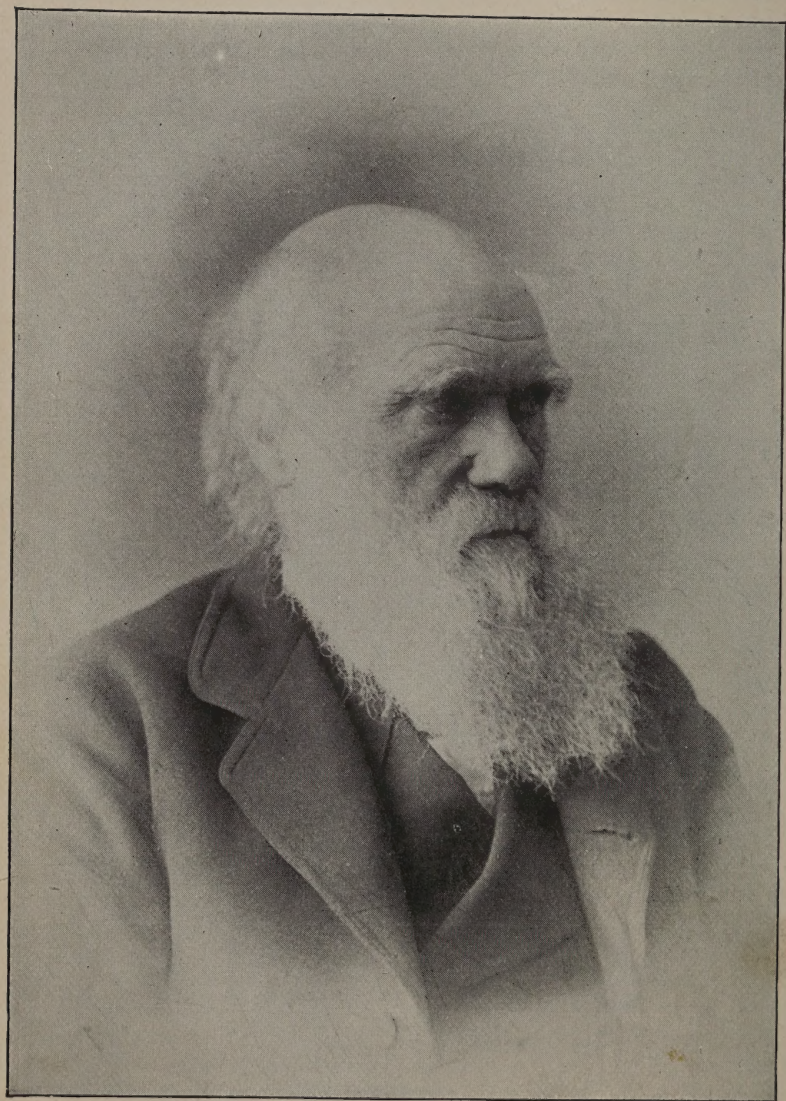
While the majority of the citizens of the United States were sitting round glowing fires, the Homesteaders were suffering for the want of fires.

One of the saddest sights was witnessed in a vacant lot on Fourth avenue. Around a slow fire of driftwood dragged from the river were a score of ill-clad children trying to keep warm. They were roasting potatoes, and, as one of them put it, "playing Thanksgiving." They said they had no turkey at their homes, and were glad to get even potatoes. Long before the vegetables were cooked the children fought for and devoured them. They were the children of the strikers living on Shanty Hill.

In addition to not having enough to eat, the people are poorly clad. Unless they secure better clothing many will contract diseases this winter which will soon result in their deaths. J. W. Grimes, who lives on Shanty Hill, came to the door, in response to a rap, in a pair of rubber shoes tied to his feet with strings. He said they had been thrown away by another striker. In the absence of something better Grimes sewed them together the best he could. Mrs. Grimes is sick unto death through trying to support the family by washing while her husband was on strike. Mr. Grimes was busy at the washtub to-day. As he slopped the water over on the floor, he said he had no cause to give thanks to anybody.

William Harkins' family is also on the verge of starvation. Patrick Sweeney slammed the door when asked what he had to give thanks for. William Davis, of Fourteenth Street, said if this was Thanksgiving he did not want to see another like it.

Moreover, I see in all directions the merciless tread of the beast over the finest and fairest flowers of life, and yet over and above this turbid sea of passion and brutality I can see an unmistakable gleam of the coming day. I believe most profoundly that the time *will come* which shall witness, as Victor Hugo puts it, "The end of prostitution for woman, the end of starvation for man; the end of night for the child, the age of brotherhood, concord, and dawn." But this can only come after successive generations, in which the highest elements in man's nature have been rounded and developed by a rational system of ethical culture — by character building which shall comprehend in their broadest significance Liberty, Justice, and Fraternity.



Ch. Darwin

THE ARENA.

No. XXXIX.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN JAPAN.

BY KINZA M. HIRAI.

JAPAN, which was a mysterious land to the Western nations until about half a century ago, has now come to be better known by the world. In America and Europe there are many books and journals concerning it, while occasionally lecturers discuss the Oriental Empire. Through these instrumentalities it is introduced to the Occidental civilization day by day. To the writers and lecturers who take this trouble of mediatorship between both nations, we, the Japanese, are very grateful; but I am sorry to say that unfortunately our customs and ideas, especially the religious ones, are greatly misrepresented in these writings and lectures. The incomplete acquirement of the English language by my countrymen; careless judgment or assumption relating to Japanese thought and customs by travellers; religious or non-religious bias; some habit or prejudice on the side of the interpreter who introduces the West to the East; a similar defect on the part of the flitting traveller, whose limited knowledge of Japan is obtained by some particular isolated experience;—these are the common sources of various mistakes, and mostly belong to external conditions. Besides these, there is, on the religious question, another great source of misunderstanding; it is of an internal and spiritual nature, deeply set and hidden below the surface, which originates from what is called the exoteric, as opposed to the esoteric view. Any presentation

of the religious thought of Japan must recognize one peculiarity of the people, which is not usually understood to exist, by travellers and writers from the Occident. Unintentionally, perhaps, misrepresentations are made by tourists and missionaries, who, seeing only the outward life of the people in their supposed worship, consider them ignorant, unthinking, and superstitious idolaters. Such a conception of the Japanese and their religion is very far from true. The peculiarity to which I have referred consists in the fact that more frequently than otherwise, the individual Japanese will be found to be a Buddhist, a Shintoist, a follower of Confucius, and possibly a warm admirer of Jesus. Any failure to understand this strange complexity of the Japanese mind is a failure to understand the religious thought of Japan. This outside or exoteric view of our religion, by the Western people, is the cause of our being called heathen; and this is one of the reasons why our rightful claim to revise the treaty, stipulated forty years ago between the Western powers and Japan on an unequal and disadvantageous footing, is still ignored. My main object in this essay is to explain the widely understood esoteric view of the Japanese people, that the world at large may comprehend them, and understand that they are not worshippers of idols.

As many Japanese worship before shrines, temples, and images, they are supposed by outsiders to be idolaters. The addresses (not prayers) commonly uttered when worshipping are not petitions for favors from the Almighty, and the true meaning of them is well understood even by the most vulgar and ignorant person.

First of all, the address of Shintō, "Harai tamai, kiyome tamai," meaning to clear away the impurity from the mind so that it may coincide with the truth, well shows the above fact. Next, in the shrine of Shinto, there is generally no image or idol, but a "Gohei" or "Nusa," a piece of regularly cut white paper, dependent on a wand as the figure. This is placed in the interior of the shrine, and represents the truth, the clean and uni-colored or non-colored paper, regularly cut, being the symbol of the purity and immutability of universal reason or truth; while the many turns or overlappings of the small pieces hanging down from the precedent



ones represent the perpetual changes and revolutions of the phenomena of the universe. The worshippers believe that in the shrine they can correct their immoral characters by comparing them with the criterion symbol of the truth. There is also a round mirror lifted before the sanctuary of the shrine, suggesting the idea that the worshippers must clear their minds, just as before the mirror they adjust their garments.

The Japanese word "Kami," now invariably used as meaning the same as the English word "God" by the Christian missionaries in Japan, contains no idea of the image or idol. This word is the abbreviation of the word "Kangami," which literally means to think and perceive the truth, which also originated the word "Kagami," mirror. In our mythology the word "Koto," prefixed with "Mi," the honorable, the original meaning of which was the lord or ruler, is used instead of the word "Kami" to represent the Supreme Being, and has the same Aryan origin as the English word "God," if I infer correctly from Webster's philological reference. He gives the word "God" as of the same origin as A-S., O. Sax. and D. *god*, Icel. *gudh*, *godh*, Sw. and Dan. *gud*, O. H. Ger. *got*, N. H. Ger. *gott*, Goth. *guth*, allied to Pers. *khoda*, Hind. *khuda*; and he says, "in Persian, *goda* or *khoda* signifies lord, master, prince or ruler." According to this the Japanese "Koto" must have been derived from the same Aryan stock from which — as I claim, and which I will some time treat as a special subject — the pure Japanese language originated. This change in the use of the word — that is, from Koto, used only for mythological deities, to the more philosophical word "Kami," — must have taken place in olden times; and the other facts explained above show that though the origin of Shinto was ancestor worship, that idea died long since, and the ethical and philosophical conception has developed and taken its place. In fact, we have many shrines or temples for apotheosized men as well as women, who did some great work for Japan or were worthy to be looked upon as models of morality; but they are the places where ethics are taught to the common people, and contain no other thing than *Nusa* or *Gohei* or some symbols of the truth.

Our idea of apotheosis, and the dedication of temples and shrines for the use of public teaching of morality, is generally to name after and commemorate some meritorious person. It

is akin to the American and European notion of naming universities, public buildings, and churches after distinguished individuals, and dedicating the buildings as monuments of their greatness.

I might explain in greater detail the Shinto religion; but I fear that it would weary the reader, so I will proceed to give an idea of the views of our people on Buddhism.

As this religion was introduced through China and Corea from India, it seems very reasonable to suppose that the Japanese have the same idea of it as the people of those countries. But really it is not so, for a subject is viewed according to the mental plane of the investigator, and the Japanese interpret in the Japanese way. At present there are a dozen sects of this religion in Japan, but they have one common vein of thought, the only difference being in the exoteric tenets and rituals.

Some Buddhist temples have images, while others have none, but they are not regarded as sacred. In the case where an image is used, it is important to understand the attitude of the worshipper toward it. Let me illustrate by the image Amidabutsu, which word is the Japanized form of the original Sanscrit or Pali. This literally means Buddh or Truth of an eternal life, but not Gautama. Here I am obliged to expound the meaning of the word "Buddh," for the Western nations understand it generally as Gautama himself. It has a triple meaning: First, truth or reason, or cause and effect; second, the human consciousness of it; third, the one who is conscious or has the potential consciousness of it.

This title of Buddha is applied to Gautama, but any person who understands universal reason is a Buddh. Again, not only the person who understands, but every human being in the world is a Buddha; for notwithstanding his unconsciousness of reason, he has its highest potency and is governed by it, the only difference being that the one understands well and the other does not. In the latter case, every kind of obstruction blinds him from seeing truth, while in the former, all circumstances are very favorable to his understanding. Again, not only man, but each lower animal is a Buddh, for he has the same potential consciousness of the highest reason, and acts or moves according to the same truth. I admit that the boundary of understanding is very limited in the latter case, and that those in the lowest class have only dim con-

sciousness in its embryotic state. Still again, each plant is a Buddh; for though it has not the same consciousness as the higher animal, yet it grows, reproduces, and decays according to the same natural reason which governs us, and it has the potential consciousness of this universal truth. Finally, each inorganic thing is Buddh; for though it is not conscious as higher organic beings are, yet it is equally governed by the same natural law or reason; and as not only the lower organic, but human beings are composed of the inorganic in good order, we must conclude that each inorganic thing has the potential power of the same consciousness which we have, because if it has no minimum of potential consciousness, the human being made out of these accumulated non-conscious elements cannot be conscious — no accumulation of zero can make one.

Thus far we understand that all the beings in the universe are Buddh; that is, actually or potentially conscious of universal reason or truth which governs them, which, having neither beginning nor end, is therefore eternal life. The image of Amida-butsu is only the symbol of this eternal universal truth.

This symbolization of truth must seem very ridiculous to those minds whose mental capacity is developed enough to comprehend it without a symbol; but if they think a moment, they will understand that no human intellect can master a complex idea without the aid of some temporal sign representing it. For instance, the mathematician cannot count nor measure anything unless he uses numerical figures. Suppose he wishes to estimate the distance in miles from the sun to the planet Neptune, he will adhere from first to last to the numerical and symbolical figures. Is it not strange, that though his final aim is to find the true distance and not the figures, yet the result gained, the mean distance from the sun in miles, is again represented by symbols, as 2,745,998,000; and again, if his problem is to find the weight of the earth, he will give the result in round numbers, as 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, which is only 1-300,000 part of the weight of the sun. No human conception, even that of the mathematician himself, can grasp such vast numbers, but beholds the series of the figures. The same may be said of the chemist. When a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen is exploded and entirely converted into water, he will write it

thus : $2H_2 + O_2 = 2OH_2$; and in the case of a more complex combination, he will rely more upon symbols. In all other branches of science the same use of symbols is necessary.

If the reader considers that these are comparatively simple scientific cases, which concern those men who are logical enough to understand natural reason better than the mass of the people, he will at once imagine with how much difficulty the most profound, complex, and generalized reason can be shown to those of inferior calibre without the means of symbolical representation.

It may be argued that reformed Christianity does not rely upon any idol or image. I know very well that no image made of material things is used by its teachers; but one day I heard a minister of the gospel say, "While you pray, you must remember that God is now coming to the next street." That this conception of God contradicts the idea of omnipresence, is evident; for if God is thought to be coming to the next street, He must be absent from every other place. Again, that this conception includes idolatry, will be understood by anybody. To be present at a certain limited place implies that He has limited shape and body, exactly as has the god of a picture or image; and truly in the mind of the worshipper a picture or image exists, which for practical purposes is not far removed from the material idol. This is a necessary result of mental process that truth must be symbolized, in order that the average mind may comprehend; but one of high intellect may understand and remember without any sign; to such a person the idol or image is unnecessary.

Thus far the notion of the image well corresponds with the address "Namu Amida Butsu," uttered by the common people of Japan, meaning to commit to the eternal truth.

In the temple, where no image is kept, an upright tablet with the inscription "Peace for Japan," or "Hail to the Emperor," is placed in the centre of the sanctuary, as in the Zen or Dhiana (meditation) sect; neither is there used in this sect any Buddhistic scripture, except for the sake of private study by individuals.

In the Nichiren sect a banner is hung or carried, on which are written the words "Namu Myohorengekyo," being a translation from the Sanscrit "Namo Saddharma Pundarikya Sutra," meaning to commit to the reason expounded in the

Pundarikya or lotus flower scripture, this being one of the highest doctrines taught by Gautama before his death.

Although in Japan there are two so-called religions, the Shinto and Buddhist, yet both are intimate and tolerant; and but very few people believe only one of them; generally a person believes both, at the same time accepting also the doctrine of Confucius.

From this fact it may be inferred that the Japanese people are not idolaters, but that they are truth seekers, from whatever kind of religion or doctrine. I maintain the opinion that if early Christianity, which was introduced into my country several hundred years ago, had not been the primordial cause of rebellion among the people, or at least if the early Christians had not combined with the revolters against the government, the Japanese people would not look upon this religion with the prejudice of hereditary horror, and it might now be tolerated and accepted equally with other beliefs.

Here let me take a cursory view of the systematic doctrine taught by Gautama. His teaching, which is a philosophy, but which after his death took the form of religion, consists of two general divisions: namely, Mahayana and Hinayana, or the great and the small vehicle. The former is abstract philosophical reason, and is not well apprehended, except by those whose mental capacity is highly developed; while the latter is the concrete form of ethics adapted to the mass of mankind who live on the lower plane of mentality. Both have the same aim: to attain Nirvana, which is interpreted by Western nations as the actual annihilation of human desire or passion; but this is a mistake.

Nirvana is nothing else than universal reason, and the misunderstanding comes from the literal or exoteric interpretation of its attributes. For instance, a stone is falling to the ground; as it moves towards the earth, the motion is that of the stone; but this phenomenon is governed by the law of the attraction of gravitation, which law has no motion in itself, but is changeless and eternal. Again, take another instance of the internal phenomenon of mind, say anger; this passion is an excited motion of mind, but it is manifested through the eternally unchangeable law, which has no motion nor passion.

Now Nirvana is this law; and though it is very calm and

dispassionate, yet no desire, no passion, no mental phenomenon can exist without this Nirvanic principle. To explain in another way, passion is itself Nirvana, and is calm and non-passionate; that is, the phenomenon of passion is very excitable, but the principle which governs this passion is not a passion. It is supposed from this idea that a suppression of sensation and desire is necessary; but that is a mistake; such a suppression could not benefit humanity. For suppose the actual annihilation of the passion is attained, a complete cessation of the sensitive organs, with inaction of the mental process, will be the result. There will then be no feeling, no intellect, no will; man would be like a statue in stone, inferior to the earthworm. It is not the aim of philosophers, including Gautama, to make human beings idiotic or senseless, but to teach them the unchangeable principle which may be utilized and deduced for the changeable daily life of human society. Those lofty minds who understand higher, abstract truth are very calm, but also free and active. They need no special law made for them, for they can formulate their own rule of action at any time or at any occasion. But those not elevated upon this plane must be governed by certain temporal laws, especially made for them.

Moral codes, as well as all other laws made by man, are the same as Hinayana Nirvana. These codes have no fixed form, but vary according to the people and their environments. At one time the law will command that certain desires and passions be suppressed, if the tendency of the people is selfish; while again a timid race are ordered to indulge in natural propensities which a bolder people would be obliged to control. But it must be borne in mind that these changeable temporal laws are made variously, according to circumstances, with the measure of Mahayana Nirvana, the eternal and unchangeable principle.

It is very unwise to judge or study the Buddhist doctrine from those temporal codes or ethics, made for ages long past, when Gautama lived, at the same time neglecting his pure philosophical principles, which will (if his system is not sophistry) be unchangeable through eternity. The nineteenth century is far different from his age; we ought not to obey his ethical doctrine as a whole. Drive away Gautama from the brain, and strive to understand universal truth, which was his desire. He does not claim that his

doctrine alone is truth, but any theory which even opposes his own is claimed as Buddhism, because each person has a different mental sphere, and his every notion is truth well grasped by him. The word "Buddhism," meaning understanding, applies to any religion or philosophy by which one gets a comprehension of some truth; or as Christ appealed to the understanding, Christianity, properly understood, may be the name of any belief which conveys some truth to the believer.

Some may argue that, if my conception of Shintoism and Buddhism is correct, these doctrines are atheistic, and will never coincide with Christianity, which teaches God. But the word "atheistic" means something or nothing, according to the conception of God. As I said before, if God can be personalized into the form of man, image, or picture, I am constrained to say that the existence of such a being is denied by Buddhists and Shintoists. But God is not limited; and if I am right, He is spirit, or the real essence of universal reason, the connecting link between cause and effect — truth is God. According to this conception the word "atheist" does not mean anything, for no one can deny the existence of truth, and those who call themselves atheists are true theists.

Another objection to be expected is that God existed before this truth or reason, which was made by Him; but that this implies contradiction is clearly shown. First think what the expression "to make" means. It is to create something. But how is it created? It is created by some existing reason or truth; that is, "to make" is itself a reason, therefore to make a reason means to create a reason by an already existing reason, and the reason made by God is superfluous, which implies uselessness of God — an awful blasphemy! If God is spirit or truth, then, as I said before, there is no difference between Christianity and Buddhism.

Not only by this parallel, but from the general point of view, all so-called religions of the world may be synthetized; and again not only the religions, but all sciences and philosophies. The present conflict in the religious arena is purely about exoteric questions; and when the true definition of religion is settled, the existing opposition will subside. Although one person believes in an imaginary God, or deified idol, and another in natural reason, the true nature of either of these is a mystery, and can never be understood by any logical method. It is accepted as such, without being com-

prehended; that is, *a priori* belief in an unknown entity — "Entitism," if I may use the term, which no science and philosophy can conquer, for it is the starting point of all science and religion. This entitism I call synthetic religion, in which I include all religions, sciences, philosophies.

This synthetic idea has been understood in Japan for centuries, as the historical facts show. When Buddhism was first introduced into Japan, 552 A. D., the Imperial Prince, known as Shootoku Taishi, was the ardent adherent of this religion, and by his influence it rapidly advanced; but this prince was not a limited Buddhist, for he encouraged Shintoism at the same time, and the first compilation of our mythology was accomplished by him.

In the ninth century Kooboo Daishi (born 774 and died 835 A. D.), the founder of the Shingon sect, achieved the reconciliation of Shinto and Buddhistic religions; and many famous Shinto temples were presided over by Buddhist priests, until about twenty years ago, when both were separated. After him there were numerous teachers and priests who taught this same idea.

Finally, about one hundred and fifty years ago, a layman named Baigan Ishida established his Casuistry (Shingaku) on Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, which were then the only doctrines extant in Japan. He taught the common people the uniformity of these different doctrines in plain words, and was very popular on account of his broad idea. It was the time when the feudal system was in its glorious height; and the feudal lords, having nothing more to fight for, became anxious to improve their minds and develop thought. Baigan Ishida was received by them, their families and subjects with delight. After his death his followers continued to promulgate his teachings all over Japan.

The Japanese people of to-day understand this synthetic idea more or less, and conceive of the numerous teachings in the world as the various views of one and the same truth from the different points of the situation, as the following verses commonly quoted by them indicate: —

"Wake noboru
Fumoto no michi wa
Ooke redo,
Onaji takane no
Tsuki wo miru kana,"

Which translated means, Though there are many roads at the foot of the mountain, yet if the top is reached the same moon is seen.

“ Ame arare
Yuki ya koori to
Hedatsu redo,
Otsu reba onaji
Tani gawa no midsu; ”

This means, Rain, hail, snow, ice, each differs from the other, but falling, it is water in the same stream.

Religious antagonists, who insist upon their own truths and oppose others, may be compared to persons who, viewing a circular flat substance from different situations, pronounce it round or oval or even straight, according to the point of view. Each conception is correct, and to recognize that fact is synthetical, the complete understanding, the attainment of Nirvana, which we call Satori or Hotoke in Japanese.

In the modern progress of the human mind, those different schools of science and philosophy which used to dispute with one another, are now tending to decrease their heedless valor and opposition, and are striving to cancel their sectarian differences, and to take up the common points in which they coincide. Religion, formerly the most intolerant of them all, shows the same tendency. The most prominent proof of this is the Religious Parliament, which will convene at the Chicago World's Fair next year, when the representatives from all the historical religions in the world will assemble and sit in intimate consultation without any distinction or opposition. The time is not far distant when Syntheticism or Japanism is to be realized. Already we behold the rosy glow of the morning of the new era; and as the glorious sun of truth advances in his march toward the zenith of blue heaven, and high noon approaches, all mankind, basking in his warmth, shall be strengthened and renewed,

THE NEW EDUCATION AND CHARACTER BUILDING.

BY PROFESSOR JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M.D.

THE vast superiority of exercise of the intellect upon things, over its exercise upon printed words, is familiar to all who know anything of manual training, drawing, gymnastics, and practical work in botany, geology, and chemistry. The very methods which thus give the intellect its most vigorous culture cultivate simultaneously the higher principles and the practical energies.*

The great improvement in intellectual power when it is combined with industrial training was forcibly shown in a report made by Dr. Chadwick to the British Association.

In one large establishment containing some six hundred children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation were gained for the girls before any were obtained for the boys. The girls were therefore put upon half-time tuitions; that is, their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours a week, given on three alternate days of their industrial occupation, the boys remaining at full schooltime of thirty-six hours per week, the teaching being the same system, as well as teachers, also the same attendance in weeks and years. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspectors at finding how much

* The contrast with this, the old ultra-verbal and ultra-scholastic method (though it may not have paralyzed natural genius, for there are men who rise above and beyond colleges), has uniformly failed to evolve originality and depth of thought of which each individual may be capable. Even such a school as West Point, which might be supposed least liable to the enfeebling effect of the verbal method, has not escaped it. The shrewd General Butler says that "Grant evidently did not get enough of West Point to hurt him. The less of West Point a man has the more successful he will be. All of the very successful generals of our war stood near the lower end of their classes at West Point. As examples take Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman. All the graduates in the higher ranks in their classes never came to anything as leaders of armies in the war." The success of Grant had nothing to do with a college. It was due to that wonderful power of intuition, ever ready both in battle and in council, which has so often led men to a success that no one expected, and which is continually leading those almost uneducated to eminent success in every walk of life. In Germany and Austria, which are the very den of ultra-scholasticism, it is refreshing to hear of a glimpse of common sense from the Archduke Johann Salvator, who a few years since addressed an audience of over thirteen hundred army officers and guests at Vienna, making a protest against the overdrill which makes the soldier an idiotic machine. He maintained that we should educate the soldier, elevate his moral faculties, and "abolish the worship of mere forms which turns an army into a collection of hypocrites, who simulate obedience, and whose will is broken artificially until they are unfit for judgment in case of need." The idiotizing tyranny of the army drill is the same in spirit with that which has ruled the college for a thousand years, and made its pupils the resolute antagonists of progress.

more mentally alert and in advance in book attainments the girls were than the boys. Subsequently, industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours weekly; and after a while the boys were proved, upon examination, to have obtained their previous relative position, which was in advance of the girls.

But while industrial culture, in mechanical art and the natural sciences, produces a strong intelligence and a solid character, we need something more to develop the generous, sympathetic, loving, religious, and refined elements of character, which elevate human life toward the heavenly plane, abolishing its inharmonies and miseries, and which at the same time give an expansion, a brilliancy, and a richness to the intellect which nothing else can supply, and for the lack of which much of our literature is intolerably dry. It is an illustrative fact that at the Seguin school for feeble-minded children the chief reliance for their restoration was upon their kind, loving sentiments. The mind is made clear by these, as it is clouded by their opposites.

To accomplish this we must adopt a principle which I have presented as a discovery in psychology, which has not been known or understood as a psychological fact, and to which my repeated publication has not yet called sufficient attention to introduce a revolutionary change in educational methods. The principle is that the eye, being our most intellectual organ, acts chiefly upon the intellect, and only through that reaches the effective elements of character; but the ear has its association in the brain with the region of feeling (which has been physiologically demonstrated), and through that reaches all the elements of character. The vibration of sound, slower than that of light, reaches effectively the stronger and slower regions of the brain (of coarser texture) in which the feelings, volitions, and passions reside; while the infinitesimal delicacy and rapidity of the impressions of light, which act upon the optic nerve and idea-producing regions of the front lobe, adapt it to the wonderful rapidity and delicacy of the intellectual faculties, but unfit it for moving the slower elements of character. Thought detracts from the energies which produce action, and, if excessively cultivated, produces a tranquil, feeble, passionless character. The bookworm is a feeble personage in practical life.

On the other hand, sound acts upon the brain so as to assume the empire of all the feelings and impulses. Every

tone of the voice produces a response in our feelings, every note in music strikes upon some element of our feelings, and the happy combination of the notes produces an exhilaration of all our faculties. The hilarity of the dance, the solemnity of religion, and the pathos of tender sentiment are all at the command of the musical composer. There is a charm in true music, a power over all our sentiments which nothing else possesses. We remember it with delight.

“And I look with eyes that know naught of tears
Back through the curtain of gathered years,
And hear again the same old tunes
That made Decembers eternal Junes.”

There is a scientific relation between each tone of voice, and note in music, and the faculty of the soul (with the organ in the brain), to which it is related, and which responds as a vibrant wire responds to its appropriate note; and I would undertake, if there were reason for such a specification, to designate each special convolution or group of convolutions which responds to a given note. That the response occurs, we all know and vividly feel, and any analysis of the brain would give me its *modus operandi*. The larynx is near the *medulla oblongata*, our great vital centre, and the vibrations of the vocal chords continually resound through the brain, compelling a corresponding action.

Every variation of our emotions changes the tone of the voice, producing a tone which calls out the same emotion in another; for the tone and the emotion, or impulse, are inseparable, and by adopting any tone we call out the corresponding emotion in ourselves. The actor thus realizes the feeling which he expresses with his voice, whether of sympathy or of defiance. We can bring ourselves into any mood we please, or cultivate the coarse and angry passions by assuming their expression.

If, then, vocal expression commands the entire character, why should it not be used to cultivate and develop any element of character that we desire? Instead of merely repressing the coarse and turbulent expression of debasing passions, we should continually use this power to develop the highest elements of humanity.

We have heretofore had only mental culture by the visual method; the optic nerve has had the absolute supremacy. But if we aim to cultivate character as well as intellect, it must be

by vocal and aural methods. By the voice and ear alone can we expect to elevate mankind rapidly to a higher social condition, to change the selfish, unsocial, discordant life, continually sinking into crime and despair, into a life of social harmony, stability, kindness, and incorruptible virtue.

Patiently waiting for the evolution of truth and emancipation of mankind from the thralldom of habit, after half a century's delay, I find the substantial value of industrial education to supply the signal deficiency of the old system beginning to be recognized; but it will require another half-century to introduce the conception that *the ear is at least as important as the eye and the hand*, and must be the *chief agent* in achieving the introduction of mankind to life upon a higher plane than has ever yet been attainable. Reason alone, or even demonstration alone, is feeble and slow in changing established habits.

Neither by the eye of intellectual, nor by the hand of industrial education, can we generate the sentiments of heroism, fortitude, justice, sublimity, religion, faith, hope, enthusiasm, love, generosity, benevolence, refinement, spirituality, grace, joy, gayety, versatility, sympathy, and friendship, which we may readily call into action by the vocal method, in which the trained voice inspires its utterer to the highest pitch, and diffuses the same inspiration among all who hear it.

The church has conquered the world far more by its songs and music than by all other agencies. It is these which make the life of a religious revival; for it is these that inspire the highest sentiments, and without that inspiration, religion becomes a cold, formal, perfunctory ceremony and expression of no practical value. How much of our social joys and virtues is due to sentimental songs like "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bonnie Doon," and the inspiring music of the dance! How much of the soldier's patriotic courage is due to the inspiration of martial music, which vibrates in accordance with the laws of intense heroic muscular action, and gives power to the soldier "as his springing steps advance"!

The voice of the orator is a commanding power only when his own soul is strong enough to give it the tones that move other men's souls. Eloquence will always sway the multitude, either of high or low degree, but eloquence lies in its tones rather than words. The sermons with which

Whitfield electrified and fascinated his hearers would be pronounced dull, uninteresting, and tiresome if delivered by a feeble, spiritless voice.

If we analyze an eloquent passage, we will find that the eloquence lies entirely in the words which present expressive and influential tones. The consonants contribute little to the effect, for they are intellectual and forcible expressions, while every vowel is a channel of the emotional nature, through which our impulses are roused.

The eloquent speaker puts all the power of his soul into his vowel tones, and calls forth the same power in his hearer; but the vital action is greater in the speaker than the listener. Hence an efficient educational method must not only use the voice of the teacher as the power to blend intellectual conceptions with vital forces, cultivating character as much as intellect, but must use the voice of the pupil, because that will more thoroughly vitalize him and cultivate every element of his character than anything to which he may listen; and the voices of many pupils combined become a great power for emotional culture. All the depth of religious feeling, all the energy of patriotic courage, all the tearful tenderness of sympathy, all the vivacity of sportive joy and humor, are thus under control, and whatever sentiment we wish to cultivate may thus be cultivated every hour in the day, until in the end it becomes a controlling element of character, and the entire whole has been moulded into our ideal of moral development; while our pupils have grown happy, sympathetic, and courteous, and all necessity for magisterial authority and censure or punishment has ceased, since the cultured amiability has extinguished every disorderly impulse.* That result was attained at Hofburgh, without even using the full vocal method.

This is not mere theory. It is the sinew of the soul and brain, verified by the experience of the school — its developed harmony, obedience, kindness, and refinement in the schools to

* Whatever is kept habitually before the youthful mind is sure to appear in the character and conduct. The harmony and enthusiasm of song will become an habitual mood. The scolding voice and merciless rod of old-time teachers of our own race, and the terrific floggings of ancient Roman pedagogues were wrought into the natural character. The lawless adventures depicted in dime novels have often stimulated boys to start out with knife and pistol for robbery. The horrid wars of history have filled youthful minds with military ambition. The most revolting example of this pernicious teaching, which has passed unrebuked, was a *duel with bowie knives*, exhibited with great applause by two actors in Kansas City. At Milwaukee, after a Jesse James' dramatic combination had performed, boys of good family were engaged in incendiary plots, and scores of boys were holding meetings and gathering pistols, knives, guns, disguises, and flashy literature to prepare for highway robbery.

which I have referred. It was by active occupation, music, and Christian love that Mr. Wiebern produced such wonderful results with the degraded children of Hamburg.

Horace Mann said of this school:—

Music is used as one of the most efficient instruments for softening stubborn wills and calling forth tender feelings, and its deprivation is one of the punishments for delinquency. The songs and hymns have been specially adapted to the circumstances and wants of the community, and it has often happened that the singing of an appropriate hymn . . . has awakened the first-born sacred feeling in obdurate and brutified hearts. Sometimes a voice would drop from the choir, and then weeping and sobbing would be heard instead. The children would say they could not sing; they must think of their past lives; of their brothers and sisters, or of their parents living in vice and misery at home. On several occasions the singing exercises had to be given up. Frequently the children were sent to the garden to recover themselves.

Music is the inspiration of the church, of the battle-field, of the lover, and of the solitary student. When Luther was fatigued by prolonged studies, he would take his flute or guitar, and play a lively piece in his garden, and find his mind refreshed. "Music," said Luther, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only thing which, like theology, can calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight." This happy influence of music makes it a most important though greatly neglected therapeutic agent; for that which powerfully affects the soul necessarily affects the body in a similar manner. His biographer says that David, the famous musical composer, when on earth, cured a man of fever, with the pianoforte, and when the fever was disposed to return, he readily drove it away in the same manner. In a hospital in Havana, a soldier named Martin was under treatment for catalepsy, but absolutely in vain, for fifteen months; but on the 8th of August, the doctors ordered a bagpipe played near his bed, and he recovered almost immediately. The medical profession has neglected this powerful agent; but in London a new musical society, the Guild of St. Cecilia, has been organized to apply music to the restoration of invalids and soothing their sufferings. A large number of distinguished people attended its opening, and manifested great interest. I venture to predict great results if the movement is pushed, and the record and reproduction of the music by the graphophone open great possibilities.

What a contrast is there between the ethical schools just

mentioned, in which music holds a conspicuous place, and the schools of barbarism, which have debased the moral nature of the people of this century! Carlyle had a melancholy experience with them, and perhaps much of his pessimistic harshness was due to his cold-blooded teaching. My exact contemporary, the author, Anthony Trollope, reveals in his "Autobiography" the character of English schools in his youth. "In all (says the *Journal of Education*) he spent twelve years at school, nine of them at two of the most famous aristocratic public schools in the kingdom. The record of his sufferings as a little boy, from the brutality of the older scholars, the boorishness of the masters, the crushing sense of poverty, and the contemptuous neglect of his high-born schoolmates later on; the unadulterated barbarism of the whole style of life as it went on around him, forms a picture even more significant than Dotheboys Hall of Dickens, because it represents the state of affairs, in the schools expressly established for the sons of gentlemen, taught by famous masters. One of Anthony's teachers became dean of Peterborough, and another Archbishop of Canterbury. At nineteen he left Hanover, and recalls the fact that for the whole "twelve years, no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages." He always knew his masters by their ferules, "and felt convinced he had been flogged oftener than any human being alive," often scourged five times a day. "From the first to the last, there was nothing satisfactory in my school career except the way in which I licked a boy, who had to be taken home to be cured." All this did not destroy his genius, but made him a wretched and vicious young man until elevated by a happy marriage and literary success. But think how the nations of this century have been brutalized by education and made incapable of living in peace with each other. All these brutalities are going out of fashion slowly, but they leave a negative and barren condition in their place.

These illustrations may not all be necessary to our intuitive mind; but the accumulation of demonstrations and their repetition from year to year, or even from century to century, is necessary when we demand a revolutionary change. It is true, as James Russell Lowell said, "that a reformer must make himself a bore for forty years before attaining practical

success." The idea of educating character and making noble specimens of manhood and womanhood has not yet received much hospitality. The Harvard idea of a university, as merely a place where everything may be learned, still dominates through civilization, and keeps that civilization upon a low plane. The last ideal statement of what the *higher education* should be, by President Timothy Dwight, in the *Forum* of May, makes it simply an improvement in *thinking*; but the essay gives no evidence that President Dwight understands the methods which would really produce broader, deeper, or higher thinking. He refers to nothing whatever but the very primitive, common course of intellectual education and the prior influence of home life, among well-educated people. His fourteen-page essay, presenting no new ideas, simply elaborates the value of an extensive collegiate education for both sexes, in which, of course, all college faculties agree with him — "simply that and nothing more."

Its value is not the value of true education, that develops men, but simply the value of that industrious schooling in old methods which has widely failed to produce broad, deep, and high thinking. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, speaking of a little girl brought to him as a patient, who had in her satchel books for ten different studies, said: "Grammar is the most ingenious device ever known for driving poor little brains into premature decrepitude." Older brains can endure more, but the stupidities of Aristotle's system of logic are quite successful in teaching young collegians how not to reason. We have never had a text-book of any value to illustrate reasoning. That is one of the things in which no college excels, though individual professors may display reasoning ability.

College-bred men do not excel, as a rule, in original thought and action or in lofty ideals. Conservatism is the pervading spirit of colleges, and is imparted to their pupils. I feel quite sure that the idea of a true education, the development of character, would not receive any better appreciation in colleges than among the millions who have never attended college. Books have been the world's nightmare, because they have perpetuated the ignorance and errors of the past. There are several hundred thousand volumes of mouldering ignorances that might furnish a most beneficent bonfire. But let them moulder. They will be buried very

deep under the mighty flood of modern literature. China is a good object lesson in purely text-book education carried to its maximum power; and Chinese music illustrates the value of their musical studies in sixty-nine text-books on music, and a musical cyclopedia five hundred and seventy-three years old.

High and broad thinking does not depend so much on college drill or books as on high and broad character — character that is not developed by college systems, but is developed by many of the situations and struggles of active life. The character training and emotional culture of the vocal system will produce high and broad thinking, because it broadens high and broad sentiments. Not only does it produce high and broad thought, it produces activity, brilliancy, and copiousness of thought. It was the intensity of feeling in Shakespeare and Byron that produced their mental brilliancy. How tame and spiritless is the conversation of many an over-taught youth, in comparison with that of a girl of the same age, whose faculties have been brightened by the emotional culture of society! I do hope that women will not be subjected to the old scholastic routine, to harden and degenerate their lovely natures, but that the colleges made fashionable by men will be elevated in their tone and their curriculum when women come in, so that they may come forth with their lovely attractiveness undiminished by the juggernaut crush of a system under which the brain of a nation is shrivelling for lack of proper development.

To return to our theme, song should be the leading feature of a school of character. *Not less* than four times a day should the influence of melody be invoked, to maintain a happy mood and a vivacious mind. Declamation should be a prominent exercise at least twice a day, and the pupil should be required to stand up and express himself in his own language, in his exercises. Pope and Racine prepared themselves for writing, by declamation. It is an admirable preparation for any intellectual or social effort. In many cases these exercises should be much more frequent, and the voice of the teacher should be the principal means of imparting knowledge.

Instrumental music may be occasionally used as an aid or accompaniment, but the great majority of professional music and professional singing is entirely foreign to a proper

educational influence, for it systematically ignores the soul and cultivates mere skilful mechanism, omitting, as far as possible, all that gives music its delightful ethical character and power to cultivate the sentiments. A great portion, even of the singing of our churches, is of a hard, mechanical, and soulless character, which deadens every noble sentiment and harmonizes best with the feelings of the Pharisee and the hypocrite. Such singing never animates a revival of religion. It is a soulless method propagated by parrot-like imitation* and unrebuked by a proper public taste, for the public taste has been degenerated by a false teaching in music—a system about as soulless and loveless as the common course of intellectual education.

The reader will please bear in mind that this brief statement of industrial and vocal methods of the *new education* is not a full exposition. There are many additional methods and additional details necessary in ethical education, which should appear in a systematic treatise, which I hope to offer twelve months hence; but the industrial and vocal methods are the *supreme necessity* of progress—aye, the supreme necessity for the world's salvation from its long, unending period of calamity. I do not underrate the various methods now urged by philanthropists, but they are all fragmentary, not even competent to *hold in check* the flood of evil that is overpowering civilized society; and Bishop Taylor has found in Africa that to conquer its barbarism the industrial method is indispensable.

But let us look away from present brutalities and social hells—from the howls of children confined and flogged for twenty centuries (It is only one hundred and thirty-seven

* A very sensible critic has illustrated these views in reference to a singing school as follows: "Some one at the piano struck the notes in regular succession in a cold, mechanical manner, and the group of little girls, in unison, jerked out the sounds in imitation of the harsh, metallic voice of the tinkling old piano. It was not children's voices which were heard, but the voice of the piano, parroted by the children. There was no musical feeling in the performance, which was repellent to good taste. Before these children can use their voices musically, and therefore naturally, they will have to unlearn all this sort of thing and begin afresh. This evil method is too frequently followed. Every human voice with any music in it—and what voice has not its appropriate position in the scale—has peculiar qualities, which, when truly developed, constitute the beauty of the voice. It is the soul speaking in musical language; and when the soul has been taught to utter its *own* speech, you have a touching and artistic performance, however faulty or simple it may be in some other respects; while much better natural voices, if twisted into imitation of something foreign to them, produce a conventional and superficial style, which has neither heart nor soul in it, however much artificial 'culture' it may exhibit." This suggestion of the effect of imitation on music is very important. We have splendid examples in birds taught by imitation. Mr. William Kidd describes a robin which astonished him by its splendid singing. He supposed it to be a remarkably superior nightingale, but found that it was a robin which had been brought up from infancy under a nightingale, and had learned to surpass its master in song.

years since flogging ceased at Harvard College, and we still hear occasionally of teachers prosecuted for cruel punishment of children), and from the feeble, sickly youth who have had no proper cultivation of either body or soul — to the era of the *new education*, when, in the school, animating and joyous song shall be heard every hour; eloquence shall flow free, natural, and unrestrained from the lips of boys and girls; sharp wits shall compete in grasping new thoughts and solving new problems; good humor in each shall contribute to the happiness of all, and give happiness to the much loved teacher, beloved as a parent, and a daily source of pleasure as they listen to his or her instructive voice; and when he or she has spoken as long as is agreeable to speaker and auditor, their roused ambition will express itself in ingenious constructions with tools, in skilful horticulture in the garden, in vigorous gymnastics, racing and leaping, in excursions to study natural history, and last, not least, in the stirring grace and animation of the dance, inspired by music and song and refined by all the graceful courtesies which flow with ease from animated and loving natures. They will run to their homes with a fresh joy and sweetness that will delight their parents and help to make life a pleasure and a success. To all thus blessed in education, the morning of life will open brightly, its noon will be still brighter, and its sunset will be crowned with a gleam of glory from Heaven. No matter how old they may be, "whom the gods love die young."

In these remarks I have said nothing of the vast power of the *new education* as a political factor, in changing our national destiny, averting civil war, reconciling capital and labor, and solving all the great social problems with which the public mind is struggling, utterly unconscious of their easiest solution and the shortest road to universal prosperity, which runs through the *new education*.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

BY DR. W. J. ROLFE.

IN my former article (p. 184, foot-note) I remarked that at the time of writing it I had seen only the first part (July) of Mr. Reed's "brief for the plaintiff"; and the editor of THE ARENA suggests that I now discuss any points in the later instalments of the "brief" which seem to require further comment. On a careful re-perusal of Mr. Reed's arguments, I see little or nothing that has not been ably and conclusively answered by Dr. Nicholson. I shall therefore confine myself to random notes on certain minor details in the "brief" which due attention to weightier matters compelled Dr. Nicholson to ignore. I may also be able here and there to add something in amplification and corroboration of his arguments.

1. In reply to Mr. Reed's argument (p. 280) that Stratford and the Avon are not mentioned in the plays, Dr. N. refers to sundry "clear indications of intimate knowledge of localities and names in the neighborhood of Stratford and the Avon," which are not, like St. Alban's, York Place, etc., introduced as matters of course; for instance, Arden, Barton-heath, and Wincot, and family names like Sly and Hacket. To these latter names might be added Bardolph, Fluellen, Peto, Curtis, Travers, Gower, Gregory, and others, all found in Stratford and its vicinity, and some of them peculiar to Warwickshire. Ford and Page are Stratford as well as Windsor names. Roland de Boys was the name of a family, now extinct, in Weston-in-Arden. Cotsall, or Cotsale, in the "Merry Wives" and "2 Henry IV.," is a corruption of Cotswold, the open downs in Gloucestershire near by. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (ii. 1. 150) Oberon's allusion to the "mermaid on a dolphin's back," etc., appears to

be a reminiscence of certain features of the Kenilworth pageant in 1575, which the young Shakespeare may have seen. We find also in the plays not a few allusions to characters in the Coventry Mysteries, of which he must often have heard, if he did not sometimes see them. On the other hand, there is no evidence that Bacon was ever in Warwickshire, or that he had any particular acquaintance with that part of the country.

2. Mr. Reed says (p. 280) that the editors of the folio refer to the "beauty and neatness" of the MSS. sent to the printer. As Dr. N. remarks, the handwriting could not have been Bacon's, for it would have betrayed his secret. Besides, as I have before explained (p. 178), some of these MSS. had been used in the theatre by the actors in learning their parts, and these could not have been from Bacon's own hand. Moreover, the only excuse we can imagine for many of the faults and defects in the folio is that these theatrical MSS. were so worn, torn, and dog's-eared that they were in places almost or quite illegible. Certain misprints and corruptions indicate that they were badly written; but the fact that "deformities of this kind are apt to be accumulated at one place, that there are, as it were, nests or eruptions of them," shows, as Mr. Craik says in his "English of Shakespeare," that "the MSS. had there got torn or soiled, or that the printer had been obliged to supply what was wanting in the best way he could, by his own invention or conjectural ingenuity."

But the editors of the folio do *not* "remark upon the beauty and neatness of the copy." Mr. Reed evidently bases this statement upon the following sentence in the preface: "His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." The context shows, as the sentence itself should to any intelligent reader, that the reference is not to chirography, but to composition. The former might be as bad as Rufus Choate's or Horace Greeley's, though the latter were so easy that the MS. had no blot due to alteration and revision. It is not likely, however, that these actors' copies were the author's first draft of his work.

If the MSS. had been Bacon's own, or such as he would have allowed to go to the printer, or if he had seen a proof

of the matter after it was in type, the typographical faults and defects of the folio would be equally inexplicable and inexcusable. As Mr. Craik says, these "can *only* be explained on the supposition that the compositor had been left to depend upon a MS. which was imperfect, or which could not be read"; and the errors are so frequent* and so gross that "it is impossible they could have been passed over, at any rate in such numbers, if the proof-sheets had undergone any systematic revision by a qualified person, however rapid."

The assertion of the folio editors that the plays previously printed by piratical publishers "are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he [the author] conceived them," was utterly false. "Absolute in their numbers!" Why, to quote Craik once more, "the most elementary proprieties of the metrical arrangement are violated in innumerable passages: in some places the verse is printed as plain prose; elsewhere prose is ignorantly and ludicrously exhibited in the guise of verse."

Mr. Reed (p. 285), in commenting upon the assertion of the folio editors just quoted, says: "Some of the finest passages given in the quartos are omitted in the folio, one particularly in 'Hamlet,' in which the genius of the author, as Swinburne asserts, 'soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth.' In 'King Lear,' also, but for the 'stolen copies,' the description of Cordelia's sorrow, together with the whole scene [iv. 3] containing it, would have been lost forever." How are these facts to be explained if Bacon was the editor of the volume, and had carefully revised the plays after having "retired to private life, in the plenitude of his powers" (p. 284) and with ample leisure for the task? What does Mr. Reed mean, on the next page (285), in referring to this work as done "under extraordinary mental distractions?" Will these "distractions" account for the manifold and amazing imperfections of the folio? If so, why do we find no trace of their influence in the other works brought out by Bacon in 1622 and 1623?

* In the *North British Review* for February, 1854, Mr. Craik shows that the number of readings in the folio which "must be admitted to be clearly wrong, or in the highest degree suspicious, probably amounts to not less than twenty on a page, or about twenty thousand in the whole volume."

Mr. Reed says (p. 285) that, in the dedication of the folio, the editors, "with singular, not to say suspicious, infelicity," describe the plays as "trifles." This affected modesty in dedications was simply a fashion of the time, as no one familiar with contemporaneous literature needs to be told.

3. Mr. Reed would have us believe (p. 286) that "Henry VIII." was written after the "great crisis" of Bacon's life in 1621. Referring to the play performed at the Globe Theatre on the night of the fire in 1613, he says that "we have no good reason to believe that it was the magnificent Shakespearean drama of 'Henry VIII.,' at least in the form in which it was printed in the folio ten years later." On the contrary, there is very good reason to believe that the play of 1613, described by Sir Henry Wotton as "All is True," but by Thomas Lorkin, in a letter written the day after the fire, as "the play of Hen=8," was Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."* Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Annales," also calls it "the play of Henry the Eighth." There is no evidence whatever, external or internal, that the play was revised between 1613 and 1623.

4. In a foot-note on p. 284, Mr. Reed says that "'Othello' was first printed (in quarto form) in 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death; and yet it received numerous and important emendations for the folio one year later." In 1622, if Bacon edited the folio, he must have been engaged in the revision of the plays for that edition, if he had not already completed the task. Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his monumental edition of "Othello" (p. 340), says:—

"Although the folio was issued in 1623, the printing must have been in hand long before that. Indeed, there are not wanting copies which are supposed to bear the genuine date, 1622, the very year in which Walkley issued his quarto [of 'Othello'], so that the two books must have been in the hands of the printers at the same time."

Why, at such a time, should Bacon allow the play to be brought out in what Mr. Reed supposes to be its early and imperfect form? This was duly copyrighted by Walkley, and remained his property after the publication of the folio, for in 1627-28 he assigned his rights in it to Richard Hawkins, who brought out another quarto edition in 1630. How Walk-

* See my edition of "Henry VIII.," pp. 9, 10, or any other recent critical edition. I cannot take space to give the reasons here.

ley and the publishers of the folio arranged the question of copyright, it is impossible to say.

5. Mr. Reed fancies that he disposes of the argument against the Baconian theory drawn from the *anachronisms* in the plays by saying (p. 438) that "historical perspective is not necessary to the drama," and that Bacon is guilty of many similar errors in his acknowledged works.

No one doubts that certain anachronisms in the plays are illustrations of the author's dramatic art rather than of his ignorance. Charles Knight, commenting on the introduction of cannon in "King John," aptly remarks that Shakespeare "uses terms that were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he instead of cannon spoken of the mangonelle and the petraria, the stone-flinging machines of the time of John, he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many." No critical scholar should find any difficulty in distinguishing between these intentional artistic anachronisms and those which do not admit of such explanation, but are due to ignorance or carelessness. In the latter class, for instance, we must put the introduction of striking clocks in "Julius Caesar." * It occurs in a casual reference to the time of day, and answers no dramatic purpose whatever. If, for instance, when Cæsar had asked "What is't o'clock?" Brutus had answered, "Cæsar, 'tis now past eight," it would have been as well as "Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight." The figure in "Coriolanus" (iii. 3, 51), where the wounds of the hero are said to "show like graves i' the holy churchyard," is no better than a score of others the poet might have used without the absurd anachronism; and the allusion in the same play (ii. 1, 128) to "the most sovereign prescription in Galen" (who was not born until more than six centuries after the time of Coriolanus) would be none the worse if the words "in Galen" were omitted. It is simply inconceivable that the scholarly Bacon could have admitted these incongruities into any scene laid in the old Roman days, or that he could have mixed up Delphic oracles, mediæval painters, and Russian emperors in a play like the "Winter's Tale."

Mr. Reed says that Mark Anthony's reference to burying

* Bacon, who had written a treatise on horology, could not have made a mistake like this.

Cæsar indicates the art of the dramatist. Not so. This is pure carelessness, for in the very same scene the plebeians cry out "We'll burn his body in the holy place"; that is, in the Forum, where cremation was forbidden. This is one of a class of blunders which I explained in my former article.

Mr. Reed (page 438) endeavors, as many a Baconian before him had done, to make a point of the fact that both Shakespeare and Bacon err in ascribing to Aristotle the saying that "Young men are unfit to hear moral philosophy," when it was political philosophy that he mentioned; but both writers copied the slip from the "Mirror for Magistrates." Bacon might have done this, but he could never have put the allusion into the mouth of Hector, as Shakespeare did ("Troilus and Cressida," ii. 2, 166).

The eight or ten illustrations that Mr. Reed gives (pages 440, 441) of Bacon's little slips in historical matters are all like the one just quoted, and such as every man who trusts his memory in cases of the kind is liable to make. He remembers the story, which is all that he cares for, but forgets whom it is about, which does not affect the point of the story. It does not matter whether a certain bright thing was said by Orontes or by Chilon, by a Greek or by a Scythian philosopher, *what* was said is the gist of the anecdote, not *who* said it. It is absurd for Mr. Reed to say (page 441) that these "are gross blunders, far more astonishing than any found in the works of Shakespeare." He is guilty of venial slips like these, as Bacon is, but also of really "gross blunders" concerning important facts in history, as Bacon is not and never could be.

It is a significant fact that Ben Jonson criticises Shakespeare's anachronisms, — the mention of pistols in "Henry IV.," for instance, — as he does his geographical blunders, like the Bohemian sea-coast in the "Winter's Tale." Every criticism that Ben is recorded to have made on Shakespeare's work turns upon his lack of learning and culture. If he had known the plays to be Bacon's and had felt obliged to find fault with them, it must have been on other grounds, for he knew how profound a scholar Bacon was.

The contrast between the learning of Shakespeare and that of Bacon is well put by Mrs. C. C. Stopes * thus: —

* In "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered" (2d ed., London, 1889), the best book that has yet appeared on the Shakespearean side.

"The learning of Shakespeare is just such as might have been commenced, amid varied interruptions, at a good grammar school, and finished by later reading and conversation. Though like Keats, he was keenly sympathetic with ancient story and literature, his classics were eclectic and uncertain; his linguistic education fragmentary; his science undeveloped; his reading limited, and unguided by more than opportunity and inclination.

"The learning of Bacon ranged over all that was known and had been known to man, in history, philosophy, and science, and he supplemented this by continual experiments, observations, and correspondence. He knew several languages, read largely in all, and wrote much in Latin.

"Just as one can say it is impossible that Shakespeare could have written Bacon without a learning he did not possess, so we can say it was impossible for Bacon to have written Shakespeare, without putting into the poems some of the learning he did possess."

6. The Sonnets, as I said in my former paper (p. 182), are a stumbling-block to the Baconians. I neglected to ask how they can get over the fact that the author's name is evidently *Will*, as we see by the repeated puns upon it in Sonnets 135, 136, and 143. Will they say it was one of the "artful dodges" of their poet-philosopher?

Apropos of the Sonnets, Mr. Reed rivals Judge Hosmer (see ARENA for January, p. 183, foot-note) in his preposterous misinterpretation of a part of No. 76:—

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and whence they did proceed?"

"Here," says Mr. Reed (p. 559), "is a plain statement that the author of this Sonnet was writing under a disguise." It is nothing of the sort, and would be very foolish if it were. If a man is writing under a disguise, he is not likely to announce the fact in a "plain statement," unless he wishes that readers shall see through the disguise. The meaning of the passage is by no means obscure. This is the 76th sonnet the poet has addressed to his friend, and he asks: "Why do I keep on writing in the same style, clothing the creations of my fancy ('invention') in a familiar dress (that of the sonnet), so that every word almost betrays the author?" It is not implied that he is concealing his identity, but merely that any other person than the one to whom he was writing might almost guess who he was from his style—just as the authorship of an unsigned composi-

tion, picked up in the street, might be guessed if the finder were familiar with the handwriting. *Invention*, in the sense of imagination, poetic faculty, etc., occurs several times in the Sonnets, as in No. 103:—

“O blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,” etc.

Again, in No. 105, the poet uses the word in a passage referring, as in No. 76, to the monotony of his verses. The songs are all alike, he says, because their theme is one and the same:—

“Let not my love be called idolatry
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.”

Mr. Reed says (p. 560) that “*weed* signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) one that disguises the wearer.” This may be Bacon’s use of the word, but it certainly is not Shakespeare’s. With him *weed* means simply garment. Of course, the dress may happen to be a disguise, though I cannot at the moment find an instance in which it is. I do, however, find several instances in which it happens to be distinctly opposed to a disguise. In “*Twelfth Night*” (v. 1. 262), Viola, then in boy’s dress, says:—

“I’ll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds.”

A few lines below (280) the Duke says to her:—

“Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.”

Again, in “*Cymbeline*” (v. 1. 23), Posthumus says:—

“I’ll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.”

Similarly in the “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*” (ii. 2. 71),

after Oberon has told Puck that he may recognize Demetrius by his Athenian garments, Puck comes across Lysander and says:—

“ Who is here ?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
This is he,” etc.

On the whole, Mr. Reed's gloss on Sonnet 76 is quite as absurd, though perhaps not so comical, as that of Judge Hosmer, who takes the “weed” to be *tobacco*, which almost spells *Bacon*.

7. Mr. Reed is also unfortunate (p. 435) in his comment upon Milton's reference to Shakespeare in “L'Allegro:”—

“ Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

He quotes Grant White, who calls it “a petty puling dribble of belittling, patronizing praise.” But Grant White and the other critics who have found fault with this characterization of Shakespeare as inadequate, appear to have forgotten that it is his *comedies*, and especially the rural comedies—“As You Like It,” for example—that are referred to, and from the point of view of “L'Allegro,” the cheerful man, who goes to the theatre as on his morning walk, for innocent recreation, not as a dramatic critic. We almost certainly have an allusion to the *tragedies* in “Il Penseroso:”—

“ Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.”

Mr. Reed says: “Milton was a Puritan, and probably never soiled his fingers with a copy of these wicked works.” On the contrary, his familiarity with Shakespeare is proved by many passages in his poems, which are distinct echoes of the dramatist. I should like to quote some of them, but must not take the space to do it. That Milton knew and admired Shakespeare's works is, moreover, clear from his noble “Epitaph,” written some years earlier than “L'Allegro” and “Il Penseroso.”

8. Mr. Reed quotes Grant White several times on minor questions concerning Shakespeare, but he does *not* quote the

fine passage in his article on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze" (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1883), in which that excellent though sometimes crotchety critic compares and contrasts the dramatist and the philosopher in a manner that, to my thinking, settles the question now under discussion absolutely and finally. I cannot better conclude these random notes, than by citing this powerful and eloquent plea for the defendant:—

"And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion,—the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits, and in their literary habits, as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order; both what we somewhat loosely call philosophers: but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the thing before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need,—finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination: Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus,—that Shakespeare of Christianity,—to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact, of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavory sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and quibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox, and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humor; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humor for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his indi-

vidual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures, of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs, and joys, and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world,—for both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term: but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight: Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree, as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work, and also the work of the other, is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

BY W. D. McCrackan, M. A.

A GREAT deal remains to be done in this country before political equality can become anything more than a mere figure of speech. When, for instance, we contrast the true meaning of such terms as universal suffrage and self-government with the manner in which they are applied in practical politics, our present position at once appears singularly inconsistent. Theoretically the sum total of the people exercise the sovereign power, but actually a fraction rule the rest, — so great are the limitations to the right of suffrage, and so unequal is the representation of the electoral body in the legislatures. Thirty years ago John Stuart Mill, that great pioneer of advanced thought, whom the conservatives of to-day try to stigmatize as old-fashioned, put the whole difficulty into a nutshell. He wrote in his "Considerations on Representative Government": "The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented. Democracy, as commonly conceived and hitherto practised, is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people, exclusively represented."

The writer of this article does not propose to attack the principle of majority rule in legislative bodies, since, however unsatisfactory this political dictum may be from a philosophical standpoint, it has so far been considered inseparable from any orderly form of democracy. But it is a fact, which needs to be continually impressed upon the public mind, that the people at large are not equally represented in the legislatures, that, even in the most advanced countries, public opinion is not properly reflected in the deliberative and law-making bodies. It may still be necessary, in that stage of political development which the world has reached, that one half plus one of the members of a legislature should have power to pass bills over the objections of one half minus one of their colleagues, but it is eminently

unjust that the party, or parties in opposition, should not have their fair share of representatives to discuss those proposed bills.

In reality no provision has been made for minorities in our electoral system. Candidates selected to office are the final outcome of successive majorities from the primaries up. At every election, Federal, State, and local, the vanquished minorities, however strong they may be in numbers, are left unrepresented, and thus an astounding proportion of voters are virtually disfranchised. Mr. Thomas Hare,* an English barrister, who, in 1859, issued a work on "Personal Representation," calculated that no less than two fifths of the voters were wholly unrepresented in parliament, while in this country Mr. Salem Dutcher, to whom we owe an excellent work on "Proportional Representation," curiously enough found the same proportion of two fifths to be true also for the fortieth, forty-first, and forty-second Congresses of the United States. In Switzerland the statistics for the years 1881, 1884, and 1887 of the elections to the national council, which corresponds to our House of Representatives, reveal the same unjust state of affairs. As matters now stand in these countries the powers of government are entrusted to a majority of the majority who may be a minority of the whole electorate. If, for instance, three fifths of the electors only are represented in a certain legislature, and one half plus one of the representatives, or say two thirds in order to leave a little margin, regulate the character of legislation, then the majority in that legislature, which frames the laws, represents a minority of the electors: for $\frac{2}{5} \times \frac{3}{5} = \frac{6}{25}$ or $\frac{2}{5}$, which is less than one half. Mr. Garfield, while still a Congressman, described this unjust feature of our political machinery with characteristic clearness in a speech delivered before the House of Representatives on the 23d of June, 1870. "In my judgment," he said, "it is the weak point in the theory of representative government, as now organized and administered, that a large portion of the voting people are permanently disfranchised. . . . Take my own district as an example; I have never been elected by less than nine thousand majority. Sometimes the majority has exceeded twelve thousand. There are about ten thou-

* Mr. Hare died recently at a ripe old age, having won for himself in England the nickname of "The Father of Proportional Representation."

sand Democratic voters in my district, and they have been voting there for the last forty years, without any more hope of having a representative on this floor than of having one in the Commons of Great Britain."

Every reader can supply illustrations of similar injustices either from his own electoral district, or from the wider field of national politics. Let me here cite a case from Switzerland, which though probably not so familiar to the general public, nevertheless admirably displays the shortcomings of all representative systems.

It will be remembered that in September, 1890, a sudden insurrection broke out in the Italian-speaking Canton of Ticino. There had been a good deal of bickering and quarrelling between the two principal parties, the Conservatives and Liberals, for some time past, but the main cause of dissension was the glaringly unjust representation of the two parties in the Grand Council, which is the single assembly of the canton. I have before me the official figures of the election of representatives to that house on the 3d of March, 1889. There were 112 deputies to elect, of these the Conservatives with 12,653 ballots returned seventy-seven, while the Liberals with 12,018 ballots, i. e., with only a few hundred less than their opponents, only returned thirty-five. Out of a total of 24,671 voters, it was calculated that 9,157 were unrepresented in the Grand Council. When this result was made known, the Liberals set on foot a movement to obtain a revision of the cantonal constitution, which they hoped would remedy this unfair representation. They secured the number of signatures required by the law of optional referendum, which obtains in Ticino, and laid them before the government on the 9th of August. It was the duty of the latter to call the people to the polls within one month to determine the question of revision, but when the legal term had expired, the usual summons had not been issued. As a result, on the morning of the 11th of September, armed bands of Liberals upon a preconcerted signal, seized the public buildings of the principal towns, overthrew the Conservative government, and set up a provisional one to take its place. Although the Swiss Federal authorities afterwards reinstated the Conservative government, and order seemed to prevail, it was evident that political contentment could not be established in Ticino until some sys-

tem of election had been applied, which should give the two parties a number of deputies proportioned to their voters.

It is a principle which will commend itself to every unprejudiced mind, that a deliberative body ought to be as exact as possible, a counterpart of the electing body whose interests it has in charge. Congress ought to mirror the country, reflecting all shades of opinion, and preserving proper proportions. Suppose an imaginary state is to elect ten representatives with one thousand votes, and contains, say, three political parties, the first with five hundred votes, the second with three hundred, and the third with two hundred, then the representatives of those parties in the legislature of that State ought to be to each other as five, three, and two, whereas, under present conditions, the parties are sure not to be represented in their true proportion. Moreover, the habit of dividing a country into electoral districts upon a basis of territorial apportionment, exposes the party which happens to be in power, to the temptation of manipulating the boundaries of these districts in such a manner as to forward its particular interests. This abuse is called by the scientific Germans, *Wahlkreisgeometrie* or the geometry of electoral districts, and is known in this country as, *gerrymandering*, a term the origin of which is thus explained by Mr. Dutcher in his work mentioned above: "In 1812, when Elbridge Gerry was governor of Massachusetts, the then ruling party, the Democratic, or, as it was at that time called, the Republican party, passed the famous act of Feb. 12, 1812, in order to perpetuate its power. This provided for a new division of the State into senatorial districts, so contrived that in as many districts as possible the Republicans should outnumber their political opponents, the Federalists. In pursuance of this purpose, all natural lines were disregarded, and one district* in particular was made up of such disjointed sections as to present upon the map a rude resemblance to some monster. The story runs that a mad wag of a Federalist† added with his pencil claws, head and tail, and said: 'There! that will do for a Salamander.' 'A Gerryman-der, rather!' said a bystander, and the jest passed from that into politics."

* Essex County.

† Gilbert Stewart, the famous painter.

The justice of the principle of proportional representation being once acknowledged, all that remains to be done is to invent some electoral contrivance which shall reproduce the voting strength of each party in the legislature in a manner at once accurate and easily comprehensible to the voter. It is a problem which has interested students and statesmen in a casual manner for the better part of a century, and they have elaborated, and in certain cases even applied various systems of proportional representation.

1. Of these the simplest, and ideally most perfect, is that known as the electoral quotient. Every elector at the polls receives a list of candidates, and marks as many names as there are persons to be elected, in the order of his preference, thus, 1st, 2d, 3d, etc. Suppose the number of persons to be elected is ten, and the votes polled to be twenty thousand; in that case $20,000 \div 10$, or 2,000, is the electoral quotient, and in counting the ballots, the first ten candidates, who obtain two thousand votes, are declared elected.

2. The cumulative vote differs from the foregoing in that the elector may distribute his votes as he chooses, or cumulate them all upon one candidate.

3. The limited vote gives the elector a less number of votes than there are candidates to elect, and the minority is allowed to be represented by the remaining candidates.

4. In the free list the elector does not vote for any candidate by name, but for a list: e. g., if a certain list receives say five, three, or two electoral quotients, then the first five, three, or two candidates named thereon are declared elected.

5. Personal representation is in substance to allow votes to be received in every locality for other than local candidates. Suppose a legislature to contain one member for every three thousand actual voters, then every candidate who receives three thousand votes would be returned in whatever part of the country his voters might happen to be. There are, of course, details in each of the foregoing systems, and provisions for special cases, which the writer cannot stop to enumerate for want of space.

According to Mr. Dutcher, the honor of having been the first to introduce the principle of proportional representation into practical working, belongs to Norway, where it was adopted as long ago as 1814. In 1855 it was brought to Denmark by M. Andrae, Minister of Finance, and since then

has penetrated to other countries, but without receiving a wide application anywhere, thanks to the persistent opposition of politicians who rightly discerned in it a weapon directed against themselves. In 1867, a bill incorporating Hare's scheme of personal representation was brought before the House of Commons, but rejected in spite of John Stuart Mill's eloquent support. On the other hand the limited vote was admitted into the so-called three-cornered parliamentary constituencies, where each elector has two votes, when there are three members to elect, and under an act of 1870, the English school boards are now elected by the cumulative vote. In Belgium, backward as that country is in the matter of extending the suffrage, this reform has many adherents, grouped into an *Association Réformiste Belge*, under whose auspices an international conference on the subject of proportional representation was held at Antwerp, in 1885. The doctrine has made progress under various forms in Spain, Italy, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. France and Germany have not so far contributed very much in favor of the doctrine, and, on the whole, the agitation is at present nowhere as strong as in Switzerland, where the injustice of the representative system is graphically illustrated by the discrepancy between the results obtained by the legislators voting in the Federal houses, and the people voting by the referendum. The latter often reject by overwhelming majorities, bills which their own representatives have accepted by an equally strong majority.

In the summer of 1890 when the writer was able to watch the progress of this idea in Switzerland itself, none of the cantons had as yet definitely adopted any system, but several were actually considering bills incorporating the principle, and partisans of the reform had organized practical tests of various systems in different cantons with complete success. Since then, three cantons have actually introduced proportional representation into their constitutions — Ticino, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. The figures of the voting in the first two cantons are at hand, and show the most satisfactory results. The simple free list was used in both cases. In Ticino, where the Conservatives and Liberals are numerically almost equal, the former elected fifty and the latter forty-five representatives to the Grand Council, instead of seventy-seven and thirty-five, as before the new law. In

both cantons an unusually heavy vote was polled, and a higher order of men elected. Under the auspices of a *Société Suisse pour la Représentation Proportionnelle*, the movement is spreading to all parts of Switzerland, and a preference is evinced for some sort of a combination of the cumulative vote with the free list as most likely to prove at once more true to the principle and more easily worked.

Nor is the doctrine of proportional representation by any means a new thing in the United States. In 1844, a Mr. Thomas Gilpin, of Philadelphia, issued a pamphlet in which the system of the free list was advocated for the first time. A practical application was made in 1867, when an act of the Legislature of New York, which provided for a convention to revise the State Constitution, required thirty-two delegates to be chosen by the limited vote from the State at large, outside of the two great party organizations. For some reason or other the years 1870, 1871, and 1872 witnessed a sudden growth of interest in the subject in certain States of the Union, notably in Pennsylvania, under the incentive of United States Senator Buckalew and Mr. S. Dana Horton. In Illinois, the cumulative vote was actually adopted for the election of representatives to the legislature, and Ohio also admitted the principle into practical working. Since those years of activity, however, little has apparently been accomplished to forward the movement in a systematic manner, for beyond an occasional newspaper article or a local controversy, growing out of some unusually flagrant case of gerrymandering, there is little to indicate that this vital question is noticed by anyone.

Under the circumstances it is refreshing to find a complete draft of a bill, embodying the principle, outlined in a pamphlet issued not long since in this country under the title of "Constitution Making." The author, Mr. M. R. Levenson, calls it "A Letter to the Members of the Constitutional Conventions of North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana," and in point of fact it contains more sound advice on political matters than many a large text-book. Had these newly created States possessed the courage to adopt this modern improvement instead of blindly copying the constitutions of the older States, faults and all, they would have saved themselves many a redistricting sham for the future, with its train of party jealousies and recriminations, of

gerrymandering and eventual failure of justice. Every re-districting bill must be a mere makeshift, for the time will come when the work will have to be done over again. How much better, then, to seek a permanent solution of the difficulty in some plan of proportional representation! Such a system would be at once stable, because pivoted upon a great principle, and elastic, because, from its very nature, it would expand with the growth of the State.

In that day, when minorities have their spokesmen in our legislative halls, great reforms will no longer be ignominiously swept aside as rubbish by the so-called practical politicians. Free traders, single tax men, nationalists, and other socialists, prohibitionists, and the very anarchists, if they can muster a sufficient following, will have a chance to demonstrate the value of their ideas. Some one has said that the present representative system may be likened to that of protection of trade in that it artificially protects majorities against the competition of minorities. In fact the dead level of mediocrity, which characterizes our legislatures, would be effectually broken. Their whole tone would be raised by the introduction of new reforms at the hands of chosen champions; principles, not personalities, would become the chief issues; and men of talent, experts in certain branches of science, which are indispensable to the conduct of good government, would then willingly take up politics as a profession, instead of, as now, shrinking from serving their country, because it has become an occupation of evil repute. Proportional representation will, of course, like every great act of justice, be scouted as a wild theory. The wire pullers of the party or parties, who may happen to be in power, will oppose its introduction with all the means at their disposal, for it would prevent them from perpetuating their rule by gerrymandering, but eventually it must be adopted if the representative system itself is to stand. Let not John Stuart Mill's word of warning be forgotten: "It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it."

THE NEW OLD TESTAMENT.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A FINE scholar and fine gentleman, the late George P. Marsh, objected to a new translation of the Bible, that the religion of the English-speaking world had been fashioned and determined, not by the original Greek and Hebrew texts, but by the King James translation and those preceding it, which it absorbed into its own vital substance. To change the translation would, he contended, change the religion of "Greater Britain" and America. But it is already evident that if his expectation is to be made good, it will not be in any sudden or in any but the slowest manner. Apparently the disposition is extremely slight, on the part of clergymen, to substitute the new translation, or revision, for the old in their Sunday usage. The opinion of the majority seems to be that of the popular preacher: substantially that the King James translation is the original, and that all Greek and other versions are corruptions of its primitive simplicity. Doubtless the revision is being much used by the more scholarly and conscientious of the clergy in their private studies and their textual references in sermons and other writings. And doubtless in course of time, their influence will affect the general usage, but this event is likely to be far removed.

If instead of this prospect we could entertain such a one as the circumstances of the case would seem to justify, the revision which has been so laboriously made would not, we may be sure, effect any such change in the religion of the English-speaking world as Professor Marsh declared would follow on a new translation. But this might be because we have not yet a new translation, but only a revision made with extreme regard, especially in the Old Testament part, for the forms of speech endeared to us by centuries of association. The prospect which the circumstances of the case would seem to justify is a prospect of the general and immediate substitution of the new revision for the King James

translation. It is complained of the New Testament part that if the scholars engaged on the revision knew Greek, they did not know English; and this complaint is justified by every page of the revision. Nevertheless it is exceedingly strange that those who regard the original Greek of the New Testament as "the word of God" should not care more for his *ipsissima verba*, even badly Englished, than for a considerable distortion of those words, were it ever so melodious. Against the Old Testament part no similar complaint is likely to be made. The scholars engaged upon it knew English quite as well as they knew Hebrew. The noble style and rhythm of the older version have been retained throughout. And even if they had not been, it would be hard to understand the position of the multitude who, regarding the original Hebrew as "the word of God," prefer the King James translation to the revision. For it cannot be denied that this has been made by scholars of such ability and probity, and with such care and conscientiousness, that it must be much more fairly representative of the Hebrew text than is the common version. The amount of patient, self-denying effort that went to the completion of the Old Testament revision by forty-two English and American scholars in the course of fifteen years was equal to five years of consecutive labor on the part of thirty men; and the outcome of their labors is a sufficient justification of their length and carefulness.

This outcome is a new Old Testament, yet not so new that if it should at once obtain the currency which its character and origin demand, it would make over the religion of the English-speaking world. Its theory of religion, its theology, which is quite a different thing from its religion, might be affected to a considerable degree. The Old Testament changes are relatively less numerous and important than the New; but take all of both testaments together, and they have the textual armory of orthodoxy, only a little less effective than it was before, however we may think of that. Still, there is one particular, fundamental to this whole matter of biblical revision, which, could it be fairly grasped and its significance fully made out, would go far to justify the apprehensions of Professor Marsh, with which we introduced this article, if, for his word "religion," we substitute the word "theology." For the revision must have disposed forever, in

the mind of every thoughtful person who has attended to the matter, of the notion of verbal infallibility attaching to any part of the Old Testament or New. The history of the New Testament revision made generally known the fact that there were one hundred and fifty thousand disagreements in the various MSS. of the New Testament upon which the revisers were dependent for their knowledge of the original Greek. Granted that only a few hundred of these were of any real importance, here was no inconsiderable deduction from the claim of verbal inspiration. The ordinary representation is that the Hebrew text of the Old Testament is much less corrupt than the Greek text of the New. It is a fact that our Hebrew MSS. of the Old Testament present no such variety as the Greek MSS. of the New, but it is only so because we have no MSS. of the Old Testament corresponding to the period covered by our New Testament MSS. We have New Testament MSS. dating from the fourth and fifth centuries. Our earliest Hebrew MSS. are from the tenth and eleventh centuries. It is agreed, however, that they are a faithful reproduction of MSS. that were received as archetypal, several centuries before. But we have no reason to believe that these archetypal MSS. were fixed by any critical process, or any but the most fanciful, and before the time of these the text must have been subjected to innumerable vicissitudes.

The fact that for centuries the text was written without any vowels or vowel signs was one source of infinite corruption; another was the close resemblance of several of the written consonants. The Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, made long before the settlement of the Masoretic text, on which the revision is based, differs from this in various particulars, and probably not always for the worse. It is a significant fact that the Old Testament is quoted two hundred and seventy-one times in the New, and almost invariably from the Septuagint translation. Of Paul's eighty-four Old Testament quotations seventy are from this. Nevertheless, our English and American revisers have preferred the later Hebrew to the earlier Greek, chosen by the New Testament writers. The various readings would have multiplied with marvellous and embarrassing rapidity if the critical faculty of Jesus and the New Testament writers had seemed worth considering. Last, but not least, we have many reasons for believing that for some centuries the text

of the Hebrew scriptures was in a continual state of flux, owing to the habit of anonymous writing and the absence of any sense of ownership in literary productions. The functions of the author and the copyist were intermingled in a free and easy manner. If one copied a MS. he felt himself entitled to alter it to suit his judgment or his taste. All things considered, then, we are probably much further removed from the original Hebrew than from the original Greek. The New Testament revisers first revised the text, then the translation. Scholars, here and there, have demanded a similar revision of the Old Testament. But to have acceded would have launched the revisers on a sea without a shore. Only in nine places did they vary from the Masoretic text. In three hundred and sixty-five others they put various readings into the margin. The American revisers objected to this marginal confession of a possible mistake. But for every one of the adopted nine there would have been twenty thousand, if the Old Testament could have been treated as rationally and critically as the New has been. As it is, the margin of uncertainty in their results is sufficiently corrective of the conceit of verbal infallibility, if this conceit now anywhere survives the shocks of critical science. For example: In revising the Book of Job, confessedly one of the most imperfectly translated books of the King James translation, the number of changes made by the English revisers was one thousand and four; by the Americans one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one; while of identical changes there were only four hundred and fifty-five. And hence it will appear that even if the text relied upon had been "the original Hebrew,"—which it was very far from being,—we should still be many thousands of instances short of scholarly agreement as to its actual meaning, by as many short of verbal infallibility in our English version.

So, then, our new Old Testament, for those who understand the circumstances and the limitations of the revisers' work, and the merely probable correctness of their results in many cases, is an Old Testament from which the idea of verbal, or approximately verbal, infallibility is forever done away. It is an Old Testament whose original Hebrew is removed from *the* original Hebrew by an impassable gulf which time and various circumstances have cloven in the

scholar's path. It is an Old Testament which, for all the labor that has been spent upon it, brings us no nearer to a series of divinely inspired writings, but only nearer to a series of purely human compositions, the expression of a marvellous development of a rational religious life, for the most part anonymous, but not on this account less valuable, as exponents of an important factor in the fortunes of mankind. Doubtless the hope of coming face to face with Deity, of listening to his identical words, has nourished the sweet patience of many a scholar in the past while seeking to attain unto a purer text or a more accurate translation. Nevertheless, if we could finally attain to the absolute original of every part of either testament,—a thing impossible to do,—the intelligent scholar of to-day is well aware that this last result would be simply and entirely human, save as the Infinite God is implicated in all finite things.

But the range of biblical study far transcends the work of the translator, done with whatever breadth of collateral investigation. This had, indeed, directly and implicitly produced for us a new Old Testament, quite different from the ordinary version, with different meanings in a thousand places, without the old misleading chapter headings, and the running head lines that so often, as in Solomon's Song, imposed a meaning on the text that was entirely fanciful. Meantime, thanks to a higher criticism, which is not merely textual or verbal, there is a new Old Testament, which is of vastly more significance than that which the revision has brought into being. The revisers did a microcosmic work, and did it wonderfully well. But a macrocosmic work also has been done. The revisers stood too near the object of their study to see its grand proportions and its relation to other objects. They were not able, as the proverb goes, to see the forest for the trees. They were like the excellent old lady who protested she could see a needle stuck in a barn across the road. Yes, there was the needle, but—where—was—the barn? They saw the smaller, not the larger thing—the meaning of the individual atomic parts; not the organic parts and their relations to the living, breathing whole.

But if they did not do this, it has not gone undone. For while the work of *translation* was going on those fifteen years, throughout that time and for a longer period, a work of *trans-*

position was going on — nor is it finished yet — of vastly more importance. Books that appear as wholes in both the King James translation and the revision, have been shown to be the fragmentary work of different authors, and of periods sometimes widely separated from each other. Take *Isaiah*, for example. There probably was not a scholar of the forty-two engaged from first to last on the revision who had any doubt that the book of *Isaiah*, as it now stands in the Bible, revised and unrevised, falls into two great parts, and that, while the first forty chapters are, for the most part, actually *Isaiah's*, the last twenty-seven are from another prophet who lived two centuries later. Yet there is not a hint of this in the revision. There is not a break of any sort to indicate the lapse of centuries between the thirty-ninth chapter and the fortieth. I find no fault with this. If the revisers had begun to introduce the element of literary, as distinct from textual, criticism into their work, where could they have made a stop? Not short of many erasures of names that now stand printed as those of the authors of various books; for the *Lamentations* are not *Jeremiah's*, and the book of *Daniel* is not *Daniel's*, and the *Proverbs* are not *Solomon's*, nor is *Ecclesiastes*, nor the *Song of Songs*, and if any of the seventy-three *Psalms* ascribed to *David*, not more than two or three, though *Ewald* said about a dozen. But of the new Old Testament of literary criticism, the particular traits that I have named, and many others of like character, are the least important.

The Old Testament literature is for the most part resumed under three principal classes — Law, Prophets, Psalms. The order of their arrangement in our Bibles, revised and unrevised alike, is Law, Psalms, Prophets; and the natural implication and the popular understanding is that this was the order of their appearance: the Law, twelve to fifteen hundred years B. C.; the Psalms, about one thousand B. C.; the Prophets, from eight hundred to four hundred and fifty years B. C. What is the order of arrangement in the new Old Testament of the literary critics? The Prophets come first, instead of last; the Law comes second, instead of first; the Psalms come last, instead of second: Prophets, Law, Psalms. Again the Law, i. e., the Pentateuch and Joshua (the *Hexateuch* of critical designation), has been shown to belong to three distinct periods: a prophetic part to the

eighth century B. C., a priestly prophetic compromise part (Deuteronomy) to the seventh century, the latter part of it, a priestly part (the so-called Book of Origen, consisting of the most priestly elements of the Pentateuch and Joshua), to the middle of the fifth century; after which the Psalms were mainly written, many of them not before the Maccabæan times. A similar breaking up and transposition is demanded by the character of the books of *Samuel* and *Kings*. These, like the Hexateuch, have their stratifications of prophetic, priestly prophetic, and priestly elements. And this breaking up and transposition gives to a mass of literature, which was before a baffling mechanical riddle, a vital and organic unity. In the traditional view there is no correspondence between the literature and the life. An elaborate ritual is credited to a barbarous age; the Psalms, the most spiritual parts of the Old Testament, as near to Jesus and his thought, in many instances, as May to June, are credited to an age hardly less barbarous, and to a man of blood; and the *Prophets*, the most rude and primitive part, are credited to the nation's period of highest civilization, as compared with the Davidic and Mosaic. Once rightly classified, the Old Testament literature reports a progress from a savage worship and morality to a spiritual worship, and a morality of almost Christian tenderness. But there is no hint of this in the present order and arrangement of its various parts.

The new Old Testament of the higher literary criticism has as yet only an ideal existence. And not for many a day, if ever, will the Old Testament in common use be one that has respect to this ideal. But the time will come, and it should not be long delayed, when either individual scholars or enterprising bodies of enlightened men will publish an Old Testament in which the present order shall be wholly broken up; and to the music of historic evolution, the parts shall rearrange themselves and grow, as the obsequious stones of Thebes to the music of Amphion's lyre, into a high constructing symmetry and grace. Such a work is made more consciously necessary by the removal from the revision, of so many of the old interpretative signs, in the way of chapter headings and running head-line titles. Irrational and misleading as they were, they introduced an artificial cosmos into the otherwise chaotic mass. But now chaos is come again.

Until the voice "Let there be light," shall sound, it is for those who love this noblest literature that ever has proceeded from the mind and heart of man, to bring to its appreciation all of the helps the higher criticism has to offer. These are not few, and they are not all of such a character as commends them exclusively to the laborious and patient scholar. If Kuenen's *Hexateuch* is of this character, and Wellhausen's *History of Israel*, and Reuss's Bible *L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*, and the minute and special studies of Hupfeld and Graf and Duhm, so is not Kuenen's *Religion of Israel*, and the multitude of articles in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Professor W. Robertson Smith, Wellhausen, and others, all of which are illustrations of the methods and results which I have indicated as the methods and results of the literary criticism of the Old Testament, in the latest stage of its development. There is nothing in these methods and results that indicates theological liberality or heresy. They simply denote carefulness and study, clearness of understanding. Professor Toy of Harvard University is a Baptist, in good and regular standing, but he accepts these methods and results as cordially as the Presbyterian Professor W. Robertson Smith, or as any Unitarian. Knowing that these things are so, and that the Old Testament as commonly arranged, however faithfully revised, is falsifying and frequently dishonoring to the character and bearing of its separate parts, as they were originally produced, it is for all honest men, and especially for all honest scholars and all upright ministers of religion, to hasten the time when there shall be a new Old Testament, concrete, tangible, and legible, which shall embody the results of that higher criticism which has hardly left one stone of its traditional structure on another, but from the ruins has evoked a city that has foundations, orderly and beautiful, as that new Jerusalem which the men of Patmos saw descending out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

COMPULSORY NATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THERE has never been an age that has not had some special problem to solve. Whenever people succeeded in finding the proper solution, history records prosperity; whenever they failed to find the right answer to the riddle of the Sphinx, we are informed that disasters befell them.

It seems as if Fate, which proposes the various problems, is not very fertile in inventing new subjects, because with little variation, the problems given to the various nations and ages have always been the same in substance, changed only in their form. The labor question has ever been the vexed question. Whether it appeared in the form of absolute slavery, or in that of limited slavery (as provided for in the Mosaic Law); whether in the guise of feudalism or of serfdom, or whether it finally appeared as a wage system, it has always been the very same subject that puzzled the minds of the wise. It was always the endeavor of a few to enslave the many, and the unwillingness of the many to be thus enslaved, which clashed against each other and thus caused the community to inquire how to prevent the threatening cataclysm. History records repeatedly, how by superior physical energy or superior mental ability the few became able to enslave the masses, and to lead a luxurious life at the expense of those by whose labor they lived, and how at times, when the suffering became unendurable, the masses arose like an infuriated animal and by brute force destroyed their drivers. Strange but true, it always records that after such a revolt, when the anger of the brute was quenched in blood, it returned peaceably to the plough, and allowed itself to be harnessed again by the same hand.

In our days the problem has assumed a modern form. Physical strength is no longer permitted to enslave the weak, because gunpowder and dynamite have equalized strength. Public-school education and consequent mental development,

have made it impossible that a learned class should rule and make serviceable an uneducated populace. The workman of to-day is able to enter into a debate with the factory owner who employs him; and not rarely will it be found that the former will be as well versed in history, in literature, in eloquence, and in sound logic as is the other. The only power in our days able to enslave a man and to make him the subordinate of another is the money power, and this weapon again is in the hands of a few who make use of it to enslave the many. Within the last century, conditions have changed so rapidly by means of the inventions made and the machinery devised to supersede hand labor, that social organization could not keep up with them. It takes a long time for an act to impress itself as right or wrong and take hold of the consciences of men, and on that account it happens that dissenting parties are both convinced that they are right and that they demand but what is just and fair. Hence the strife between them grows the more stubborn.

We have of late passed through a direful experience. The Carnegie Company at Homestead disagreed with the Amalgamated Labor Union, ostensibly in regard to the schedule of prices to be paid for certain labors, while in fact it seems to have been the intention of the mill management to break, once and forever, the power of the Association.

It seems clear to me that if the Labor Union had yielded peaceably and accepted the twenty-four-dollar schedule, a conflict would have been sought for at some other time and on some other pretext. The main point at issue was: Shall the laborer have a right to interfere with the business management and shall the association have the right to prescribe prices? From the standpoint of the employer, it seems unjustifiable that employees should meddle with the affairs of their employers; that they should decide what wages they must be paid, and how the business should be conducted. Looked upon from the employer's standpoint, it seems as clear as sunlight that they should have the right to employ whom they please and buy labor as cheap as they can find it profitable to employ. Should a man not be master in his own house? Should the one who risks his capital in an enterprise not be allowed to employ whom he pleases? Has it ever been heard of in the whole history of the world that the owner of property should not have full control of it?

Has it not ever been the fundamental duty of the government to protect a man in his possessions?

On the other hand, the conditions between the laborer and his employer have changed to such an extent, that the former notions of right and wrong have become totally upset. The introduction of machinery has brought about a division of labor which makes a man merely an attachment to the machine which he feeds. No one laborer now produces any article; it requires thousands to produce one. Moreover, while in former times the laborer owned his tools and could carry them with him wherever it pleased him to go, in our days he is chained to the mill in which he works. He cannot leave it, because he cannot find similar employment elsewhere. Individually the laborer of to-day has lost his power of resistance, and his only safety lies in his association with others. In former times, for example, the shoemaker understood how to make a whole shoe. If he lost his place he could pack his tools into his knapsack, go to some other place, set up his stool, solicit custom, and begin work. To-day it requires hundreds to make one shoe. The one who makes part of it, by means of machinery which he does not own, becomes a zero; and only when all the hundred who make the shoe, combine, does the shoemaker of old take form in them. If they together could go and set up their shop somewhere else, the former conditions between master and man would be re-established; but as they cannot take with them their tools, the machine shop, they are at a disadvantage. It is easy for a mill owner to say, "If my men are not satisfied with my terms or with the wages I pay them, they may go; I can find others who will accept my terms gladly." This would apply to conditions as they once were but are no more. The laborer feels, therefore, that not only has he the perfect right to associate, but also that he must work out his salvation by means of association.

The labor unions, however, have but one weapon with which to defend themselves, and that is the strike. If they do not go as one body, all their advantages for success are gone, and right or wrong, the members of any such association must step out when a strike is ordered by those whom they allow to handle their affairs. This weapon unfortunately has an edge on either side, and so far it has not alone hurt the one against whom it was directed, but also wounded the

one who wielded it. This weapon, furthermore, formidable as it is, still stands in the same proportion to capital with which it contests, as did the pitchforks of the farmers to the swords and armor of the knights of the Middle Ages with whom they waged an unsuccessful war. No matter what losses a strike may bring to a corporation, capital can hold out longer in the strife than can the laboring men. After a few weeks the laborer is starved into submission. Inasmuch as the old ideas of right and wrong taken from the former status of society are still valid, public opinion, as well as the judges who preside in our courts, will find no fault with a corporation that shuts down the mills, rather than yield to the demands of the laborers. They will, however, find fault when the laborer, driven to the wall, deprived of his means of livelihood, grows excited and endeavors to obtain by brute force what he cannot obtain legally. We behold, therefore, at the present time two forces, intended to go together in the best of harmony, fighting each other, and, what is worse, each believing that the right is on its own side.

In former ages, when people believed that the sword was the best arbiter between man and man, and that the one who was victorious was also always right, while the one who was defeated was always wrong, such differences would have been quickly settled.

Then capital would have enforced its government by a hired militia, while labor unions would have destroyed their antagonists by means of dynamite. Then it would have been merely a question of brute force, and the one who succeeded would claim to have had the right on his side. But in our days we have ceased to believe that might is right. We do not believe that the justice of an act is proved by knocking down an adversary or the one who holds a different opinion regarding it; to-day we have outlived the idea that God decides the destiny of mankind on battle-fields. In our days sound common sense objects with equal strength to the employment of Pinkerton detectives to shoot at laborers, as it does to the action of frenzied anarchists, who direct their murderous weapons upon individuals or who set fire to property. In our days the idea has begun to dawn that both parties should be forced to submit to arbitration.

The real difficulty with which such an arrangement would meet would not be so much the formation of such a tribunal,

as the fear that the parties would not be found willing to submit to such an arrangement, and would not yield to the decrees of arbitrators. This fear has been brought forth as the strongest argument against arbitration; yet when we come to look at it by the light of precedence, it dwindles into nothing.

In days of old, arbitration did not exist. The strongest arm prevailed. If two people disagreed, they had to fight it out among themselves. In course of time, however, such a state of affairs was found to be intolerable. Public safety was endangered by it, and appeals were made to the king to judge between dissenting parties. The kings of old were generally men who had won the respect of the people through personal valor and skill in warfare. Their decrees as arbitrators were therefore respected only in so far as they could enforce their decisions; but with all the rudeness of these first attempts at arbitration, a beginning was made, and out of this beginning developed, in course of time, our whole juridical system. We do compel people to yield to arbitration in all other matters. If two business men disagree and have a quarrel about some transaction, we do not look on and allow them to fight it out between themselves; we do not allow the one to hire rowdies to fight his opponent, nor do we allow the other to attack and destroy the property of his antagonist. Neither will we in our days ask the governor of the state to send his soldiers against either of them. We compel them, first of all, to submit to the decision of a court; we compel them to arbitrate; we grant to each the right of appeal. But when he has finally brought his case to the various institutions of arbitration, and the law is found to be against him, we force him to yield, and the whole power of the country is placed at the disposal of his antagonist, to make him submit to the decision of the arbitrators.

Now, why should not the same apply to questions that arise between a corporation, which represents one party in the strife, and a labor union, which represents the other? Why should they be allowed to destroy each other either by starvation or gunpowder? or why should the state be called upon to protect either of the two contestants *before* the matter has been settled in a court, and it has been proven that the one side is right and the other wrong? That we have no courts instituted for such purposes, does not prove that they

should not exist. They must be created. A new time requires new methods. At the time when individual stood in opposition to individual, courts of the kind we have sufficed; but in our modern age, when the individual has vanished and has become merely a cell of society, when corporations struggle with corporations; when the interests of bodies clash against those of other bodies, provision must be made to arbitrate between them; laws must be passed by which such cases shall be decided; in a word, we must adapt the institutions of our time to its needs and wants. This warfare between capital and labor cannot be continued for any length of time without great danger to society. To permit the contestants to fight it out among themselves, would be as absurd as to close our court rooms and permit contestants to use their fists as arguments, and to settle their affairs as best they can.* "Compulsory National Arbitration" is therefore the only reasonable and equitable measure which would bring order out of present chaos. All supposed difficulties would vanish, if a court of arbitration were established and its duties defined.

* We compel individuals now to seek redress of wrongs in the court room. Why should we be frightened by the harsh sound of Compulsory National Arbitration in cases when associations differ in opinion? What our courts are to individuals, a board of arbitration would be to corporations.

THE POWER AND VALUE OF MONEY.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

“THE love of money is a root of all kinds of evil,” says Paul. So say many modern reformers.

But we can say the same thing about the love of anything which manifests itself as a force in the world. The love of man and woman has been the root of all kinds of evil from the beginning of the world. Shall we therefore abolish love, as many would abolish wealth, if they could? Here, indeed, those who have consecrated themselves in the Church to the peculiarly religious life have made the attempt. Monasteries, nunneries, the existence of Shakers in the modern world, show the effort on the part of some to abolish or prohibit the love between man and woman; and the man who has consecrated himself in the Church to the peculiarly religious life has taken upon himself also the vow of perpetual chastity. So we find that the attempt is made by men in every direction to abolish the possibilities of evil instead of recognizing that all these things are simply centres and fountains of power, and that the thing for them and for us to do is to train ourselves into mastery of these forces, so that we may use them to lift instead of to degrade the world. Thousands of people lose their lives every year by going to sea. Shall we therefore try to abolish the winds or prohibit the life of the sailor? Thousands of persons also die by accident at home. If we carry the principle far enough, we should have to abolish the home. If we wish to abolish the possibility of evil, we must abolish the universe and done with it. We need, then, to recognize that these mighty elemental forces are neither bad nor good in themselves. They are simply means that may be intelligently used for the harm or for the help of man, for the harm or the help of both individuals and nations. Shall we, then, hate money? Shall we oppose it? Shall we single it out as being the root of all kinds of evil? Shall we indiscriminately attack rich men? What shall we do about it?

It seems to me that we shall find ourselves led naturally and easily into the heart of our theme if we stop long enough here to inquire what money is and as to the relation in which money stands to wealth. For, mark you, at the outset, money is not wealth, though it is frequently and commonly supposed to be. I shall for a few moments traverse ground which I know is familiar to thoughtful, educated business men; but perhaps it will not be entirely amiss for the sake of those who have not really thought about it.

In the earliest stage of human civilization there was no money. There were a few things that were property, which constituted the wealth of the time; but there was no money, and the people merely bartered or exchanged one thing for another thing. Picture to yourself, for example, a man among the Indians who has developed some special genius for making beautiful and effective bows and arrows. He loves the work, but he cannot possibly use all that he can make. There are others who want bows and arrows; and they cannot make them, or make them more clumsily, less beautiful, less effective. So he naturally develops the trade of a bow and arrow maker. If he wants something which another member of the tribe possesses, he will purchase it by exchange of his bows and arrows. This may stand as representing the first trading of the world. Of course it is only an illustration of what might be multiplied in a hundred other directions. But by and by a difficulty arises. The man has manufactured his bows and arrows; but here is somebody who wants a bow and arrow, who does not happen at the time to possess anything [that the manufacturer desires. There is a difficulty, then, a block, in the matter of exchange. But if this man who desires the bow and arrow could bring something else, something that would serve as money, something that has a permanent value, which the manufacturer of the bows and arrows can keep indefinitely until he wishes to use it in exchange or in the purchase of something else, the matter is plain. It is in this perfectly natural way, out of the exchanges of growing civilization, that money came into being.

Now, then, what is money worth? It is worth only that into which it can be transmuted. It is worth absolutely nothing as an end. It has a value only as a means. A man is not rich, does not possess wealth, merely because he pos-

sesses a large quantity of gold. We can easily conceive a man so situated that he should have gold lying in heaps about him, and yet be starving, be unclothed, be cold, not be protected from the weather, not be supplied with anything that is necessary to the real wants of his nature as a man. The wealth of the world, then, consists in things — its coats, its boots, its hats, its houses, its books, its musical instruments, its pictures, its statuary — all these things that comfort, that lift up a man, that satisfy the hungers, not merely of his body, but of his heart, his mind, and his soul. These things, and these only, are wealth; and money is only a convenient medium by which to carry on the exchange of wealth, or by which to help its further production or creation.

Let me now come to consider the real importance of money as related to the development of mankind. I do not at all agree with those who think that wealth ought to be abolished, or that there ought to be, somehow, a block or hindrance to the creation of wealth. The world needs more wealth, not less. The world needs more money, not less. The only thing I would hinder, if I could, would be that method of carrying on business which is merely a grabbing from the hands of one person by another of that wealth which is already created, which merely transfers money from the pocket of one man to that of another, without increasing by a single iota the store of the world's well being. It would be nobler, better, in every way, if we could put an end to that kind of business. But the desire for wealth which becomes a spur to the creation of more wealth — this should be stimulated and rewarded, instead of being treated as a crime.

Why do we need money? If all the men and all the women of the world were obliged to work twelve hours of every day in order merely to keep life in the body, to get enough to eat, enough to protect themselves from the cold, and then found themselves so tired that they must sleep, in order that the next day they might work twelve hours more, — if all the world were in that condition, it could not take one single step above barbarism. Money is a condition of civilization: it is the first step upwards on the rounds of development which lead from the animal to God. Why? Because a man is more than a body that needs food, that needs to be covered, that needs to be protected from the weather. Man is a being with affections, with a mind, with

a soul. He is a being that loves books, loves music, loves beauty, and so creates art, pictures, statues. He is a being that loves and cares for all these higher things; and it is only when you get up here that you are on the level of a man.

You must then release those men who are capable of creating these higher things from the necessity of merely earning their bread and butter, in order that they may be free, not for their own sake, but for the sake of mankind. For never yet has one grand thing that had a human value been invented or created or wrought by men that has not benefited mankind, that has not enriched the world. Suppose Shakespeare had been obliged to work for his living, so that he would have had no time or strength to write his great dramas. Suppose the same of Homer or Dante, or the great discoverers and inventors of the world—all those who have added to the mental, moral, and spiritual wealth of mankind—think how poor we should have been! We should be still on the level of barbarism. We need, then, wealth enough, so that men can be released from grinding toil and care, to the extent of being able to cultivate some of these higher tastes. We need wealth, so that the persons who are able to feed these higher tastes may be released from the necessity of self-support, that they may create the things that the world desires. And by as much as the mere work of feeding the necessities of the physical man can be left behind, can become automatic, by just so much can man outgrow the animal and rise into the human.

We need another thing, which is really only the other side of the same thing. The one thing we need to do to-day, so far as the laborer, the day-worker, of the world is concerned, is to devise some means by which the hours of his labor can be shortened; that is, to find out a way by which the world can get on with less drudgery, that these people may have time to become civilized. Suppose we should suddenly reduce the working hours of the world to eight. I am perfectly well aware of the fact that a great many people thus set free would waste their time. That would be nothing more than is true of a great many people who are already set free by the possession of wealth. They would have the same right to waste their time that the rest of us have, which is—no right at all. But they must be set free, and allowed to be free, in order that by their own experience they may learn

to live. That is the only way anybody ever learns. A carpenter is likely to cut himself in learning to be a carpenter, but I do not know of any way by which that risk can be avoided. If we are to have carpenters, we must take the risk of their cutting themselves in the process of learning. So, if the common laboring men of the world are to be released and set free, so that they can learn to be men, we must run the risk of their abusing their freedom, and the risk of some of them abusing their freedom all their lives long. But, as I said, that is no worse than the fact that people are abusing it on every hand now, — those who have already won their release.

Here, then, is the good of money, the good of accumulated wealth, the capacity for creating it, — that it enables the world to climb up out of the animal into heart, into mind, into soul; and I know of no other way. Let us, then, accumulate wealth, and obtain the mastery of the forces of the world for the sake of the hope of mankind.

I wish now to note some of the dangers of wealth. Note one thing. It is not the possession of money itself; it is the love of it, the caring for it more than for anything else. A man may be rich, and yet not come under this curse. A man may be ever so poor, and yet struggle all his life merely for money which he does not succeed in obtaining, and so fall under the curse of him who loves money, and money only.

I wish to note some of the common evils. I am not saying that all rich people have fallen into these evils; but the possession of large amounts of money kept in a family, transmitted from generation to generation, — the tendency of that is to what? The tendency is to barbarize the people. To make clear what I mean, let me recall the saying of Matthew Arnold. He used to talk about the upper classes in England being thoroughly barbarized. What did he mean? Let us find out what a barbarian is. What are the characteristics of a barbarian? Idleness, having no purpose in life, no thought of working for any one else; sensuality, having developed no higher tastes than the animal, and so living for bodily gratification; and cruelty, taking delight in those things that give pain, that hurt. These are the characteristics of a barbarian; and these are the characteristics of large numbers of the members of dominant families in the Old World to-day. They are idle, having no purpose in the

world. They live for nothing that reaches beyond self. They are sensual. They have developed no higher taste than the gratification of their physical appetites. They are cruel — cruel in two ways. In the first place, a man who lives in the presence of suffering week after week and year after year, and does not think of it, and does not care, is at least negatively cruel. It may be cruelty through thoughtlessness, but it is the indirect means of the continuance of suffering none the less. People through being pampered may come into the state of mind of that French princess just before the French Revolution. When the people were starving, and they told her the people had no bread, she naïvely asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" She had lived a life so utterly apart from the thought of being deprived of any gratification that she could not imagine people who could not have cake, who could not have bread. And that, I say, amounts in the end to horrible cruelty.

Then the pleasures of this class of people tend to cruelty. In England, if the younger son of a noble family wishes to go off to travel over the world for amusement, what does he do? He hunts. Some one has said that, when an Englishman has ennui, when he is weary and tired, he says to a friend, "Come, let us go out and kill something." That is his idea of enjoyment. I speak of this to illustrate that the tendency of this pampered, irresponsible life is towards these three essentials of barbarism, — idleness, a useless life, sensuality, cruelty.

What next? One of the greatest dangers that assails the rich is that of giving the world a false and unreal theory of what success in life means, of having a false standard, a false ideal. There is coming to be developed in this country a moneyed aristocracy, which is the poorest, the meanest, the most contemptible type of aristocracy that the world ever saw. Take the people who are thought to be worthy to belong to the "Four Hundred" of New York. What do they stand for? The ideal of the man who has put himself forward as their leading representative, and who may perhaps be fairly considered as their representative, because he has published a book about them, and they have not resented it (I think they have purchased it), — what is his ideal? The ideal of his life centres round the banquet table — a perfect dinner, perfect wines, perfect service, perfect catering

to the stomach. The centre of his kingdom is the stomach — not brain, not heart, not soul. And thousands of young men all over the country are striving, sometimes at the price of principle and honesty, to follow hard after these leaders, with the one thought in their minds from beginning to end that, if they can get rich, they will have succeeded. Succeeded in what? I do not despise money. I do not despise wealth. I do not despise wealthy men. But if a man merely succeeds in making money, what has he succeeded in doing? He has succeeded in getting possession of certain means, certain material, that might be, if well used, a help in the cultivation of manhood. But merely because he has become rich, he has not necessarily touched even the beginning of manhood.

The acquisitive faculty, the ability to make money, is no ignoble ability. If it be rightly used in the creation of wealth and in adding to the world's wealth, it is of public service. But it is merely a means to an end, not an end in itself. Look abroad over the land, and see what I mean. You will remember that famous saying of Agassiz. After he had become a distinguished man, and it was known that his name was such that he would be a drawing card, a man came to him and offered him fifty thousand dollars for a course of lectures to be given under his management. Agassiz was busy. He was carrying out a line of study of great importance to the development of some department of science, and so for the welfare of the world. So he said, "I cannot stop to make money." He was doing something more important. Is not that something higher than the mere acquisition of money?

There are thousands of men who have no money-making ability whatever, but who do have the ability to serve the world in grander ways. The ability to make money may be peculiar to a man, like the genius for painting or music. A man may be born with it. Certain people are so gifted with this ability that they are like the man of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes said that, if all the houses in the world were burned down, he would get rich in a week by trading in potash. Some men have this genius for making money; but here is a man who has no genius in that direction at all. But he can paint a picture that the wealth of the world tries to buy, and cannot. There are pictures in Europe to-day

that no private gold could buy. No man could own them if he laid all his wealth at the feet of their possessor. Nations fight for their ownership. A man who writes a book that adds to the wealth of the world's thinking, a man who, like Darwin, makes a discovery which is an epoch in the growth of civilization, — this man may have had no faculty whatever for making money. But they are the men whom the money-makers should be glad to release and set free for their own work; for then they are working for me, working for you, working for all men.

But the man who makes the love of money the object of his life is in danger of forgetting that there are things a thousand times more important. He is in danger of overlooking those things in the service of which money should be used.

Then there is the danger that threatens the rich always, of being content down there on the level of their wealth. A man is able to build himself a beautiful house, to put the softest carpets under his feet, to decorate his walls finely; but not caring much for higher things, the danger is that he will stop striving, and will say, Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years: eat, drink, and be merry; you need not struggle any more. The world has thousands of industrial, political, and social problems still unsolved; but shut in here in this beautiful mansion, and surrounded by all these things that can aid and comfort, he can make the walls so thick and soft that the moan of humanity will not be heard. The danger is that a man, being surfeited and filled with these things, will not care to read, will not care to think, will not care to help on mankind; that he will forget that he is a soul, that the essential thing in him is thought and feeling, and love and aspiration. The danger, then, is that he shall be content on this lower level, and forget that he is a man.

I do not say, by any means, that all rich people fall into these perils; but I do say they are real perils that threaten the rich. They are some of the evils of which the love of money is the root, and the only way to escape them is to keep clearly in our minds what money is — that it is a means, not an end; to remember the relation in which it stands to the higher things of life, the real ownership of it, to whom it really belongs, and what is the only high and noble use to which it can be put.

The ideal, then, is here. I know it will be many a long year before we shall be very near to its realization. I know through what a long, slow process of experience and growth the average man must pass before he can even gain a glimpse of its desirability. But the one grand ideal that every true man holds in his heart as the thing to be striven for is a condition of the world something like this — a condition in which all men shall be released from such drudgery as makes it impossible for them to find time to cultivate that in them which is highest.

Let me use the figure of the body to illustrate precisely what I mean. All the necessary acts on which the life of the body depends from hour to hour have become automatic. I do not have to think whether my heart is beating or not; it takes care of itself. And so most of the necessary actions of life are automatic; they take care of themselves. We need socially and industrially to attain such a condition of the world that these lower, common, universal necessities of mankind shall be easily disposed of, become almost automatic, so that a man will not have to grind his heart out, weary his brain, feel his soul crushed in him, by the burden of poverty, merely that he may keep soul and body together. We dream of the time — and I believe it is quite possible — in which the mere sustenance, the supply of the world's necessities, shall be reduced to such low terms that they shall be easily disposed of. Then, and then only, will mankind as a whole begin to live. For a man as a man does not live while he is drudging simply to get something to eat and keep from starving. He begins to live when that is behind him, and he is free to sit down and think, Now, I am a man; when he is free to use his brain, free to use his affectional nature, free to climb into his soul and to commune with those things that are eternal and do not pass away. Every man, then, who has any power of heart, power of soul, power of money, power of any kind, ought to keep the ideal of the world ever in view, and note that the only grand human life is that which consecrates itself to its attainment.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS, THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

II.

RISE AND GROWTH OF TRADES UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BAFFLING and discouragement attend well-nigh every step of the attempt to reach any conclusions regarding women workers in the early years of the century. It is true that 1832 witnessed an attempt at an investigation into their status, but the results were of slight value, actual figures being almost unattainable. The census of 1840 gave more, and that of 1850 showed still larger gain. In that of 1840 the number of women and children in the silk industry was taken; but while the same is true of the later one, there is apparently no record of them in any printed form. The New York State Census for the years 1845 and 1855 gave some space to the work of women and children, but there is nothing of marked value till another decade had passed.

It is to the United States Census for 1866 that we must look for the first really definite statements as to the occupations of women and children. Scattered returns of an earlier date had shown that the percentage of those employed in factories was a steadily increasing one, but in what ratio was considered as unimportant. In fact, statistics of any order had small place, nor was their need seriously felt, save here and there, in the mind of the student.

To comprehend the blankness of this period in all matters relating to social and economic questions, it is necessary to recall the fact that no such needs as those of the mother country pressed upon us. To those who looked below the surface and watched the growing tide of emigration, it was plain that they were, in no distant day, to arise. But for the most part, even for those compelled to severest toil, it was taken for granted that full support was a certainty, and

that the men or women who did not earn a comfortable living could blame no one but themselves.

There were other reasons why any enumeration of women workers seemed not only superfluous but undesirable. For the better order, prejudice was still strong enough against all who deviated from custom or tradition to make each new candidate for a living shrink from any publicity that could be avoided. Society frowned upon the woman who dared to strike out in new paths, and thus made them even more thorny than necessity had already done.

It is impossible for the present, with its full freedom of opportunity, to realize, or credit even, the difficulties of the past, or even of a period hardly more than a generation ago. It was of this time that Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers in higher work for women, wrote: "Women were hindered at every turn by endless restraint in endless minor detail of habit, custom, tradition, etc. . . . Most women who have been engaged in any new departure would testify that the difficulties of the undertaking lay far more in these artificial hindrances and burdens than in their own health, or in the nature of the work itself."

It was this shrinking from publicity, among all save the most ordinary workers, by this time largely foreign, that made one difficulty in the way of census enumerators. By 1860 it had become plain that an enormous increase in their numbers was taking place, and that no just idea of this increase could be formed so long as industrial statistics were made up with no distinction as to sex. The spread of the factory system and the constant invention of new machinery had long ago removed from homes the few branches of the work that could be carried on within them. Processes had divided and sub-divided. The mill worker knew no longer every phase of the work implied in the production of her web, but became more and more a part of the machine itself. This was especially true of all textile industries, — cotton or woollen, with their many ramifications, — and becomes more so with each year of progress.

Cotton and woollen manufactures, with the constantly increasing sub-divisions of all the processes involved, counted their thousands upon thousands of women workers. Another industry had been one of the first opened to women, much of its work being done at home. Shoemaking, with

all its processes of binding and finishing, had its origin for this country in Massachusetts, to the ingenuity and enterprise of whose mechanics is due the fact that the United States has attained the highest perfection in this branch. Lynn, Mass., as far back as 1750, had become famous for its women's shoes, the making of which was carried on in the families of the manufacturers. At first no especial skill was shown; but in 1750 a Welsh shoemaker, named John Adam Dagyr, settled there and acquired great fame for himself and the town for his superior workmanship. In 1788 the exports of women's shoes from Lynn were one hundred thousand pairs, while in 1795 over three hundred thousand pairs were sent out, and by 1870 the number had reached eleven million.

Beginning with the employment of a few dozen women, twenty other towns took up the same industry, and furnish their quota of the general return. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor gives, in its report for 1873, the number of women employed as eleven thousand one hundred and ninety-three, with some six hundred female children. Maine and New Hampshire followed, and both have a small proportion of women workers engaged in the industry, while it has gradually extended, New England always retaining the lead, till New York, Philadelphia, and many Western and Southern towns rank high in the list of producers.

As in every other trade, processes have divided and subdivided. Sewing machines did away with the tedious binding by hand, which had its compensations, however, in the fact that it was done at home. There is only incidental record of the numbers employed in this industry till the later census returns; but the percentage outside of Massachusetts remained a very small one, as even in Maine the total number given in the Report of the Bureau of Labor for 1887 is but five hundred and thirty-three, an almost inappreciable per cent of the population. The returns of the last census, that of 1880, give the total number of women in this employment as twenty-one thousand, the proportion still remaining largest for New England.

Straw braiding was another of the early trades, and the first straw bonnet braided in the United States was made by Miss Betsey Metcalf of Providence, R. I., in 1798. For many years straw plaiting was done at home; but the quality of our material was always inferior to that grown abroad,

our climate making it much more brittle and difficult to handle. The wage at first was from two to three dollars a week; but as factories were established, where imported braid was made up, the sum sometimes reached five dollars. The census of 1860 gave the total number of women employed as one thousand four hundred and thirty. According to the census of 1870, nine states had taken up this industry, Massachusetts employing the largest number, and Vermont the least, the total number being twelve thousand five hundred and ninety-four; while in 1880 the number had risen to nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight.

Up to the time of the Civil War, aside from factory employments, the trades open to women were limited, and the majority of their occupations were still carried on at home, or with but few in numbers, as in dressmaking establishments, millinery, and the like. With the new conditions brought about at this time, and the vast number of women thrown upon their own resources, came the flocking into trades for which there had been no training, and which had been considered as the exclusive property of men. A surplus of untrained workers at once appeared, and this and general financial depression brought the wage to its lowest terms; but when this had in part ended, the trades still remained open. At the close of the war some hundred were regarded as practicable. Ten years later the number had more than doubled, and to-day we find over four hundred occupations, while, as new inventions arise, the number of possibilities in this direction steadily increases. The many considerations involved in these facts will be met later on. General conditions of trades as a whole are given in the census returns, though even there hardly more than approximately, little work of much real value being accomplished till the formation of the labor bureaus, with which we are soon to deal. Every allowance, however, is to be made for the Census Bureau, which found itself almost incapable of overcoming many of the lions in the way. The tone of the remarks on this point in that for 1860 is almost plaintive, nor is it less so in the next; but methods have clarified, and the work is far more authoritative than for long seemed possible.

Innumerable difficulties hedged about the enumerators for 1860. Rooted objection to answering the questions in detail was not one of the least. Unfamiliarity with the newer

phases of the work was another, and thus it happened that the volume when issued was full of discrepancies. The tables of occupations, for example, characterized but a little over two thousand persons as connected with woollen and worsted manufacture; while the tables of manufactures showed that considerably more than forty thousand persons were engaged, upon the average, in these branches of manufacturing industry.

The returns gave the number of women employed in various branches of manufacture as two hundred and eighty-five thousand, but stated that the figures were approximate merely, it being impossible to secure full returns. It was found that three and a half per cent of the population of Massachusetts were in the factories, and nearly the same proportion in Connecticut and Rhode Island; but details were of the most meagre description, and conclusions based upon them were likely to err at every point. Its value was chiefly educative, since the failure it represents pointed to a change in methods, and more preparation than had at any time been considered necessary in the officials who had the matter in charge.

The census for 1870 reaped the benefits of the new determination; yet even of this General Walker was forced to write: "This census concludes that from one to two hundred thousand workers are not accounted for, from the difficulty experienced in getting proper returns. The nice distinctions of foreign statisticians are impossible." And he adds: "Whoever will consider the almost utter want of apprenticeship in this country, the facility with which pursuits are taken up and abandoned, and the variety and, indeed, seeming incongruity of the numerous industrial offices that are frequently united in one person, will appreciate the force of this argument. . . . The organization of domestic service in the United States is so crude that no distinction whatever can be successfully maintained. A census of occupations, in which the attempt should be made, to reach anything like European completeness in this matter, would result in the return of tens of thousands of 'house-keepers' and hundreds of thousands of 'cooks,' who were simply 'maids of all work,' being the single servants of the families in which they are employed." *

* Remarks on Tables of Occupations, Ninth Census of the United States, Population and Social Statistics, p. 663.

This census gives the total number of women workers, so far as it could be determined, as 1,836,288. Of these, 191,000 were from ten to fifteen years of age; 1,594,783, from sixteen to fifty-nine, and 50,404, sixty years and over, the larger proportion of the latter division being given as engaged in agricultural employments.

In the first period of age, females pursuing gainful occupations are to males as one to three; in the second, one to six, and in the third, one to twelve. The actual increase over the numbers given in the census for 1860 is 1,551,288. The reasons for this almost incredible variation have already been suggested, and their operation became even stronger in the interval between that of 1870 and 1880. By this time methods were far more skilful and returns more minute, and thus the figures are to be accepted with more confidence than was possible with the earlier ones. The factory system, extending into almost every trade, brought about more and more differentiation of occupations, some two hundred of which were by 1880 open to women.

Comparing the rates of increase, during the period between 1860 and 1870, women wage-earners had increased 19 per cent, the increase for men being but 6.97. Among the women, 67.10 per cent were engaged in agriculture, 33.4.10 in personal service, 73.10 in trade and transportation, and 16.5.10 in manufactures. In 1880 women engaged in gainful occupations formed 52.8.100 of the total population, and 14.68.100 of females over ten years of age. The present rate is not yet* determined, but, while figures will not be accessible for certainly another year, it is stated definitely that the increase will indicate nearer ten than five per cent.

The total number employed is given for this census as 2,647,157. The occupations are divided into four classes: first, agriculture; second, professional and personal services; third, trade and transportation; fourth, manufactures, mechanical and mining industries. In agriculture, 594,510 women were at work; in professional and personal services, this including domestic service, 1,361,295; trade and transportation, this including shop girls, etc., had 59,364; while 631,988 were engaged in the last division of manufacturing, etc. Of girls from ten to fifteen years of age, agriculture had 135,862; professional and personal services, 107,830;

* October 27, 1890.

trade, 2,547, and manufacturing, etc., 46,930. From sixteen to fifty-nine years of age there were in agriculture 435,920; in professional and personal services, 1,215,189; trade and transportation, 54,849; and manufacturing, etc., 577,157. From sixty years and upward the four classes were divided as follows: Agriculture, 22,728; professional, etc., 38,276; trade, etc., 1,968, and manufacturing, etc., 7,901.

Even for this record numbers must be added, since many women work at home and make no return of the trade they have chosen, while many others are held by pride from admitting that they work at all. But the addition of a hundred thousand for the entire country would undoubtedly cover this discrepancy in full, nor are these numbers too large, though it is impossible to more than approximate them.

Suggestive as these figures are, they are still more so when we come to their apportionment to states. They become then a history of the progress of trades, and women's share in them, and a glance enables one to determine the proportion employed in each. In the table which follows, industries are condensed under a general head, no mention being made of the many sub-divisions, each ranking as a trade, but going to make up the business as a whole. It is the result of statistics taken in fifty of the principal cities, and includes only those industries in which women have largest share.*

	Total Number.	Per Cent of Males.	Per Cent of Females.	Children.
Book Binding . . .	10,612	4,831	4,553	616
Carpet Weaving . . .	20,371	4,960	4,207	833
Men's Clothing . . .	160,813	4,801	5,037	159
Women's Clothing . . .	25,192	1,030	8,833	137
Cotton Goods . . .	185,472	3,457	4,914	1,629
Men's Furnishing Goods . . .	11,174	1,140	8,560	300
Hosiery and Knitting . . .	28,885	2,602	6,130	1,268
Millinery and Lace . . .	25,687	1,120	8,637	243
Shirts . . .	6,555	1,481	8,000	513
Silk and Silk Goods . . .	31,337	2,992	5,232	1,776
Straw Goods . . .	10,948	2,991	6,850	154
Tobacco . . .	32,756	4,544	3,290	2,166
Umbrellas and Canes . . .	3,608	4,169	5,152	679
Woollen Goods . . .	86,504	54,544	3,395	1,174
Worsted Goods . . .	18,800	5,431	5,038	1,540

* The table is copied with minute care from that given in the last census; and while it shows one or two deficiencies, the writer is in no sense responsible for them, its accuracy, as a whole, not being affected by the slight discrepancy referred to.

In obtaining these averages it was found necessary to equalize the returns of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, the former having but 4.55 per cent of women workers, while Philadelphia had 31. This resulted from the fact that the industries of Philadelphia are manufacturing of textiles and other goods, which employ women chiefly; while Pittsburg has principally iron and steel mills. New York was found to have 31 per cent of women workers; Lowell, Mass., had 47.42, and Manchester, N. H., 53, Pittsburg and Wilmington, Del., having the lowest percentage.

The gain of women in trades over the census of 1870 was sixty-four per cent, the total percentage of women workers for the whole country being forty-nine. The ten years just ended show a still larger percentage, and many of the trades, which a decade since still hesitated to admit women, are now open, those regarded as most peculiarly the province of men having received many feminine recruits. These isolated or scattered instances hardly belong here, and are mentioned simply as indications of the general trend. Wise or unwise, experiment is the order of the day, its principal service in many cases being to test untried powers, and break down barriers, built up often by mere tradition, and not again to rise till women themselves decide when and where.

Taking states in their alphabetical order, the census of 1880 gives the number of working women for each as follows:—

Alabama, 124,056.
 Arkansas, 30,616.
 California, 28,200.
 Colorado, 4,779.
 Connecticut, 48,670.
 Delaware, 7,928.
 Florida, 17,781.
 Georgia, 152,322.
 Illinois, 106,101.
 Indiana, 51,422.
 Iowa, 44,845.
 Kansas, 54,422.
 Louisiana, 95,052.
 Maine, 33,528.
 Massachusetts, 174,183.
 Michigan, 55,013.
 Minnesota, 25,077.
 Mississippi, 110,416.
 Missouri, 62,943.
 Nebraska, 10,455.
 Nevada, 403.
 New Hampshire, 30,128.

New Jersey, 66,776.
 New York, 360,381.
 North Carolina, 86,976.
 Ohio, 112,639.
 Oregon, 2,779.
 Pennsylvania, 216,980.
 Rhode Island, 29,859.
 South Carolina, 120,087.
 Tennessee, 56,408.
 Texas, 58,943.
 Vermont, 16,167.
 West Virginia, 11,508.
 Wisconsin, 46,395.
 Arizona, 471.
 Dakota, 2,851.
 District of Columbia, 10,658.
 Idaho, 291.
 Montana, 507.
 New Mexico, 2,262.
 Utah, 2,877.
 Washington Territory, 1,060.
 Wyoming, 464.

LABOR BUREAUS AND THEIR WORK IN RELATION TO
WOMEN.

The difficulties encountered by the enumerators of the United States Census, and the growing conviction that much more minute and organized effort must be given if the real status of women workers was to be obtained, had already been matter of grave discussion. The labor question pressed upon all who looked below the surface of affairs, and very shortly after the census of 1860 a proposition was made in Boston to establish there a formal bureau of labor, whose business should be to fill in all the blanks that in the general work were passed over.

Many facts, all pointing to the necessity of some such organization, lay before the men who pondered the matter — factory abuses of many orders, the startling increase of pauperism and crime, with other causes which can find small space here. With difficulty consent was obtained to establish a bureau which should inquire into the causes of all this, and the first report was given to the public in 1870. It was descriptive rather than statistical, and necessarily so. Methods were still a matter of question and experiment. The public had small interest in the project, and it was essential to outline, not only the work to be done, but the reasons for its need.

Naturally, then, the volume touched upon many abuses: Children in factories, and the factory system as a whole; the homes of workers, and their needs in sanitary and other directions; and toward the end a few pages of special comment on the hard lives of working women as a whole.

The report for 1871 followed the same lines, giving more detail to each. That for 1872 took up various phases of women's work,* with some of the general conditions then existing. For the following year elaborate tables of the cost of living were given, and are invaluable as matters of reference; and in 1874 came a no less important contribution to social science in the report on the "Homes of Working People." Those of working women were of course included, but there was still no description of many of the conditions known to hedge them about. Each inquiry, however, turned attention more and more in this direction, and

* Report for 1872, pp. 59-105.

emphasized the need of some work given exclusively to women workers.

In 1875 attention was directed to the health of working women, and a portion of the report was devoted to the special effects of certain forms of employment upon the health of women,* the education of children, the conditions of families, etc. That for 1876 discussed the question of wives' earnings, and gave tables of what proportion they made; and 1877 took up "Pauperism and Crime," in the growing amount of which it was claimed by many that the worker had large share.

In 1878 large space was given to education and the work of the young, for whom the half-time system was urged. The conjugal condition of wives and mothers was also considered, and the bearing of their work upon the home. The financial distress of the period had affected wages, and the report for 1879 considered the effect of this with the condition of the "unemployed," the tramp question, and other phases of the problem. With 1880 and the ending of the first decade of work in this direction came a fuller report on the social life of working men and the divorces in Massachusetts; 1881 made a plea for uniform hours, and 1882 was devoted to wages, prices, and profits, and further details of the life of operatives within their homes, and 1883 found reason again to go over the question of wages and prices.

I have given this detail because, when one views the work of the bureau as a whole, it will be seen that each year formed one step toward the final result, which has been of most vital bearing upon all since accomplished in the same direction for women. Until the appearance of the report for 1884, on the "Working Girls of Boston," there had been no absolute and authoritative knowledge as to their lives, their earnings, and their status as a whole. Their numbers were equally unknown, nor was there interest in their condition, save here and there among special students of social science. On the other hand there was a popular impression that the ranks of prostitution were recruited from the manufactory, and that a certain stigma necessarily rested upon the factory worker and, indeed, upon working girls as a class.

Six divisions had been found essential to the thorough

* Report for 1875, pp. 67-112.

handling of the subject, and these divisions have formed the basis of all work since done in the same lines, whether in state bureaus, or in that of the United States, soon to find mention here. It was under the direction of Colonel Carroll D. Wright that the Massachusetts Bureau did its careful and scientific work, and he represents the most valuable labor in this direction that the country has had, deserving to rank in this matter, as Tench Coxe still does in the manufacturing system, the "Father" of the labor-bureau system.

The six divisions settled upon as essential to any general system of reports were as follows:—

1. Social Condition.
2. Occupations, Places in which Employed.
3. Hours of Labor, Time Lost, etc.
4. Physical and Sanitary Condition.
5. Economic Condition.
6. Moral Condition.

The Tenth Census of the United States gave the number of women employed in the city of Boston as thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, twenty thousand of whom were in occupations other than domestic service. Each year, as we have already seen, had touched more and more nearly upon the facts bound up in their lives, but it had become necessary to determine with an accuracy that could not be brought in question precisely the facts given under the six headings.

To the surprise of the special agents detailed for this work, who had anticipated disagreeables of every order, the girls themselves took the liveliest interest in the matter, answered questions freely, and gave every facility for the fullest searching into each phase involved. American girls were found to form but 22.3 per cent of the whole number of working women in Massachusetts, of whom but 58.4 per cent had been born in that state.

The results reached in this report may be regarded as a summary, not only of conditions for Boston, but for all the large manufacturing towns of New England, later inquiry justifying this conclusion.

The average age of working girls was found to be 24.81 years, and the average at which they began work 16.81. The average time actually at work 7.49 years, and the average number of occupations followed 178, the time spent in each

being 4.43 years. Of the whole, 85 per cent were found to do their own housework and sewing, either wholly or in part.

But 22 per cent were allowed any vacation, and but 3.9 per cent received pay during that time, the average vacation being 1.87 weeks. A little over 26 per cent work the full year without loss of time, while an average of 12.32 weeks is lost by 73 per cent. The average time worked by all during the year was 42.95 weeks. In personal service 26.5 per cent work more than ten hours a day; in trade, 19.5 per cent were so employed, and in manufactures 5.6 per cent. In all occupations 8.9 per cent work more than ten hours a day, and 8.6 per cent more than sixty hours a week.

In the matter of health 76.2 per cent of the whole number employed were in good health.

The average weekly earnings for the average time employed, 42.95 weeks, was \$6.01, and the average weekly earnings of all the working girls of Boston for a whole year were 4.91. The average weekly income, including earnings, assistance, and income from extra work done by many, was \$5.17 a year.

The average yearly income from all sources was \$269.70, and the average yearly expenses for positive needs \$261.30, leaving but \$7.77, on the average, as a margin for books, amusements, etc. Those making savings are 11 per cent of the whole, their average savings being \$72.15 per year. A few run in debt, the average debt being \$36.60 for the less than 3 per cent incurring debt.

Of the total average yearly expenses, these percentages being based upon the law laid down by Dr. Engels of Prussia, as to percentage of expenses belonging to subsistence, 63 per cent must be expended for food and lodging, and 25 per cent for clothing, a total of 88 per cent of total expenses for subsistence and clothing, leaving but 12 per cent of total expense to be distributed to the other needs of living.

These are, briefly summed up, the results of the investigation, in which the single workers constituted 88.9 of the whole, and the married but 6 per cent, widows making up the number. It is impossible in these limits to give further detail on these points, all readers being referred to the report itself.

The same questions that had first sought answer in New

England were even more pressing in New York. As in most subjects of deep popular or scientific importance, the sense of need for more data by which to judge seemed in the air, and already the Labor Bureau of the State of New York, under the efficient guidance of Mr. Charles F. Peck, had begun a course of inquiries of the same nature. For years, beginning with the New York *Tribune*, in the days when Margaret Fuller worked for it and touched at times upon social questions, always in the mind of Horace Greeley, its founder, there had been periodical stirs of feeling in behalf of sewing women. It was known that the enormous influx of foreign labor, naturally massed at this point, more than could ever be possible elsewhere, had brought with it evils suspected, but still not yet defined in any sense to be trusted. Indications on the surface were seriously bad, but actual investigation had never tested their nature or degree. The report of the bureau for 1885, which was given to the public in 1886, met with a degree of interest and study not usually accorded these volumes, and roused public feeling to an unexpected extent.

Mr. Peck brought to the work much the same order of interest that had marked that of Colonel Wright, and wrote in his introduction to the report the summary of the situation for New York City:—

“By reason of its immense population, its numerous and extensive manufactures, its wealth, its poverty, and general cosmopolitan character, New York City presents a field for investigation into the subject of ‘Working Women, their Trades, Wages, Home and Social Conditions,’ unequalled by any other centre of population in America. It opens up a wider and more diversified field for inquiry, study, and classification of the various industries in which women seek employment, than can be found even in European cities, with but few if any exceptions. It is for such reasons that the inquiry of the bureau into this special subject has been largely confined to the city named.”

Two hundred and forty-seven trades are given in this report, in which some two hundred thousand women were found to be engaged, this being exclusive of domestic service. The divisions of the subject were substantially those adopted by the Massachusetts Bureau, but the numbers and complexity of conditions made the inquiry far more difficult. Its

results and their bearings will find place later on. It is sufficient now to say that the two may be regarded as summarizing all phases of work for women, and as an index to the difficulties at all other points in the country.

The Bureau of Labor for Connecticut sent out its first report in the same year, 1885, and included investigations and statistics in the same lines, though for reasons specified, in much more limited degree. That for 1886 for the same state took up in detail some points in regard to the work of both women and children, which, for want of both time and space, had been omitted in the first, their returns coinciding in all important particulars with those of the other bureaus.

In 1886 the California Bureau of Labor touched the same points, but only incidentally, in its general analysis of the labor question. In the following year, however, the report covering the years 1887 and '88 took up the question under the same aspects as those handled in the special reports on this topic, and gave full treatment of the wages, lives, and general conditions for working women. It included, also, the facts, so far as they could be ascertained, of the nature, wages, and conditions of domestic service in California, the first attempt at treating this difficult subject with any accuracy. The apprentice system, and an important chapter on manual training and its bearings make this report one of the most valuable, from the social point of view, that has been given, though where all are invaluable it is hard to characterize one above another.

Mr. Tobin, for California, and Mr. Hutchins, for Iowa, seemed moved at the same time in much the same way, the Iowa report for 1887 treating the many questions involved with that largeness which has thus far distinguished work in this direction. Kansas, in the report for 1888, gave general conditions, women being treated incidentally; and Minnesota, in the report for the years 1887 and 1888, gave a chapter on working women, wages, etc.

Colorado followed, giving in the report for 1887 and 1888, under the management of Commissioner Rice, a chapter on women wage-workers, in which space is given to certified complaints of the women themselves, as to what they consider the disabilities of their special trades. Domestic service, with some of its abuses, was also considered, and is of

much value. These reports sum up the work so far done in the West, where labor bureaus are of recent growth. The spirit of inquiry is, however, equally alive, and each year will see minuter detail and a deeper scientific spirit.

Maine, in the report for 1888, took up many questions of general interest, with their incidental bearings on the work of women; and in 1889 came another report from Kansas, in which the labor commissioner, Mr. Frank Betton, gave large space to an investigation conducted under many difficulties, but covering the ground very fully.

With this background of admirable work always, no matter what might be the limitations, making each report a little broader in purpose and minuter in detail, the way was plain for something even more comprehensive. This was furnished by the Bureau of Labor of the United States, which had changed name, and become in June, 1887, the Department of Labor, a part of the Department of the Interior. This report, the fourth from the bureau, and issued in 1888, was entitled "Working Women in Large Cities," and included investigations made in twenty-two, from Boston to San Francisco and San José.

All that long experience had demonstrated as most important in such work was brought to bear. The investigation covered manual labor in cities, excluding textile industries, save incidentally as these had already been treated, as well as domestic service. Textile factories are usually outside of large cities, and it was the object to discover the opportunities of employment in the way of manual labor in cities themselves.

Three hundred and forty-three distinct industries showed themselves, and others were found which were not included, it being safe to say that some four hundred may be considered open to women. As before stated, many are simply subdivisions, made by the constantly increasing complexity of machinery. The agents of the department carried their work into the lowest and worst places in the cities named, because in such places are to be found women who are struggling for a livelihood in most respectable callings, living in them as a matter of necessity, since they cannot afford to live otherwise, but leaving them whenever wages are sufficient to admit of change.

It is this report which forms the summary of all the work

that has preceded it, and that gives the truest exponent of all present conditions. It is only necessary to add to it the summaries of the state reports at other points, to see the aspect of the question as a whole; and thus we are ready to consider by its aid the general rates of wages and of the status of the trades of every nature in which women are now engaged.

THE SUPREMACY OF REASON IN RELIGION.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

THE present is a time of theological unrest. Here there is talk of revising a creed, and there complaint that some of the clergy of a great sect are too latitudinarian in thought, or disposed to treat some of the rules of its discipline as a dead letter. These are among the more obvious indications of the ferment now working in our churches.

The human mind swings pendulum-like between the two extremes of dogmatism and scepticism. This oscillation is essential to growth. Happy is he who has learned the law! Few experiences of life, however, are more tragic than the process of outgrowing one's first religious dogmatism. "Why cannot he be satisfied to believe in the good old way?" is the thought of many friends who stand, as they believe, upon the enduring rock of truth, upon the rock which alone prevents them from falling—they shrink from thinking where, or for how long. And yet—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"—with the partisanship of thought, as we now know it, scepticism is the indispensable fire which melts the metal of dogmatism, and permits it to be recast in fairer form. Let us ask, then, are Christian sects justified in holding their present views of the authority of the Bible, the Church, tradition and creeds, or must the searcher for truth look elsewhere for the real "seat of authority"? Has the sceptre been wielded by the lawful king, or is it in the hands of an usurper who must be dethroned?

If you wish to communicate anything to a child, you must do so in terms of his past experience; this necessity is imposed upon you by the nature of the mind. Applying this thought, we may suppose—though we cannot conceive the manner—that the universe might appeal to us in forty ways, through corresponding senses or faculties, of which we have no knowledge whatever. But if the universe is *actually* to affect us, it must do so through the channels of intuition which the mind possesses, or which may at some future time change from a latent to an active state; and the universe, so far as we are not so sensitive to it, is as much a

blank as color to the blind man. For us it does not exist; it is impossible even to imagine what it might be like, since the scope of the imagination is limited by the materials supplied by experience.

First-hand knowledge is acquired in this manner: First, intuition furnishes the materials for concepts; that is, for general notions, as of horse, not the image of a particular horse, but a notion which includes all horses and excludes everything else; second, judgments are formed by joining concepts affirmatively and negatively, as, for example, "All horses are quadrupeds," and "No stones are animals"; and third, in the act of reasoning, the reason, being supplied with a certain stock of judgments, is limited; (*a*), in the process of deduction, to the statement of all the propositions which *must* be true, and to the declaring of any given proposition, true, false, or, through lack of experience, doubtful; and (*b*), in the process of induction, to the formation of universal propositions from judgments. Induction is also of value in calculating the probability of a particular result where two or more alternatives are involved.

Keeping this exposition of reason before us, let us discuss the possible relations of revelation, aided by the following

TABULAR VIEW.

REVELATION: Possible Relations to Reason.

A. Direct relations:—

1. Inconsistent with reason.
2. Above, but not inconsistent with reason.
3. Subject to reason.

B. Indirect relations: binding upon reason because:—

4. Revealed through a person possessing certain characteristics.
5. Accompanying particular emotional states, etc.
6. Received from an infallible source.

1. Is reason bound to accept as true a revelation inconsistent with its own conclusions, to reject it as false, or may there be a third alternative? Being inconsistent, the revelation must be contradictory or contrary to the affirmation of reason, whence it follows—under the doctrine of opposition of propositions, as laid down in every elementary text-book upon logic—that reason *must* declare the revelation false, since of contradictory propositions, one must be true, and the other false; while of contrary propositions, both can-

not be true, whence if reason affirm one to be true, the other must be false. Under the hypothesis, no third case is possible; the mere acceptance of one involves an unconditional rejection of the other from which the laws of thought preclude the possibility of escape.

After speaking of the many religious men who "try to allay their disquietude and to silence their doubts by the device of treating reason and revelation as entirely independent authorities," Dr. John Caird of the University of Glasgow says: "The human spirit is not a thing divided against itself so that faith and reason can subsist side by side in the same mind, each asserting as absolute principles which are contradicted by the other. If it were so, then either there must be a higher umpire than both to decide between them, or thought and knowledge are reduced to chaos. For, in the first place, we must have rational grounds for the acceptance of a supernatural revelation. It must verify its right to teach authoritatively. Reason must be competent to judge, if not of the content, at least of the credentials, of revelation. But an authority proving by reason its right to teach irrationally is an impossible conception. The authority which appeals to reason in proof of its rights commits itself, so to speak, to be essentially rational. To prove to reason a right to set reason at defiance is self-contradictory, inasmuch as the proof itself must be one of the things to which that right extends. . . . The attempt therefore to maintain an unreal equilibrium between faith and reason — between a reverence which accepts, and an intelligence which rejects, the same things — can only issue in one of two results, practical unbelief or the violent suppression of doubt. No adjustment of the difference can be satisfactory save an adjustment *in thought*. Either the doctrines of positive religion must be shown to be in harmony with reason, or, at least, reason must be silent as to their truth or falsehood. Thought must, with intelligent insight, pronounce for them; or it must be shown why, from their very nature, thought can pronounce neither for nor against them." *

2. Of one who should claim that the content of a revelation is above reason, we might well ask, "How do you know?" This statement implies that he has passed beyond the limits of human reason, and that in this new realm he

* "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," Chap. III. Macmillan and Co.

has met with a something other than reason, which certifies the truth of the revelation. We must request the advocate of this view to present in detail the facts of his psychological experience upon which he bases the assertion; for we confess total ignorance either of any personal experience, or of the testimony of others going to show that there is such a realm.

It would readily be granted, upon the other hand, that a body of teaching intended to be a revelation to humanity must not only be susceptible of being stated in words which have previously acquired a meaning in the minds of those whom it is designed to benefit, but must actually be so stated. Ultimately, only experience can transform a word from a meaningless symbol to a vehicle of intelligence. Since, then, the jurisdiction of reason is already co-extensive with intuition, if it be possible for man to possess a knowledge above reason, when this is expressed in language, it is in all respects as flexible to the manipulation of reason as any other material which can be presented to the mind. There is, then, no means whatever of discovering that a proposition rightfully belongs to this super-rational domain, and that it ought, therefore, to be set aside, either as unfit for assimilation with others, or as destined, if employed, to fatally vitiate the common reasoning process. The hypothesis under consideration must, consequently, be rejected root and branch, or we must concede that a doubt has been thrown upon all knowledge, which no process of verification or revision can remove.

Says Dr. Caird, "We know of no other reason than one, and what can never be brought into coherence with that reason is to us equivalent to the absurd or self-contradictory. . . . To make it an argument in favor of any doctrines that they are not contrary to reason, they must belong to the province of that reason to which they are not opposed. To be not contrary to *our* reason proves nothing for doctrines which, by supposition, belong to a different order of reason, and which may, for aught we know, be contrary to that."*

3. A revelation is a communication of intelligence to man, and, as such, can gain admission to the mind only in so far as it conforms to the laws which dominate its operation. It is received under the same laws and upon the same terms as any other matter which appeals to the intel-

* *Ibid.*

lect. If, judged upon its inherent merits, it be found true, it should be accepted; if false, it should be rejected.

The question next arises whether there is any indirect method by which the mind can be forced to accept what reason has pronounced false. Upon the very threshold of the inquiry, the great objection confronts us that if there were, there would be presented the spectacle of intellectual suicide, of reason divided against itself, by denying through one of its processes what it affirmed through another. Ignoring this, however, let us examine the question more in detail.

4. We may be told that the exalted character, the moral elevation of the revelator, is an all-sufficient guarantee of the truth of the revelation, whatever the relation of its content to reason. Granting this to be plausible, — for the sake of the argument, — in case of the moral perfection of the revelator, no one is competent to declare any human being perfect, and therefore no one can, in this manner, make it obligatory upon us to receive a revelation as true. On the other hand, if a person imperfect morally can properly be accepted as the guarantor of a revelation, it is incumbent upon one who maintains this view to present the chain of reasoning which — when the revelator has reached a defined moral altitude — will make us see clearly that such a person can enunciate only unalloyed truth. But this is impossible; the necessary connection of moral character and the capacity for revealing truth here implied, is assumed; it has never been proved.

5. The same line of argument will exclude emotional states, strong convictions *per se*, though they lead a man to the stake, and the more or less artificially discriminated "Christian consciousness" as the guarantors of the integrity of revelations. None of these, usurping the place of reason, can decide upon the truth or falsity of a proposition, or impose it upon the mind by an indirect process.

6. It may be said that we are bound to accept a revelation because it came from God, because the source is infallible. A revelation received upon authority, with no attempt at verification, could, *à priori*, have as its source — disregarding the mundane relation of man to man — either (a) Infinite Intelligence or (b) finite intelligence.

a. Truth may be communicated by God to man. According to current thought, revelation is limited to this. Under

the theistic conception of the universe, we look upon certain principles in the Divine Mind as the fundamental data with which all phenomena must harmonize. We do not think, therefore, of God as existing under the necessity of verifying his knowledge by an induction from particular manifestations.

b. Truth may be communicated to man by invisible, finite intelligences. It is difficult to see how those who maintain the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and appeal so confidently to texts as conclusive proof, can evade the force of such passages as that wherein Saul, with the aid of the woman of Endor, talked with Samuel. On the other hand, I submit that the mass of testimony recorded within the last fifty years—to go no further back—makes out a *prima facie* case in favor of the probability of such communion, of such strength that the advocates of the inductive study of the Bible, to say nothing of the scientists, are not justified in scornfully brushing aside the so-called spiritualistic phenomena without investigation. Much remains to be done, it is true, before the average truth-seeker can feel satisfied as to the chief facts and their explanation; but, nevertheless, after making all reasonable deductions, this hypothesis is, in my judgment, entitled to a respectful hearing in the courts of philosophy, theology, and science. All lovers of the truth should rejoice in the work of the Society for Psychical Research and of the recently-formed American Psychical Society, as efforts to solve problems which have baffled many minds, and which stand in very important relations to rational theology. Again, so long as immortality is emphasized as a prominent teaching of Christianity, it must be conceded that it carries with it a presumption, be it stronger or weaker, that communion between the so-called dead and the living is possible.

A man who believes himself the recipient of a revelation, has no means whatever of identifying the communicating mind as infinite. Will an accompanying emotional state or strong conviction do this? No. Is the statement, "I, the Supreme Mind of the universe, say this to you," sufficient? No. *A priori*, there are two ways in which we might know God to be the *immediate* source of the revelation: first, negatively, through the exclusion of all finite causes, thus leaving the one Infinite Cause as the only adequate one; and second, positively, through a consciousness, along with the

revelation, of contact with a Being whose attributes are intuitively perceived to transcend finite limitations. As to the former, it may be said that there is no way of excluding finite sources. For, either a given portion of a revelation is susceptible of being understood by man or it is not. If the one, then a finite source could communicate what man can comprehend, and if the other, then, by hypothesis, it is not a revelation at all, since it can reveal nothing. Concerning the latter, it must be affirmed that as the consciousness of such attributes is impossible to man, the conclusion "This revelation comes immediately from God" is unwarranted. Mark, however, that these statements in no sense amount to a denial of the existence of God. Our belief in him and as to his attributes is founded upon an induction coextensive with all knowledge, and growing in strength with every addition thereto.

In view of the foregoing argument, when the whole fabric of Christianity is based upon the assumption of a revelation, when revelation is, confessedly, a communication between intelligent beings, and when, *à priori*, the source may be either finite or infinite, how comes it that the finite source is so persistently tabooed as unworthy of the barest mention, to say nothing of serious consideration? From the standpoint of an inductive study of Christianity, the neglect of this alternative is one of the most colossal errors of ecclesiasticism throughout the centuries, and ere many years will so be recognized by the philosophical student of religion.

I have striven to show, by an analysis of the chief positions for which my opponents could contend, that the "seat of authority" in religion is occupied by reason, and not by revelation. It follows, then,—if the foregoing argument be conclusive,—that the Bible, because a revelation; that "faith," the church, creeds, tradition, the revelations claimed for the occupant of the papal chair—that *all* of these, having their sole ultimate sources in reason and revelation, are subordinate to reason.

Let those who here find their cherished convictions controverted, and who feel that the reasoning, while it may have torn down, has done nothing towards rebuilding, reflect that the facts and laws of the universe remain precisely as they were; that the only change produced, if any, is in our interpretation of the realities of spirit and matter. I

am impressed that there is profound significance in the conclusions reached, that reason is the only court of appeal for finite beings, and that they are debarred from knowing that a given revelation was, in a strict sense, *immediately* communicated to man by God.

Is there not a flaw in the intellectual integrity of the man who must keep his science and his religion in "separate, compartments"? Is the universe a house divided against itself? Is not the thought more inspiring, and the postulate more fruitful, when we assume, as the point of departure for philosophy and theology, that the totality of matter, force, and spirit is essentially one, its parts correlated? From this standpoint we shall see, I think — can we, for the nonce, but free ourselves from our dogmatisms — that this unity in the universe itself demands a single supreme authority in the mind of man, and, as the ideal, a complete harmony between science and the Word of God. But which of the statements contained in a revelation, some irreconcilable one with another, others inconsistent with reason — which of these *are* words of God? My answer is, truth is one, every true word is of God, *is God's word*, whether flashed into the mind of a Jesus, a Paul, a Buddha, a Socrates, or one of thousands of lesser lights, by the Supreme Mind, a finite spirit, or a brother in the flesh. And, conversely, not the affirmations of unnumbered millions of devotees can suffice to make true a revelation repugnant to reason and erroneously assumed to be God's word! My contention is, not that man has no revelation from God, — for every *true* word is such a revelation, since he is the source of all that is, — but that we have not the capacity to determine that a given revelation had God as its *proximate* source.

Science knows her fallibility. Revelation also must be brought to *her* knees.

As I read the riddle, God intended that man in his spiritual maturity should ground his life upon knowledge, that his appeal should come more and more to be to the sources of knowledge, less and more cautiously to authority as such, and that the enslavement of man in all of his relations through authority shall decrease with ignorance. Harmonizing with these aims, the key-note of twentieth-century theology is to be — or call me no prophet — GOD SPEAKS TO MAN SOLELY THROUGH HIS REASON.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

COULD even a moiety of those authentic psychic experiences which often occur among intelligent persons be noted, the annual record would be both large and of transcendent value. That these experiences seldom see the light, is owing to a variety of causes which it is not now necessary to explain. It is sufficient that all mention of cognate subjects is usually avoided, even by those deeply interested in them. Yet, thanks to the efforts of those brave enough to enter this particular domain, such reserve is gradually growing less.

For obvious reasons the names of all parties who are either agents or witnesses of what is here related must be kept from the public; but to the editor of *THE ARENA* are confided their full addresses. These persons, exceptional in point of character and intelligence, are to-day living in or near New York; and concerning their united testimony there can be no cavil.

The lady whose previsions are narrated, a New Englander by birth and rearing, inherited positive convictions against the possibility of modern prophecy; in fact, against the possibility of all psychic phenomena. She is of a nervous mental temperament, but she also possesses much native scepticism and coolness of judgment, and it was after many repetitions of apparent "coincidences" that she was forced to believe that there is an innate power of prevision in the human soul.

Having known her intimately for many years, I am a witness to the truth of her experiences. Among them are the following:—

During the winter of 188— there frequently met in a dwelling-house in East — Street, New York (where Mrs. A, as we will call her, then resided with her husband), a company of friends belonging to a benevolent association. There were seven altogether, all women, and upon such

terms of intimacy that Mrs. A freely expressed to the others any foreshadowing which fell upon her sensitive nature.

During the entire session she was haunted by the apprehension that a serious accident was about to befall some elderly man, in or about the back portion of the dwelling. In regard to its nature or cause she could foresee nothing. In speaking of the matter a shuddering dread took possession of her, and I often saw her put her hands before her face as if to hide a painful scene.

"It will be a dreadful fall," said she. "I do not see how it can be averted. Nor do I understand how I know it will take place. I only feel it must be."

As there were two elderly men then in the house, it might be supposed that one of these would be the victim. Not so. Of that she was equally as certain as that it would take place.

Time passed; early spring vied with late winter, yet nothing unusual happened. One day there was a thaw, accompanied by a heavy rain, followed by a sharp frost. Snow lay upon the ground; the gutters of the dwelling in which Mrs. A resided overflowed and were hung with icicles. To remove these and clear the clogged spout running from the rear roof, an employe of the lessee of the house offered to ascend a ladder and cut away the ice with a hatchet.

The man was over sixty years of age. He had had large experience in mounting ladders; was intelligent, cautious, and competent to do the work. He was advised not to ascend the ladder and urged to be careful.

He gayly replied, ascended to the roof of the third story rear, and began his work. In spite of care the ladder slipped. In vain the unfortunate man clutched for support. With a dull thud he was precipitated upon the stone area. An ambulance was summoned. He was carried to the hospital, where, a few hours later, he died without having regained consciousness. Mrs. A, at the time, was in the dwelling, but knew nothing of what had happened, until the ambulance bore him away. The foreshadowed accident took place with no warning at the critical moment.

It should be said, however, that, with Mrs. A, prevision comes in hours of passivity, and generally when in the society of one or more congenial friends.

Another and pleasanter prevision has just been fulfilled.

Ten years ago Mrs. A had as a neighbor a young girl, exquisite in character and in person, between whom and herself existed great mutual sympathy. One day the mother of Adele, as we will designate her, visited Mrs. A, and in the course of a conversation concerning the daughter, Mrs. A had a glimpse of the future of her girlish friend.

"She will, in due time, marry a foreigner," said she to the mother, "a man much her senior. He is highly educated, refined, and a noble man in every regard. He wears a uniform, and must be an officer in some continental army. The marriage will be the union of soul with soul. There seems to be between them an attachment as unusual as it is beautiful."

More conversation about the unknown followed, mingled with expressions of astonishment and incredulity from the mother, and the matter was dropped.

What followed seems like romance. There is ample proof that it is real.

More than a year elapsed, and the prescient friend was told that Adele had met her destiny. The gentleman had not at once been recognized, because he wore no uniform. But from the first, was perceived that curious and powerful mutual attraction which sometimes instantaneously rises above the superficial conditions of life, and allies souls, so large and tender that neither circumstances nor death itself can dis sever them. To the womanly and divine intuitions of Adele, no problem of Euclid was ever more certain than that their souls knew and responded to one another like two instruments tuned to the self-same key.

But no verbal understanding followed, and something kept them apart. That something continued through long years. Adele developed into womanhood with a character exhaling an atmosphere of exquisite sweetness, purity, and pathos. True to the ideal of her heart, she lived apart from the innocent coquetry of youth.

Years still fled, and the two, so strangely drawn together, met not. Finally, one day in walking down Broadway, Adele felt a sudden unaccountable desire to retrace her steps and enter a famous art shop which she had lately passed. It was an apparently whimsical impulse, but who can detect the hidden sources of impulse?

Adele entered the shop, traversed the lower floor without

stopping, and, from the same inexplicable desire, mounted the staircase. There she met face to face with — him.

The acquaintance was renewed, with what ending may be guessed. Bishop D—— officiated at the wedding ceremony, and at its close remarked that he had never been so much impressed by the sacredness of the tie which bound these two persons to one another.

In a letter from the mother of Adele to Mrs. A, who was unavoidably absent from the city, she writes: "You above all others should have been present. To think that you should have foretold all this ten years ago, seems more and more wonderful."

It is noteworthy that the bridegroom has never resigned from the army of his native country, though of course in America he wears only the dress of a civilian. Of this fact Adele was ignorant until long after their first meeting.

One more incident concludes the present record of prevision.

Early in May of the present year Mrs. A met a friend who is much interested in the work of the Society for Psychological Research. He is the head of vast business interests, and she had once made an extremely hurried round of an immense factory under his control. "You have a new span of horses, I believe," said she. "Beware of them!"

"What is the trouble with my new horses?"

"One of them, the 'off' horse, has been frightened and is tricky."

"I have not perceived it."

"You will very soon. The horse will shy and then begin to rear. If he is not carefully handled the carriage will be overturned, and you will be injured. Do not attempt to use him; he is not safe."

"Very well. We'll see about it. Anything else?"

"Yes; there is a dangerous place in the upper portion of the long room of your factory. (Here she designated the room and the particular corner to which his attention ought to be directed.) Something overhead is about to give way. I cannot see what it is. But if it is not attended to, the machinery will be injured by something falling, and the lives of your workmen will be endangered."

The gentleman did not attend either to the horses or to the weak spot in the factory.

These foreshadowings were given on Monday. On the succeeding Thursday, while riding behind his new span of horses, the "off" horse shied, and then both began to run. Only the promptness and dexterity of the coachman averted the overturning of the vehicle and all the concomitants of a serious runaway accident.

Thinking of the unheeded warning he had received and its near fulfilment, Mr. W entered his office.

Soon appeared the foreman of the factory with an urgent request that Mr. W should visit the long room which had been described by Mrs. A.

There he found, in the designated corner, a huge beam split in such a manner as to make destruction imminent, not only to the machinery, but to the lives of the men at work underneath. Strangely enough, the two predictions, given together, were together discovered to be true.

These are only three incidents out of many in my portfolio which are as well authenticated as any facts proven in a court of justice. If human testimony is worth anything, it establishes the truth that, often "coming events cast their shadows before."

Who is wise enough to limit or define the power of the individual soul, when, freed from the shackles of grossest matter, it meets and mingles with universal soul, in which is contained all that has ever been or shall ever be?

"THE MINORITY."

BY GOTTFRID E. HULT.

'Tis so the multitude of mole-hills cry
To single mountain-peaks that pierce the sky;
The myriad shells a like derision hurl
At that lone one, whose bosom hides the pearl;
So laugh the glowworms through the hours of dew,
When only one pale star is in the blue;
So sneer the teeming weeds with cold disdain
For solitary stems of golden grain;
And Wrong, with lips of scorn and obloquy,
Cries tauntingly to Right: "Minority!"

Who form this scorned Minority, uncouth?
It is the Magi seeking new-born Truth,
Whom the Majority, with fear and hate,
Is ever plotting to exterminate;
The chosen heroes whom we always find
Placed in the van and fighting for mankind;
The sons of God whose blood and tears bedew
Gethsemanes of Progress, who are true
In every moral conflict, and who bring
The world its blessings through their suffering.

Though manacled and pinioned by their age,
And blasted by her thunderbolts of rage;
Though made the victims of a church and state
That flung alike the vitriol of hate;
Though at their every act the cruel world
Her lip in scorn and bitter hatred curled,
And when of human betterment they dreamt,
They woke to pointing fingers of contempt;
Though living on a crust made moist with tears,
And never eaten save with boding fears;
Though robed in tatters stained by age and mire,
While Falsehood brushed them by in silk attire;
Though oft in the arena of their thought
Hope and Despair like gladiators fought;
Though jeoparding their lives in fire and flood,
And purpling scaffolds with their ruddy blood:
Yet firm they stood, and in the hour of need
Their arms unpalsied wrought the crowning deed;
Their lips unblanched breathed forth the burning word
That Truth, unseen, applauded as she heard;

Their fearless feet trod paths of sacrifice,
While sad-eyed Duty smiled in glad surprise —
O lofty spirits of Humanity !
O true and glorious Minority !

In honoring the memory of that soul
Who felt himself beneath divine control,
And braved the horrors of an unplowed main
To toss a world before the feet of Spain —
Should we, the children of the present time,
Not cherish this Minority sublime ?
Not pray that through our Age's veins may roll
The precious life-blood of some master-soul ?
Not pray for men whose hands drop noble deeds
Unnoticed by the rabble lisping creeds ?
Men on whose faces burns the crimson shame
At aught that blots Humanity's fair name ?
Men with whose fibres have been braided in
The love of justice and the hate of sin ?
Who reverence tradition while they view
With love akin to passion glories new ? —
Do not the wide high seas of thought await
That some Columbus come and navigate ?
Is all of truth in some old dog-eared book ?
May not mankind for coming prophets look ?

O Present with the Past before thy view !
If God should send thee great-souled manhood too,
In answer to the prayer : " Thy kingdom come,"
Then crown him not with thorny martyrdom !
Nor give with judgment clouded and amiss
The hemlock first — then apotheosis !
Receive not Mary's Son with taunt and sneer,
Then stain with tears the dead Messiah's bier.

When Time rings down the curtain for our Age,
And other eras come upon the stage,
God grant, O Future, there may ever be
Among Thy people — " The Minority !"

LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THE name of Charles Darwin will ever be pre-eminent among the immortal coterie of commanding thinkers who have made the nineteenth century the most notable epoch in the history of scientific thought and attainment. The influence of his careful and patient research and the logical deductions which he gave mankind in his masterly volumes have changed, to a great extent, the current of a world's thought. Not that Darwin alone accomplished this, for never was king surrounded by more loyal knights than was this great man environed by giant thinkers who nobly fought for the thought he sought to establish, against the combined opposition of established religious and scholastic conservatism. But the important fact must not be overlooked that had it not been for the years of patient observation and research, which enabled Mr. Darwin tangibly to demonstrate the truth of many important contested questions, the splendid philosophical presentations of Spencer, the important labors of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and other scarcely less vigorous thinkers would have only been sufficient to arouse a fierce war, which even a century might not have settled, in favor of the bold innovators. Hence Mr. Darwin will ever stand as the great apostle of evolutionary thought, vaguely foreshadowed by Buffon, St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin, and boldly outlined by Lamarck. Around his head the storm of conservatism, intolerance, and religious bigotry played. He was sneeringly styled the "monkey man," and his thoughtful observations and deductions, which were the results of more than thirty years of patient research, were wantonly caricatured and distorted by men who above all others should have demanded for them a frank and candid hearing. It is eminently proper, therefore, that by common consent Charles Darwin be assigned the loftiest niche in the temple of evolutionary thought. And yet we must never forget that he was essentially a demonstrator; his mind ever dwelt upon the special—the minute. The broad, philosophical vision of Herbert Spencer was absent in Darwin; and in the nature of the case he could not see, much less develop, the full ethical significance of the truth of which he is the most

illustrious prophet. There is another phase of Darwin's life which renders it peculiarly interesting and helpful. In the man we find one of the noblest types of nineteenth-century life. Darwin the scientist is imposing. Darwin the man is inspiring. The former stimulates the intellect; the latter enriches, by its luminous example, the soul life of all who patiently follow the great *savant* through the long years of invalidism, in which his sweet spirit ever shone resplendent, and his love for truth was an over-mastering passion.

II.

In the life of Charles Darwin we find a striking illustration of the gradual unfolding or evolution of character. In boyhood he was neither bright nor over-burdened with virtue; in his early life we search in vain for any of those luminous scintillations of genius which have characterized the youth of many illustrious persons. Indeed, if we are to rely on the charmingly frank autobiography written for his children, he was a very commonplace boy, generally considered dull, and more or less given to lying, not with a vicious intent, but owing to a youthful desire to create a sensation.

Charles Darwin was not a person who would have shone in any walk of life; indeed, if his father had not been a man of means, and the son had felt compelled to qualify himself for the profession of a physician, as was at first contemplated, or if he had entered the ministry of the Church of England, for which he was afterward partially qualified, he would, in all probability, have passed his life in some obscure nook unknown to fame, for he was singularly free from ambition.

It was his great quenchless love for scientific pursuits, largely inherited from his grandfather, whose latent fires Professor Henslow fanned into flames, and later his great desire to aid in solving the mystery of life, which haunted his every step, urging him onward with irresistible sway. Indeed, we may say Charles Darwin became famous in spite of himself.

Of his boyhood, he observes, in an abandon of candor:—

I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." ~~But~~ At my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Again he continues:—

One little event has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely

troubled by it. I told another little boy [I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist], that I could produce variously colored polyanthuses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was, of course, a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this always was done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved [it] in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake shop, I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat, and was walking out of the shop when the shopman made a rush at me. So I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

These frank observations are valuable as indicating that in the youth we see little upon which we might reasonably predicate a brilliant future. He possessed, however, strong and diversified taste, "much zeal for whatever interested him, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing."* But while painstaking and persevering along lines of research which were attractive, he was ill-disposed to master any subject for which he had no taste. Thus he declares that his early schooling, which extended over a period of seven years, "was simply a blank," owing to the fact that the curriculum was strictly classical, and for such study Darwin had neither aptitude nor taste.

When fifteen years old, his father sent him to Edinburgh, as it had been determined that he should become a physician. Of his experience here he says:—

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on Chemistry by Hope. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. . . . During my second year at Edinburgh I attended —'s lectures on Geology and Zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never as long as I lived to read a book on Geology, or in any way to study the science.

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. I., page 30.

After spending two sessions in Edinburgh, his father, who had learned that his son did not intend to practice medicine, determined to have him enter the clergy. Accordingly he was sent to Cambridge, where he passed three years; and owing to lax examinations and some extra studying immediately before examination, he succeeded in passing his examinations, being tenth in the list. Of his school days at Cambridge, he writes:—

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor [a very dull man] to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. With respect to classics, I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up "Paley's Evidences of Christianity" and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and *I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness*, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me much delight. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's *premises*, and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation.

In the light of the above observations of Mr. Darwin, coupled with his statement that he had previously mastered "Pearson on the Creeds" and other standard theological works, and that he looked forward with keen delight to the prospect of being a clergyman, it is interesting to remember that within a few brief years he was destined to call forth, as did no other individual of his generation, an avalanche of denunciation, misrepresentation, and bitter invective from the world of Christian thought. What would have been his amazement if, while he was revelling in "Paley's Evidences," the curtain of futurity had parted before him, revealing the Charles Darwin of thirty years later, then the storm-centre of a world's thought, with the lightning of clerical wrath playing about him and the thunders of theological and conservative thought crashing above his head. Darwin, the theological student, gave small hint of holding within the woof and web of his brain the thought germs which were destined to play so important a part in changing the current of a world's thought; and had it not been for a few seemingly trivial happenings and events which occurred about this time, the world would probably know even less of Charles Darwin to-day than it does of his obscure brother. But for his meeting with Professor Henslow, who seemed drawn with a strange fascination to the

young student; but for Darwin chancing to read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which stirred his whole nature and fired him with an intense longing to in a small way contribute to the noble structure of natural science; and, lastly, had not the captain of the Beagle desired to take with him a competent naturalist during his voyage around the world, it is more than probable that the great philosopher would have been simply the Rev. Charles Darwin, officiating at some retired parish. Is it chance or destiny which so often, in the most unexpected and seemingly trivial circumstance, alters the course of a life, which in turn changes the current of a world's thought? The *ifs* of history and biography are a theme interesting and perplexing. Here was a boy, devoid of all ambition for renown, accounted dull, plodding through college, nearing the day when he is to enter the clergy; but his association with a great student of natural science, who is also an enthusiast, results in firing in the youth the hereditary love of physical science inherited from his grandfather. Humboldt's work adds greatly to the already kindled flame. Next, the unexpected opening for him to go as naturalist on the Beagle, and finally the overcoming of his father's stubborn opposition to this journey by Charles Darwin's uncle, Josiah Wedgwood. These are the principal links in the chain of circumstances which changed the theological student into the foremost naturalist of our century, and through Darwin's observations and demonstrations changed, in an almost incredibly short time, the scientific thought of the world, requiring a readjustment of theology and giving to life and law a vaster and nobler significance than they had hitherto held in the human mind. Were these links, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal, the result of blind chance or a law-ordered destiny?

III.

The five years' cruise of the Beagle, the real university course of Darwin the physical scientist, was so rich in information that from the garnered truths, in the course of time, a world was to be moved, nay more, the thought of ages was destined, largely through the accretions of knowledge thus gained, to be revolutionized. We have seen from his own utterances how unsatisfactory was his scholastic training. Now, however, he stepped into the broad expanse of a new world. Here, for the first time, the hunger of his soul experienced satisfaction. No longer compelled to feed upon the husks of classical thought, but untrammelled under the great blue dome, with zone-wide class room in which to master Nature's profoundest truths, Charles Darwin the dunce became an intellectual Titan. True, his illustrious prede-

cessors had blazed the way with speculative thought before him, and this, to a mind like the young naturalist's, was of inestimable value; indeed, had not the luminous, speculative thought of St. Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck shone as a pillar of fire before him, it is doubtful whether Darwin would have made any distinctively epoch-marking contributions to science, because the younger naturalist was a demonstrator rather than a discoverer. He belonged to that class whose intellect always require a clue; with that, through profound research and unflagging perseverance, they demonstrate great truths. Besides this mental peculiarity, his extreme lack of confidence in himself or the proper value of his own works would have prevented his advancing his discoveries in any other than a tentative or hesitating manner, had he felt that he was announcing a theory not only contrary to the world-accepted thought, but one undreamed of by human minds before him.

In Brazil for the first time Darwin beheld the teeming, struggling, self-strangling life of the tropics. Here he beheld suggestions of that life which through unknown ages marked our globe from pole to pole. Next passed before him in slowly moving panorama the treeless pampas of South America; Patagonia, with its well-nigh Arctic zone, its almost naked savages, and its interesting natural features, standing in bold contrast to the lately visited luxuriance of Brazil. The Andes of the Western coast were next explored, and from their rock-writ records important truths hitherto unobserved were gleaned. From South America the *Beagle* traversed the Pacific in a serpentine course, weighing anchor at the Galapagos Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, New Zealand, and Australia. At each point Darwin made discoveries of moment, either in geology, zoölogy, or botany; while as straws carried by a strong current, numerous biological facts drifted before his mental vision, tending to confirm the great theory which was already taking possession of his mind. In Australia Darwin personally examined a fragment of an ancient world; here is found antiquated fauna strangely like the life of Europe ages ago. At the Keeling Island our scientific Columbus made further discoveries and observations of the coral reefs, destined to produce an important impression on the thought of his age.

From Australia the *Beagle* slowly moved homeward, making many stops of more or less importance to Darwin, among which were Mauritius, St. Helena, and the Azores. On Oct. 2, 1836, the weather-beaten vessel reached England, having circumnavigated the globe, although she had consumed five instead of two years of time, as was expected when she sailed.

Darwin was particularly fitted by nature for the work he was

called upon to perform. His was the mind of a specialist. The most minute objects attracted his attention no less than the remains of the mammoth forms which inhabited the globe ages before the advent of man. Thus we find him patiently examining through his microscope the dust which the wind blows upon the ship. Though a specialist, his mind ran not in a narrow groove. Everything relating to biology of course held for him a special charm; geology, zoölogy, botany, and, indeed, all the phases of physical science exerted an irresistible fascination over his mind. Again, he was probably the most painstaking and persevering working naturalist of our age. While on board the *Beagle*, during the entire voyage, he suffered most distressingly from sea-sickness; yet he daily persevered in his microscopical investigation and scientific observations with unremitting perseverance, although he frequently found it necessary to leave his work for a time and seek a horizontal attitude.

IV.

Judging from the large number of voluminous books written by the invalid worker of Down,* one would suppose his was a wonderfully facile pen; but such was by no means the case. He had poor command of language and was unusually slow and clumsy as a writer, frequently having to recast a sentence many times before he succeeded in conveying the idea he desired to present on paper. In writing of this great hindrance to work he observed: "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind, leading me to put my statements or propositions at first in a wrong or awkward form." And again, toward the close of life, he says: "I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely, and this difficulty has caused me a great loss of time." What, however, Darwin lacked in ease and facility of expression, he made up in perseverance. His work haunted him night and day. He realized that more than one lifetime would be necessary to properly marshal the multitude of vital facts which crowded upon his mental vision. Thus for over forty years he toiled with brain and pen, dying in the armor, before his magnificent intellect, which had revolutionized a world, had become dimmed, and in this particular the oft-repeated desire of his life was granted.

In 1839 Darwin published his "*Journal of Researches in Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle*." It scored an immediate success, much to the surprise and gratification of its author. He shortly after edited the publication of the "*Zoölogy of the Voyage of*

* Darwin, after circumnavigating the globe, settled for a time in London, but afterward removed to a comfortable, roomy home in Down, where he passed the long labor years of his useful life in tireless work.

H. M. S. Beagle," a work which comprised five large volumes. In 1842 he published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," a discussion which greatly enhanced his reputation. In rapid succession appeared other valuable scientific treatises; indeed, the amount of literary work accomplished by Mr. Darwin is amazing when it is remembered that his entire literary career was one long night of painful invalidism, apart from which writing was always slow and laborious work. In 1859 he electrified the scientific world by bringing out his great masterwork, "The Origin of Species." It was a bugle call. Instantaneously the old and new thought among scientists were marshalled under opposing banners, and one of the most fierce and decisive battles known in the history of literature was fought. Fortunately for Darwin, however, the age had produced a race of giants, many of whom, like the author of "The Origin of Species," had caught inspiration from Lamarck. These at once arranged themselves around Mr. Darwin. The magnificent brain of Herbert Spencer had before this given the world the luminous truths from the realm of the speculative philosophy, while so great a working naturalist as Wallace reinforced Darwin with the rich treasures he had gathered during years of patient study under the torrid sun of the Malay Archipelago. The Church, as was perfectly natural, ranged herself upon the side of conservatism, and assailed this new thought with a bitterness of spirit which indicated that she had not left the Dark Ages so far behind her that the spirit which made them one long night of horrors had entirely disappeared. As a rule, the scientific criticism was dignified, and though often bitter, the writers were usually as fair as could be expected. The reviewers, however, who possessed little or no knowledge of physical science, often assailed they knew not what, being inspired by fanatical zeal resulting from a widespread fear that the new thought would destroy religion. These critics frequently grossly misrepresented, mercilessly ridiculed, and childishly caricatured the great patient disciple of nature, whose sole purpose in life was to add to man's heritage of truth. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to note how society is ever overtaken with the ague of fear when a new truth dawns on the world. To conservatism all innovations are unwelcome intrusions; and usually conventional thought seeks, in whatever way the spirit of the age approves, to destroy the influence of the promoters of progress. It may be the stake, as in the case of Bruno; it may be the prison, as was the case in Galileo's time. It may be social ostracism, as has characterized the treatment of hundreds of the chosen spirits of a later day. With Charles Darwin the Church sought to destroy his influence by fierce invectives, biting sarcasm, and wholesale ridicule. Yet it must be

remembered that the thought was so bold and to the masses so new, it seemed to strike a deadly blow at the tap root of the tree of revelation. The Church felt that if Darwin succeeded, religion must fall. Thus, instead of inquiring whether or not the theory advanced was true, the clergy felt called upon to proceed after the manner of the Irish community, which inquired into the facts relating to the prisoner's guilt *after* they had hanged the accused. To all this calumny and misrepresentation, Charles Darwin, be it said to his honor, never wasted a precious moment in useless controversy. Grandly he stood a colossus, enveloped by the abuse of ignorance and bigotry, serene in the conviction that he held the thread of a great truth which mankind must in the fulness of time accept. The more men misrepresented and abused, the harder he worked to prove his position by incontrovertible facts and practical demonstrations. "The Origin of Species" was an epoch-marking book. During the intervening years between its publication in 1859 and the publication of his other masterpiece, "The Descent of Man," in 1871, Mr. Darwin made a number of important contributions to scientific literature. "The Descent of Man," however, aroused anew to a certain extent the battle of 1859. During these years the theory of evolution had rapidly grown in favor among thoughtful people; in 1871 it was clear to be seen that the trend of the best thought had set in Darwinward; and though from the date of this last great work until his death, eleven years later, he added materially to the rich store of facts he had given the world, it is by the "Origin" and "Descent" that Darwin will live throughout succeeding ages. These noble works were the breastworks around which the fiercest intellectual battle of modern times was fought; but the noble, patient, and persevering laborer had the splendid satisfaction of living to see the breastworks not only remain impregnable, but the surrender of a vast majority of competent scientists of the day. Two years before Darwin's death, Professor Huxley delivered his famous address on "The Coming Age of the Origin of Species." Of this notable utterance Mr. Grant Allen fittingly observes:—

The time was a favorable one for reviewing the silent and almost unobserved progress of a great revolution. Twenty-one years had come and gone since the father of modern scientific evolutionism had launched upon the world his tentative work. In those twenty-one years the thought of humanity had been twisted around as upon some invisible pivot, and a new heaven and a new earth had been presented to the eyes of seers and thinkers.

V.

Unfortunately, the private life of many of the world's greatest thinkers will not bear close scrutiny; indeed, the possession of a brain capable of marvellous penetration and dazzling intellectual

flights has so frequently been marred by the presence of an unbalanced condition in other directions, that the very word "genius" has come to suggest to some close thinkers the presence of insanity. Often men of the largest brains have displayed the smallest natures. An almost godlike power of intuition, and the eagle wings of genius have so frequently been chained to jealousy, personal ambition, indifference to others, immorality, and an offensive self-worship, that the biographer has touched upon the character and home life of his subject with feelings of keenest sadness. Not so with the writer who deals with the life of Charles Darwin, as the power of his wonderful mind was only second to the charm of his noble personality. He was the most unselfish and sincere of men; a stranger to that personal ambition which ruthlessly treads upon the happiness and the merit of others; devoid of all traces of jealousy; diffident, indeed, as I have before observed, his diffidence was so marked that it is not improbable that the world would never have received his best thought had not Lamarck and other great thinkers blazed the way before him. *I know of no life where the supreme mastery of self was more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Darwin after he entered the portals of manhood.* In writing of him in after years, Sir James Sullivan, who sailed on the Beagle, observed: "I can confidently express my belief that during five years on the Beagle he was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or harsh word of or to any one." The marvellous command at this early date which Darwin had over his temper will be better appreciated if we remember that during this voyage the young philosopher was constantly seasick. In after years this wonderful control of his lower self grew more and more complete. He had an iron will, but it was used in subjugating all that was unworthy of the noblest manhood in his nature. Darwin loved his home passionately, and naught but thirst for knowledge could have driven him forth on his long, perilous voyage. In his letters we catch many delightful glimpses of this strong, abiding home love, as, for example, the following:—

It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robins sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a schoolboy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again. I am at present, although nearly half the world is between me and home, beginning to arrange what I shall do, where I shall go during the first week.

His marriage to his cousin Emma Wedgwood, which occurred in January, 1839, proved to be an exceptionally happy union; each cherished pure, deep affection for the other, and in each other's society they experienced their rarest happiness. Of their married life Francis Darwin says:—

Of his married life I cannot speak, save in the briefest manner. In his relationship towards my mother, his tender and sympathetic nature was shown in its most beautiful aspect. In her presence he found his happiness, and through her, his life—which might have been overshadowed by gloom—became one of content and quiet gladness.

His deep love for his wife and children was very marked. This tireless delver into the mysteries of life had a heart as tender as the most sensitive maiden. Seldom have I read any lines more touchingly beautiful than the following, written when he lost his little ten-year-old daughter:—

From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition, which at once rises before me, is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. . . . She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of "Oh, papa, what a shame of you!" In the last short illness her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was "beautifully good." When I gave her some water she said, "I quite thank you," and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me. We have lost the joy of the household and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear, joyous face! Blessings on her!

The great secret of Darwin's accomplishing such a vast amount of work lay in the two words *perseverance and order*. He was one of the most persistent of investigators. The suffering and exhaustion incident to his painful and unremitting illness were not considered by this tireless worker sufficient cause for rest. Each day his apportioned work was prepared with clocklike regularity. Languages were exceedingly difficult for him to master; but in order to acquaint himself with the views of some great German scientific thinkers, he mastered the language sufficiently to read the works, although he always pronounced the words in English. Another illustration of this same spirit of perseverance is related in the following words by Admiral Stokes, who accompanied Darwin on the *Beagle*:—

We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop cabin of the *Beagle* during her celebrated voyage, he with his microscope and myself at the charts. It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so to my old friend, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. After, perhaps, an hour's work he would say to me: "Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it," that being the best relief position from ship motion; a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down.

Such are a few interesting facts concerning this noble life. In a brief pen picture of this character it is impossible to touch even briefly upon the points of excellence in a life so rich in the glory of developed manhood.

The death of Charles Darwin, which occurred on the 19th of April, 1882, cast a gloom over the whole scientific world. The boy who in 1831 seemed to possess so little, and of whom his father entertained serious apprehension lest he should turn out a worthless sporting character, had reached the foremost place in the ranks of great scientists, even in the golden age of scientific research. He was buried in Westminster near the tomb of Newton. Among his pall-bearers were his loved co-laborers, Wallace, Huxley, Lubbock, and Hooker. In closing this sketch I will quote a paragraph from Mr. Allen's graphic summary of the personal characteristics of the great man who in life was as careless of his personal fame as he was devoted to the cause of science:—

Of Darwin's pure and exalted moral nature no Englishman of the present generation can trust himself to speak with becoming moderation. His love of truth, his singleness of heart, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his candor, his absolute sinking of self and selfishness—these, indeed, are all conspicuous to every reader on the very face of every word he ever printed. Like his works themselves, they must long outlive him. But his sympathetic kindliness, his ready generosity, the staunchness of his friendship, the width and depth and breadth of his affections, the manner in which "he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return—these things can never so well be known to any other generation of men as to the three generations who walked the world with him. Many even of those who did not know him loved him like a father; to many who never saw his face the hope of winning Charles Darwin's approbation and regard was the highest incentive to thought and action. Towards younger men, especially, his unremitting kindness was always most noteworthy; he spoke and wrote to them, not like one of the masters in Israel, but like a fellow-worker and seeker after truth, interested in their interests, pleased at their successes, sympathetic with their failures, gentle to their mistakes. . . . He had the sympathetic receptivity of all truly great minds, and when he died thousands upon thousands who had never beheld his serene features and his fatherly eyes felt they had lost, indeed, a personal friend. Greatness is not always joined with gentleness; in Charles Darwin's case, by universal consent of all who knew him, "an intellect which had no superior" was wedded to "a character even nobler than the intellect."

WAS IT PROPHECY?

BY REV. WM. P. MCKENZIE.

As an oculist the doctor had been successful, and his house was truly magnificent. In the library he sat with two friends. The books that looked down upon them were such as a scholar might have selected; but no scholar of these days could have afforded such costly bindings.

The doctor lounged in an easy chair, which each of the others had refused, and lit a cigar taken from a box that must have cost at least fifty dollars. His face was as full, fair, and unruffled as that of a patriarch in the Greek Church. His dress was faultless, and had cost him fully three times its worth. A fashionable tailor uses such men as a bulwark against the fashionables who pay only in promises. Altogether he impressed one as a successful man; of such a kind that he had become entirely satisfied with himself, and, while fond of the "best of everything," rather indifferent to the fate of those to whose lot the worst of things fell.

For the type which his friend represented you would have to look in the ranks of the toilers. He was a college-mate of the doctor's, now visiting him after twenty years of separation. The doctor's face was as nice looking as if a well-groomed baby had a tawny beard appended to its dimpled chin. The face of his visitor was seamed with suffering; his eyes were deep sunken and restless; his lips restless too, thin, mobile, quivering. An Armenian peasant, worn with the anxiety of Turkish oppression, who has struggled against famine, clambered among very shadows of death during all his life, shows just such a countenance.

The third man was young, a student; just beginning to know something of the appalling problems of life. Already he had passed the stage when "wine, women, and song" could satisfy. His thoughts seemed like fire in his brain as the two friends talked.

Said the doctor: "How good it is to be alive in this year of grace! Through all past years there has been a kind of martyrdom of man,—famine, hardship, war; but now we have conquered space, and almost annihilated time. One can go to bed in a palace here, sleep soundly, bathe in the morning, and have a barber's services; then after breakfast and a cigar, step out in another city, to reach which would have cost our fathers a

month of exasperatingly slow travel. The city has nerves through it like a human body. I can send advice anywhere by wire; and to those not homœopaths, who do not believe that nerves carry health, I can send pills and phials by pneumatic tubes. Three times a day the news of the wide world is brought to my door; and I am able to know more of events than those living where they happen."

"Yes," said the economist, "everything is favorable to the rich. What about the poor? It was a gala day when a savage king would launch a canoe out there among the Pacific Islands. But it was rolled down to the sea on the bodies of men. Your palace car rolls along smoothly and pleasantly; but in the front, amid oily smells and grime, sits the sleepless engineer, on whom the safety of the bathed and barbered exquisites depends. He is earning for the railway company perhaps ten times what he gets in wages. And how are the railways built? You know how plausible men go about asking bonuses, inducing farmers to have shares in the road; then it is wrecked, and those who paid money get nothing, for cunning is triumphant over honesty. The men who gather fortunes out of the multiform losses of others are applauded, cringed to."

"That is only one side of the question," replied the doctor, who had been calmly smoking while his friend spoke. "Look how railways open out new country, and how they distribute the products of all climes. We get fruits all winter long from the South; the West sends us beef cattle from the plains; all manner of fish from the sea are to be found in our markets. Why, there can be no famines now, when food is so well distributed."

The economist leaped from his chair. "Can't be famines now? Why, there is famine here! in this city! in every city! Some speculator will hold up prices, and every poor family is taxed a percentage to make up the million he will clear. A man earns, say four dollars a day, and is paid one and a half; and out of his profits made in this way, the employer gives ostentatious dinners, wasting enough on over-fed idlers to feed an army of the hungry for many days. You do not know how hard it is for some of the patient, hard-working people to keep life in the body. Where would you be if two thirds of your income went for rent?"

"Things are not so bad as you represent," replied the doctor, calmly. "Never was clothing so very cheap. A boy can be dressed for a dollar and a half. A man can get a suit for five; and good enough boots are sold for a dollar."

"But, my God! think of the people who make these clothes. Every cigar you smoke is a day's wage for them. The cost of half a dozen boxes will represent the earnings for a year of some who

work fourteen hours a day, — for a year, think of it! And what work! it used to make my back ache to spend half an hour at mending when I was out at the mines. How horrible to have to spend a lifetime in stitching! The needle is the sewing-woman's asp, only death is not speedy and romantic, like Cleopatra's."

"Why do they work at sewing?" interposed the student. "There is housework; women are hard to get for that."

"Their children, my boy, force them to work. Any woman who sees a tear shine in the eye of her hungry baby will sell her soul for bread. Many of them are widows, or worse, have drunken husbands. They are not trained for housework, perhaps have not strength for the charwork they might get by the day. And if house owners object to their tenants having children, who would hire a servant with a family? Moreover, there is no time to wait or seek for work, — now their children are hungry, — and they must make something anyhow. Out of the hunger of children clothiers can thus build up fortunes."

The student became thoughtful. He was wearing a necktie representing in value three days of toil for one of these laborers.

The doctor lit another cigar and watched the widening rings of smoke as they rose. Then he said: "You seem to forget that this is an age of benevolence. This city here is full of all kinds of charities. I myself do not charge a very poor man for advice. There are dispensaries and hospitals and church societies."

"But how can a man fail to see that it is justice the poor want, not charity? It is all very well for some rich woman to use hereditary wealth in establishing coffee-houses, let us say, where food is sold at less than cost. She is called benevolent, and yet her work is an injustice; it is oppression of the keepers of eating-houses, who must live by their business, and it makes the poor think life a lottery when they get more than they earn. You know about hospitals; some of them are practice-ground for medical students. The mistakes furnish the dissecting-room with 'cadavers.' Individuals in the churches are working for justice, but as societies they are a failure. They ought to make unnecessary the formation of anti-poverty, children's aid, and temperance or other reform societies. But these have had to begin outside of their hampering creeds. In some quarters of the slums that I know of, few men are worse hated than the immaculately dressed clergy. It makes me boil with indignation to see them squabble over interpretations and heresies, and omit thought about the weightier matters of the law. Months and years these bibliolaters can spend over the letter, while the spirit evades them. While multitudes are shut out from the good of life, cramped in liberty, and almost completely hindered from the pursuit of happiness, how trifling seem these discussions! It is

just as if soldiers should be quarrelling over a find of pennies while a great battle is going on."

"You are unfair to the churches," broke in the student. "The men in them are better than those of no church."

"That is merely saying that some individuals are better than others. Is their goodness owing to church teaching or to the love in their own hearts? The churchman says, '*Credo, ergo saluus*,' I have the right creed, so I am sure of heaven. The Christian says, 'I believe the ideal of the prophet of Nazareth to be the best, and the business of man to be the redemption of the whole world.'"

"Do you think every man ought to do as that Nazarene teacher did?" asked the doctor, a little petulantly. "Is a man not to enjoy the wealth he makes honestly?"

"The true enjoyment of a good is found in sharing it. It gave you pleasure to-day to operate on that poor child's eyes, and make sight your gift to her. But you should have gone further. She had been treated at the dispensary till the case became desperate; so a father had to give up a day's work and carry her in his arms to you. He could not bear to hear her moaning. But what if he is discharged from the foundry where he works because of that absence? Men are plentiful just now. You gave him a prescription to your druggist; yet you know he will have to pay the dealer five hundred per cent profit, so that this medicine he must have will use up more than a day's wages. You do not think of these things, nor did it occur to you to visit the child in her home. To be able to help the honest poor in their extremity ought to make any wealthy man happy."

The economist began to walk back and forth; his eyes shone with a strange light as he spoke: "The wealthy are fools," he said. "Their expenditure is all for ostentation. They climb up, not to help others, but to trample them beneath their feet. Eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, while one of their feasts would feed families into whose windows want is ever looking, and the cost of dresses made for their ceremonies would suffice to clothe hundreds of shivering children. Music is in their feasts and the heavy perfume of flowers, while the multitude can only know of tawdry singers in the saloons, — those traps baited to catch men through a divine instinct. Why, there are sick and feeble and dying human beings who have never had a flower in their hands. My God! the awful patience of the poor! When they know that laws favor the rich and give power to the great, so that they are driven into the mud like the piles of a wharf, to support the colossal fortunes that flaunt their extravagance and heartlessness to the whole world, — when they know their might, then they will rise.

"What in that day will cunning do against force! What laws will protect, when maddened and mighty strength is law! The million fortune made in a year by cheating three thousand families out of a dollar a day — how will it stand when the men come for a reckoning?"

"When from the tenements swarm out hordes of beings not afraid to die, since life is so hideous, what will the favored children of wealth do? I see it in my dreams — carnage and cruelty, the foundations broken up, and victory to those who know not how to use it. The power of cunning, of lies, of unscrupulousness, is impotent against mad force; the people must win if they rise in a mass. In this warfare victory is assured to the *gros bataillons!*"

There were tears in his eyes when he sat down. When the doctor showed the student to his room for the night, he said of the economist, "Poor fellow! he is demented, crazy; he used to be the brightest man in our year."

As the tide in a narrow bay rolls and dashes, so the new thoughts surged in upon the student's mind. Hours seemed to go by in sleeplessness; then he became wide awake as he thought, all his senses concentrated in the one of hearing.

A low, monotonous sound, more fearsome than the lion's roar heard in the desert, more dreadful than the rumble of thunder among mountains, came upon the night air. At times it seemed like the voices of tempestuous winds and angry waters; but as it rolled nearer, he could make it out to be the sound of many voices, the angry roaring of a crowd of men.

The calm moonlight silvered the cornices of the opposite houses. The street was bathed in dream sunshine, which seemed to have been poured down in order to sweep away the tumults of daytime. Up the quiet street he saw a dark body moving, — uniformed men borne back by a tumultuous mob. One officer on horseback was cursing them and bidding them to fire on their opponents.

As they were slowly pushed on, the voices of men in the ranks could be distinguished.

"My father's in that crowd; I'll be — if I will fire a shot."

"I've got a couple of brothers there, too," said another. They belonged to the citizen soldiery, gathered into ranks for parades and show, not for fighting. It was a new thing to be called upon to shoot their friends, so they turned upon their officer with oaths and taunts.

The *mêlée* passed up the street, followed by the yelling crowd.

Morning broke, wan and gray. Red glares had illumined the sky, counterfeiting the red light of the dawn, but these were from fires that sprang up in various parts of the city. There was the

clanging of bells, the running about of distracted people, the occasional crackling sound of firearms. No one seemed to know what had gone wrong. Newspapers were not delivered; the telephones would not work; messengers did not come at summons.

From the denser parts of the city came sounds of tumult and uproar, till at last, mastered by his curiosity, the student ventured out. He found the business parts of the city held by mobs. The dregs of humanity had poured out from back streets and lanes. Reckless they were, bitter hearted, cursing every man they saw, and themselves also.

The shop fronts had been smashed, and in the confusion every kind of merchandise was being carried away. Hands calloused with work rasped upon satin. Sewer diggers draped themselves with costly fabrics of the East, in bearing them away. Animated rag bundles rolled themselves in the softness of rich velvets.

The saloons were crowded, resounding with the kind of laughter one hears in a madhouse. To the side door of one a wagon drove up, and sent kegs and barrels rolling down to the cellar. It bore the superscription, "Hell-Gate Brewery."

Squads of men, drunk and brutal, wandered off to satiate their lust for cruelty so long repressed by fear. The student saw ten men break into a house at whose windows he had seen a fair girl busy with her fancy work only a few days before. She had "fed on the roses, and lain on the lilies of life"; her greatest hardship might have been the delay of lunch for an hour.

The men enter the room where she sits so daintily dressed. She has been trying to quiet her mind with a book, for the servants have left, and the men are away looking after their property, which is in danger. The defenceless girl does not cry out as the leader, with brutal, obscene words, addresses her. The meaning of his words she does not know, his intent she only half apprehends, till the complete beastliness of the man breaks out in his countenance as he approaches. Then she snatches up a small, antique dagger, used for a paper cutter. In the end of the handle there is a gem, and down the blade runs a deep gutter for blood. She looks at the man, dark, immense, strong; her strength would be as a straw in his grasp; he would fear the little dagger no more than a pin; then the others would be nine to one. They see the flash of the jewel, the dagger withdrawn, the blood run dripping from the point. The maiden has escaped, though by the gateway of death, and the spell of horror that held the student is broken.

He rushes forth to the street, to see one of the fairest of women dragged by the hair, amid jeers and the hate of the crowd. Only yesterday she sneered at a poor wretch her carriage almost ran over.

A man, white faced and panting, dashes by. The student stands in a doorway as the mob pursues. "Kill the priest!" cries one. "Not that one," answers a louder voice, and the men delay to listen. "If the rich fellows pay him, he works for us; he is my friend,—him." The men laughed; it was a good-tempered crowd in the main—good-tempered like the cat when her paw is on the mouse.

The student inquired of a decent-looking man what had gone wrong. "It is a universal strike," he said. "Hell has broken loose, and the devil is running things. You had better make yourself scarce, or they will be after you; you are too well dressed to escape notice."

With a strange, sickly feeling, perhaps akin to fear, though he would not own it, the student drew back into a ravaged house as the yelling crowd surged up the street. He clambered to the tower window, and saw how a pall of smoke hung over the city. Away to the south he saw commotion among the buildings, as if a tidal wave were sweeping them flat. Louder grew the roar, and cries of panic filled the streets. Was the ocean joining with men in the work of destruction? The crash of falling buildings grew louder; he could almost distinguish the clatter of falling bricks,—when he came to himself sitting up in bed, and listening to the clatter of the early carts over the stone-paved streets.

Was it a dream or a prophecy?

PRESENT DAY TENDENCIES AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

LOW ETHICAL IDEALS IN OUR HIGHER EDUCATIONAL CENTRES.

BACCHANALIAN REVELS
IN MODERN
UNIVERSITY LIFE.

THE necessity for radical reform in educational training must be apparent to all persons in touch with college or university life to-day. The low ideals in ethics or lax standard of morals current among the young men of our great conservative educational institutions is appalling; and although conventional thought is so tinctured with moral neurasthenia that society condones in youth acts which are revolting and debasing, general degeneracy must be the final inevitable result.

Nothing more clearly marks the lethargy of society to-day than the constant iteration that young men must "sow their wild oats"; in other words, that nineteenth-century manhood must wallow in the filth of the social sewer; must burn up the vital forces of the system on the altar of sensuality; must degrade all that is holiest, purest, and most sacred in being before they are ready to settle down to a steady or virtuous life. This doctrine is as essentially debasing and soul destroying as the ancient Phallic rites of Greece. Moreover, the assertion is a libel on nature and on manhood; and to those who pause long enough to think about any serious question it will appear as false as it is preposterous. The man who has once become a slave to his passion, who has once descended into the gutter of sensuality, has scorched his finer nature and scarred his soul for life. An ineffable charm, fragrant as roses and beautiful as the moonlight on Lucerne, has vanished forever. As well argue that virtuous wifehood and the holy function of motherhood would be better conserved if the maidens of Vassar and Wellesley occasionally indulged in such orgies as New York witnessed on Thanksgiving night, as claim that such essentially demoralizing conduct does not degrade manhood and taint the unborn offspring of later years.

I am strenuous on this point because I am profoundly convinced that the future of civilization hangs upon this vital pivot. Unless we raise the standard of morals for men, the standard for women will inevitably be lowered; and until we absolutely discard the false and debasing theory that it is right and proper for young men to descend from the clean and pure atmosphere of

healthy life to wallow in animalism, there can be no elevation of masculine morals. I affirm that there is no more reason why a young man should fill his brain with filthy or bestial imaginings than a young woman should make her soul the storehouse of vile thoughts. Neither is there any more reason why a young man should become a slave to his passion or appetite than that a young woman, who has inherited the taint of sensualism from a father, should give way to her passional appetites. If civilization is to move upward, it must be impelled by sturdy morals; and no high morals can flourish when the intellect of man is possessed by the fatal idea that vice is pardonable in youth. Do not for a moment understand me as intimating that all our young men at college entertain these low ideals. Fortunately for humanity, such is not the case. There are scores if not hundreds in all our large colleges and universities who are clean souled; but the social atmosphere in collegiate circles, as well as fashionable and conventional life, is saturated with this deadly miasma which enervates youth and degrades manhood. A striking illustration of this was seen in New York on Thanksgiving night.

During the day the annual game of football had been played between Yale and Princeton. Yale won, and therefore scores of her young men felt justified in indulging in bacchanalian revelry, the bare recital of which must fill all clean-minded persons with disgust. Nor was the defeated college unrepresented. Numbers of her youths seized this opportunity to debauch their natures and render themselves unworthy the love or respect of pure-minded girls. In describing this modern imitation of saturnalian abandon, a New York daily said: * "Such pandemonium was never witnessed by any Koster & Bial audience that ever assembled, as was witnessed at this concert hall through the bacchanalian actions of the Yale and Princeton boys present." In depicting scenes at another place, the same paper thus hints at the moral abandon of these youths who are expected to help mould the thought of the morrow: "While Vanoni was on the stage, one inebriated Yale man essayed to mount the stage and take her in his arms." So significant and so serious is such a spectacle, reflecting, as it does, the prevalence of moral miasma in college life to-day, which will necessarily continue until ethical instruction is introduced into popular education, that I feel it demands more than a passing notice; and below I give an extended extract from a pen picture of some of the happenings as given by one of the leading metropolitan dailies:— †

If the whole Central Park menagerie — not only the monkey-cage — had been turned loose in Sixth Avenue and Broadway, things couldn't have

* New York Herald.

† New York World, Nov. 25, 1892.

been worse. The college boys shouted themselves hoarse, and drank themselves drunk, and fought themselves to a standstill. They were everywhere — in the theatres, the music halls, the saloons, and down the whole scale of respectability. As the night progressed they fell by the wayside, but morning found the more hardy ones still at it.

With all seriousness the *emeriti* professors of drinking, the three-bottle men, the men who never draw a sober breath and yet are never drunk, looked at the college men in New York when they began to drink last night, and held up their hands in holy terror. It was absolutely pitiful to watch them. Here were hundreds of young men wandering from place to place, pouring into themselves, each in its turn, beer of various brews, whiskey, gin, brandy, all the infernal French concoctions that are sweet and are intended for women; and with the daring of youth topping all off with champagne, as if they thought to use a yeast to leaven the whole.

Yes, the professors of physiology ought to deliver those extra lectures if only because of this fact — told tersely enough, told in the manner of police telegrams — which was wired to the *World* last night: —

"College boy, wearing Princeton colors, was picked up insensible from drink at Thirtieth Street and Sixth Avenue about 10 P. M. He was taken to the New York Hospital, but could not tell his name."

The Imperial Music Hall, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, has always tolerated some freedom of conduct from those who frequent it. Men smoke and drink while they watch the show.

Four hundred students from all the colleges shout: "A-a-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ain't yere glad yere came! A-a-a-ah!"

Half the students (at the top of their lusty lungs): "Washer matter with Princeton? She's a' right. Who's a' right? Princeton!"

Other half: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale!"

The performers go on stage. Scattered cries all over the house, "Waiter! waiter! waiter!" Some one starts up a college song. Every one joins in. The band is perfectly inaudible. "Charles Duncan, vocalist," comes on. Universal chorus: "Fougere! Fougere! We want Fougere!"

When Duncan is permitted to sing, the gentlemen from the cradles of learning join in his chorus if it pleases them, or sing one of their own if it does not. So it goes on. All the time waiters are busy carrying trays laden with drinks and carrying back the empty glasses.

Man comes on stage and hangs up No. 6. Universal and excited chorus: "A-a-ah! a-a-ah! The high kicker. What's the matter with Fleurette? She's all right, you bet."

Half the students break into a chorus from one of the Greek plays, and the other half bark and croak back at them. Fleurette appears. She's in blue.

Yale men, wild with enthusiasm: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! Princeton isn't in it! Kiss me, kiss me, dearest."

Fleurette dances, kicking a tambourine she holds above her head, while the tobacco smoke rolls in waves from the applause. Then Fleurette dances again as a housemaid with a feather duster, dusting her ankles.

Everybody: "There are no flies on you. Yum, yum, yum!"

After that the students do not condescend to hear or observe any more. They put up an impromptu entertainment of their own that would do credit to a lot of bacchanals until Mlle. Valesca appears — Mlle. Valesca, the trapeze marvel. Mademoiselle wears very long flesh-colored tights and a very short salmon-colored silk jacket. Several considerate collegians awake their comrades who have fallen asleep despite

a din that would awaken a mummy. Every "risky" pose of mademoiselle is saluted by howls like those of wolves chasing their prey.

Two hundred of America's best blood: "Wash's th' masher with Valesca? She's all right. Who's all right? Valesca."

The awful din goes on until Fougere lands, with a jump, in the middle of the stage.

The French woman can say more in a kick than can most women in a thousand words. Her wink is a suggestion, her smile an invitation. The young men who listen to her and look at her go absolutely crazy. As a distinguished example, Oliver Sumner Teall, who sat in one of the boxes, tossed a big blue silk handkerchief to the Fougere. She tied it to the top of her parasol. All the brawn and such of the brain of Yale as was present fell at her twinkling feet.

The show ended, and these young men went out into the cold air that could not cool their senses.

Over five hundred of the college boys attended the performance at Koster & Bial's, and were eminently successful in running things. All other sounds were drowned in the roaring and yelling of well-developed lungs, the blare of tin horns, and the shrill notes of whistles purchased for the occasion.

The hit of the evening was made by four young ladies who danced quadrilles with the utmost grace, and kept kicking their French heels higher than their heads. The boys began yelling at them instead of at each other; and when the big fan-shaped curtain shut them out from view, a tremendous encore went up.

A young man in a dress suit came out with a cornet. He was promptly invited by a hundred throats to "get off the earth," and a hundred more asked him to "go lie down and die."

"We want the four ladies!" shouted some one, referring to the high kickers, and the whole house began chanting in a monotone:—

"Four — four — we want four ladies!"

Two comedians came on and did their turn without being heard, the cry for four "ladies" being kept up incessantly. A few beer glasses were tossed about the hall, but no one was hurt by them.

The performance was brought to a close at 4.45 instead of at midnight, as is usual.

Just as at some other playhouses, the managers of the Academy of Music tried to keep the college boys from getting many seats together. But the sly youths got there all the same.

When in the third act the ballets "Mary Green," "Ta-ra-ra," "The Bowery," and "Maggie Murphy" were put on, the boys sung themselves hoarse, while the girls danced. When a particularly airy costume was seen, a Yale man shouted, "Go put on a sweater." It brought down the house. Kisses were recklessly chirped stageward, and the ballet had to smile back, even if they were fined for every smile. "Those are the kind of girls we want at Yale!" shouted a group in chorus when La Sirene, Eglantine, Serpentine, and Dynamite, the French quadrille dancers, pointed their little shoes roofward. The band in blue that plays for the Amazon march caught the Yale fancy, and they yelled, "What's the matter with the Yale band? She's all right!"

While the youths of the Nassau and the Yale armies were at dinner or at the theatres, the streets were fairly dull for a Thanksgiving night; but when the playhouses let out, the boys broke loose. Broadway, from Twenty-third Street up, was like a college walk, and the students owned everything.

It was like getting into the Vatican to get to the counter at the Hoffman House art room. The corridor was packed with a wild, howling

set of shouters, and in the barroom they kept up a pow-wow before the Satyr and the Nymphs that was enough to burst a man's tympanum.

About 11.30 the boys who took to executing Nautch dances before the Nymphs and the Satyr, of which Mr. Stokes is so proud, began making the glasses on the shelves clatter like castanets, and there was danger any minute that the end of a walking stick might be poked through a canvas. The order was given that the room be cleared. And cleared it was in a rush. Bang went down the doors at 11.30 sharp.

The lads then marched down to the Fifth Avenue. On the way some of the happy *avant couriers* caught up a Tenderloin lassie, and half hoisting her, half hugging her, they ran her down to Twenty-third Street, and through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue. The camp followers chased after, singing and whooping and guying the girl. As she passed by the Fifth Avenue Hotel portico, half a dozen lusty young boys boosted her up on their shoulders, and, shouting for Yale in tipsy tones, turned the corner to the cross street. Somebody made a rough tug at her petticoat and tore off half a yard of edging. There was a wild scrimmage for the trophy, and in the set-to the leader let go of her and she escaped.

Shut out of the Hoffman, the crowd gathered in the bar of the Fifth Avenue. There was a deafening vocal mixture of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, what's the matter with Yale?" "Where's Princeton at?" "Where in the soup's Harvard?" drowned finally in a general husky chorus of "Here's to good old whiskey; drink her down, down, down."*

That any considerable number of students from such centres of learning as conventional Yale or orthodox Princeton, could so degrade their manhood, is in itself a most unanswerable argument against the defective education of our time, which trains the intellect but does not develop character. Greece and Rome are melancholy illustrations of the crumbling to dust of civiliza-

* The moral contagion emanating from a few score depraved youths infects other minds unused to the world's temptations, nor is the conduct described above so rare as many people imagine.

About two weeks after the shameful orgies just portrayed occurred in New York, the press despatches described a similar outrage carried on in a much smaller way in New Haven under the very eyes, so to speak, of the faculty of Yale. One would think that, after the shame and odium attached to this seat of learning through the disgusting debauchery of a large representation of her students, the faculty would have seen that even on a small scale no repetition occurred during the present season; but such was not the case, as will be seen from the following clipping from despatches sent out on December 5:—

"Yale students were out in force for a lark last night. They started in by visiting the opera house, where a specialty company was giving the closing performance of a week's engagement. Over one hundred of the boys got possession of the first rows and boxes, and as soon as the curtain rose the fun began. They began to criticise the work of the actresses and the chorus girls, telling each what they thought of her.

"Soon this was too much to satisfy them; and to make the dancers jump and kick a little higher, the boys tossed giant torpedoes beneath the dancers' feet. The torpedoes exploded with a report like a rifle, and soon began to fall so fast that it sounded like a fusillade of musketry. Manager Smith came before the curtain and said he would stop the performance. This was greeted approvingly by the boys, who said they would take possession of the stage and finish the programme themselves. At this the manager became alarmed and sent for a squad of police.

"The arrival of the police was received with scornful jeers. One of the officers attempted to arrest a student, but his companions took the officer's club away. Other officers came to his assistance, however, and between them they marched the prisoner to police headquarters. Subsequently two others were arrested and locked up, but all were bailed out.

"Several who engaged in the row were laid out with beer mugs and other missiles, and one student was felled with a heavy iron shovel.

"Another party visited a café in Court Street, and departed leaving all the tables and furniture turned upside down. During the scrimmage Miss Maggie Kilbridge was divested of the greater part of her wearing apparel."

tions which permitted the intellect to overrule the ethical element in man's culture; and when one reflects on the fact that the brains of these passion-swayed youths will play an important part in moulding the civilization of to-morrow and also that their children will, through the inexorable law of heredity, partake, to a greater or less extent, of the vicious taint of passion and appetite thus fed in the opening hour of manhood, the problem assumes colossal importance, and becomes a question which reaches far beyond the petty span of our day and generation. Only the ethical degradation which is the legitimate result of a double standard of morals, prevents society from beholding the enormity of this evil which is dragging down youth and lowering the virtue of the race. Let us try for a moment to reverse the situation. We will suppose that Vassar and Wellesley had played an exciting college game of tennis, and in order to celebrate one its victory and the other its defeat, hundreds of the maidens who attend these colleges escaped from their chaperones and *en masse* congregated in the Empire City, launching out with the same reckless abandon which characterized the actions of hundreds of Yale and Princeton boys. Let us suppose that these young ladies deadened all sense of respectability by freely imbibing liquor; that they infested the streets, and visited by hundreds concert and dancing halls, where every ribald joke or every suggestion or indecent action emanating from any of the performers elicited wild applause. Let us suppose, further, that they swarmed in the barrooms and raced after men in the streets, tearing their clothes and struggling madly for pieces of the torn garments. Would not the world stand aghast? and yet who shall presume to say that a man more than a woman has a right to transmit the baleful poison of sensualism or a debased appetite to his children? Who, furthermore, shall presume to say that a man has any more inherent right than a woman to burn out the flame of vitality in bestial gratification, and then seek marital union with one who is chaste in thought and life? Who shall presume to say that nature intended man more than woman to wallow in the sewers of animality? Human nature is the same the world over. The question of *sex* does not enter into the problem of *soul elevation or debasement*, and yet it is on the latter that the advance or retrograde movement of civilization depends. *That which debases manhood must in the very necessity of the case sooner or later debase womanhood*; not only through its moral atmosphere, which is more potent than society imagines, but through inheritance. Said Dr. Rainsford at a recent meeting of the League for the Promotion of Social Purity in New York, speaking of vice among the children of the metropolis: "I have seen attempted immorality at an age you would not believe, and it is growing worse

every year." It cannot be otherwise if men are to transmit to children lawless and vicious passions and instincts. We may check to a certain degree the spread of vice by restrictive measures; but to bring civilization to a higher standard, we must go to the fountain-head. We must insist on an absolutely white life for two or a single standard of morals; and with this thought in view, we must insist on the education of the future resting on the granite of a broad ethical culture. We must build character from the kindergarten to the closing days of university life, bringing forth a manhood untainted by vice, intellectually cultured, physically trained, and morally developed; in a word, a true manhood, worthy to stand side by side with a pure and cultured womanhood in the battle for a diviner civilization.

INSPIRATION AND PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AMONG OUR LATTER-DAY POETS.

In all ages the poets and prophets have felt more or less possessed by a power which seemed to come from beyond their conscious selves. The explanations of this extra-normal influence usually partook of the cast of thought of the age. In Greece, where polytheism and the belief in familiar spirits existed, we find Socrates discoursing with his demon or familiar spirit. In monotheistic Judea the prophets and poets of Israel attributed this strange power which led them to the highest altitude of mental and spiritual exaltation to the Spirit of God, albeit the Spirit did not always teach the same things, and at times repudiated what he had been represented as saying on prior occasions.*

In tracing history we are continually impressed with the fact that many of earth's noblest and finest natures profoundly believed themselves inspired or that they were at times controlled by or in communication with extra-mundane intelligences, which fired their souls with vital thoughts, and not unfrequently impelled them to do deeds of the most extraordinary character. Take, for example, Joan of Arc. No one can doubt the sincerity of that

* A striking illustration of this will be found by comparing the elaborate directions in Leviticus for shedding rivers of blood for burnt offerings, which, we are continually informed, was "a sweet savor unto the Lord," and the minute specification of elaborate feasts, rites, and ceremonials, "which I, the Lord, command." In the later prophets the spirit and teachings take on a radically different tone, as, for example, in Isaiah, first chapter, the prophet claims to be transcribing the words of the Lord, and declares: "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats—incense is an abomination unto me; your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth." Again compare Numbers xxiii. 19, "God is not a man that he should lie or the son of man that he should repent," also 1 Samuel xv. 29: "The strength of Israel will not lie, for He is not a man that He should repent," with the numerous passages describing how the Lord repented the deeds He did, for example, in this same chapter of 1 Samuel, xv. 35: "The Lord repented that he made Saul king over Israel."

wonderful shepherd girl, nor can it be denied that the visions of Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret were as real to her as was the person of the King of France. Furthermore, these visions and the words spoken transformed a timid, shrinking child nature into a military genius, whose whole being was electrified by that divine enthusiasm which infects other souls and is characteristic of those who are born for noble deeds, daring achievements, and heroic sufferings. Call her visions hallucinations if you will. They were to her absolute realities, and through conviction of these realities France was saved and the currents of the world's history changed.

In our own day the presence of this extra-normal power has been felt in a marked degree by many of our noblest poets and sweetest singers. In his admirable character sketch of Lord

LORD
TENNYSON'S PSYCHIC
POWERS.

Tennyson, Mr. W. T. Stead gives some exceedingly interesting information regarding the late Poet Laureate by which we learn that Tennyson possessed clairaudient powers, and not unfrequently wrote his poems in a semi-trance. In other words, many of his finest creations were what would be termed inspirational verses. On this point Mr. Stead says: "He was habitually conscious of communion with spirits or intelligences not of this world. Whether these intelligences were disembodied spirits of mortals who had put on immortality, or whether they were intelligences never incarnate on this earth, Tennyson knows more to-day than he knew when he was still with us. It is understood that he believed that he wrote many of the best and truest lines under the direct influence of higher intelligences, of whose presence he was distinctly conscious. He felt them near him, and his mind was impressed with their ideas. He was, to use the technical term, a clairaudient and inspirational medium. He was not clairvoyant. These mystic influences came to him in the night season. They were heard in the voices of the wind. They made him write what he sometimes imperfectly understood, when in a state of mind that was perhaps not always distinguishable from trance." In the light of these facts Mr. Stead observes that many of Tennyson's poems take on new significance and interest, as, for example, these lines from "In Memoriam":—

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed*at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in this was wound and whirled,
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

VICTOR HUGO'S VIEWS
ON THE SPIRIT WORLD
AND IMMORTALITY.

Victor Hugo also believed that the lost loved ones surround us. "Console yourself," he said to a distracted mother who mourned the loss of her child; "for it is only a departure, and that for us alone. The dead are not even absent. They are invisible, but every time you think of the little one, she is near you."* Hugo also believed that men of genius were in a peculiar sense the sons of the Infinite; that into these chosen sons the divine influx entered in a greater degree than into the souls of the millions of earth. Somewhere in his work on Shakespeare, if I remember correctly, he compared the genius to the man who ascended the mountain while the multitude remains in the valley below. The rising sun mantles his brow while the people are yet in darkness. Again he likens him to Moses in Sinai. God descends, the brow of the genius is touched by a light which "never shone on land or sea."

His intuitive perceptions were also abnormally developed. He sensed a truth so strongly that it became a conviction as firmly rooted in his mind as any fact which confronted his physical senses. To him death was the laying aside of an old vesture for a finer robing, a promotion, a step upward, nothing more. On this point his intuitive perceptions were so pronounced as to leave him no room for doubt. They amounted to an absolute certainty, enabling him to confront the grave with a serene smile while he exclaimed: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous

* A very interesting description of some remarkable psychical phenomena witnessed at the Hauteville Home during the poet's exile have lately come to light in the *Journal* of Victor Hugo written by one of his sons. In the *Scribner Magazine* for November, 1892, Octave Uzanne gives some extracts from this *Journal*, in which we find the following description of the strange psychic power witnessed:—

"Victor Hugo used to hear in his chamber strange sounds. Sometimes papers would move all by themselves when there was no wind; sometimes he heard blows struck upon the wall; Charles Hugo and Francois Hugo, in the neighboring chamber, heard the same sound. In the night of the 22d of February, Victor Hugo, by chance, entered the *salon*, the two windows of which looked out upon the street. He saw neither fire in the chimney nor light upon the table. The servants were sleeping. Victor Hugo goes up to his chamber and goes to bed. At two o'clock in the morning Charles and Francois Hugo return. They see the windows of the *salon* illuminated, not only as if there were a great fire, but lighted candelabra. The two young men enter astonished, so astonished that, to clear up the thing—so luminous and so obscure at once—they try to open the door of the *salon*. It is locked. Francois Hugo goes to bed; Charles asks for the key from his mother and his sister, who do not know where it is. He hunts for it and finally finds it. Then he feels himself seized with a terror that he flees without daring to enter the *salon*."

At this passage in the "*Journal de l'Exil*" the table-tipping appears. Charles Hugo is surprised by these unaccustomed facts, and interrogates the table. The spirit present in that piece of furniture declares that her name is the White Lady, and she cannot say any more unless in the street, at three o'clock in the morning. Victor Hugo, to whom the thing was told, was not very brave; he found the hour and the place of rendezvous badly chosen. He preferred to remain at the house, and everybody else did the same. During the night, as often happened, Victor Hugo was still working when the bell rang violently. The poet instantly thought of the White Lady. He looked at his watch; it was just three o'clock in the morning. "Ghosts are punctual," he said.

sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart, when I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the woods, which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn." To the inner consciousness of the great poet this was no chimerical dream; it was a "Thus saith the Lord" as much as were the intuitional or inspirational thoughts to Israel's great prophet Isaiah.

This conviction of a life, at once perfectly natural and of eternal progression after death, is continually impressing itself upon the plastic brain of our noblest nineteenth-century poets, standing out in bold relief from the old-time convictions of two localities where life meant stagnation, and where the monotony of the saved would be only less tolerable than the endless agony of the unfortunates who, knowingly or unknowingly, had offended the Supreme Soul of Life and Love. Nor is this all. Many eminent modern poets seem to have been imbued with the conviction that the loved ones who had passed from their physical perception still surrounded them, and were, in fact, guardian angels. Even when they saw fit to make no prosaic avowal of this conviction, the presence and persistency of this thought frequently overwhelmed them when they entered the realm of poetry. Nor can it be said that they sought in these verses to court public favor; for the ideas as they have given them were denounced by conventional theology, scorned by popular conservatism, and sneered at by cynical science. Longfellow affords a striking illustration in point. In his poetry time and again we meet this thought; it seems to have forced its utterance in no uncertain strain at a time when it was hazardous for any poet to pen such sentiments. Thus, for example, we find him saying:—

The spirit world around this world of sense,
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

and again:—

The strangers at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear.

At another time this conviction seems to overmaster the poet,

for he pens such unconventional and heterodox views as the following:—

Then the form of the departed
Entered at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair behind me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saintlike
Looking downward from the skies.

Mrs. Louise Chandler-Moulton yields to this spell in one of her most charming poems. Helen Hunt Jackson put the same idea, somewhat more tentatively, in her rare poetic gem, "Our Angels." Thus we find she says:—

But they do come and go continually,
Our blessed angels, no less ours than His ;
The blessed angels whom we think we miss ;
Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And vainly watch, as once in Galilee
One, weeping, watched in vain,
Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence ;
When suddenly we see, where we were blind ;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned ;
Are strong where we were weak, —
And no more strive nor seek, —

Then we may know that from the far glad skies,
To note our need, the watchful God has bent,
And for our instant help has called and sent,
Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point to us where lies
The path that will be best,
The path of peace and rest.

We might multiply illustrations of this nature indefinitely if space permitted. At the present time, however, I merely wish to touch on some facts which must impress every thoughtful student of our latter-day poets.

THE PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY. Alice and Phœbe Cary, those two pure and beautiful sister souls whose lives will be a holy inspiration, and whose verses will make men purer and women lovelier as long as our literature shall last, not only believed most profoundly that

their beloved dead were around them, but often beheld visions or apparitions. So frequent in later years were these appearances that Phœbe said: "I know that the dead come back just as I know I think, or see, or know anything else. It is no more wonderful to me that I should see and perceive with my soul, than I am able to discern objects through my eyeballs." On one occasion when Alice was fifty years old, speaking of her favorite little sister Rhoda, who passed from life when she was only fourteen years, she said: "I have never to this day lost consciousness of the presence of that child." Both the sisters beheld at intervals the apparition of their sisters. I cannot forbear citing here one of the most extraordinary objective apparitions on record, which Alice Cary was wont to give when describing the wonderful experiences which came into their lives. This story is valuable because it was witnessed by a number of persons and cannot therefore be dismissed as a subjective hallucination. It is also

ALICE CARY'S
WONDERFUL
GHOST STORY.

interesting to note that in this case the vision, which in broad daylight was so real as to deceive all members of the family who witnessed it, occurred *before* the children died. This is the story as related by Alice:—

"The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house and the door open. Upon this all the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there, with Lucy, from the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw in the full blaze of the sun the form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, Dec. 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track could be seen. Lucy," continued Alice Cary in her narrative, "has been seen many times since by different members

of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying that he had seen a little girl upstairs, in a red dress."

It is not strange that the belief grounded on these repeated visions and the intuitive perception of these unusually fine and highly spiritual natures frequently found expression in verses reflecting the convictions of their souls. Space prevents my pursuing this subject further. Enough has been said, however, to indicate a fascinating line of study for those interested in occult subjects. It is not unfrequently the case that what the poets and prophets of one age perceive and more or less vaguely sing, becomes, in the hands of scientific and prosaic investigators, established and accepted truths in the succeeding age; and judging from the interest leading scientific thinkers are now evincing in the realm of psychical science, and the fair, sympathetic spirit which is taking the place of the supercilious and hostile attitude characteristic of other days, it is highly probable that the hour is at hand which shall revolutionize the thought of the world along these lines. I cannot close this paper without quoting the wise

VICTOR HUGO'S VIEWS ON PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION. words, exhibiting the truly scientific spirit, uttered by Victor Hugo at a time when it was considered almost disreputable for a man, who made any claim to intelligence and learning, to investigate psychical phenomena. At this period Hugo said:—

"Credulous minds believe blindly all mysteries; sceptical minds deny them all; great minds are serious in the presence of mystery, in presence of the night, in presence of the unknown. They do not say absolutely, Yes; they do not absolutely say, No. Great minds do not affirm as the credulous do, but they do not deny as the sceptical."*

Again in his work on William Shakespeare he dwells on the same thought more explicitly:—

"The table, turning or talking, has been very much laughed at. To speak plainly, this raillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient, but not very scientific. For our part, we think that the strict duty of science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has no right to laugh; a *savant* who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical, establishing the real. Science should verify and distinguish. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. The circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnished no excuse for

* *Scribner's Magazine*.

rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact, and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts. The mission of science is to study and sound everything. All of us, according to our degree, are creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. It is due to us, and we owe it to others. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right, to bow it out, to show it the door, to turn our back on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt, and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it without doubt. Let us add, that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."



Cordially Yours. —
Walter M. Sawyer.

THE ARENA.

No. XL.

MARCH, 1893.

A RELIGION FOR ALL TIME.

BY LOUIS R. EHRICH.

THE old religions are crumbling. Everything eventually crumbles which is not true. Never was there so little theology, never so much true religion, as at the present day. Never have men attended church so little; never have they attended hospital and asylum meetings so assiduously. Christianity is going down. Jesus is rising higher and higher.

The old faiths do not, cannot, longer satisfy. No faith can satisfy when its acceptance is based on the stifling of human reason. At the close of our century the mind of man is vigorously bestirring itself. The word has gone forth that it is the duty of man — a duty made plain by the gift of reason — to doubt and to examine. Doubt and fearless examination mean approach to the truth, and the truth cannot consort with the superstitions of the past. An overwhelming majority of the children born of intelligent parents from this day on will refuse to accept the religious misbeliefs of their grandfathers. Darwin and Lyell have not lived in vain.

A cry has already been heard for "*a restored Christ*," for the lovely, sweetly reasonable, all-loving, faith-inspiring, divine man, in place of the mystical, incomprehensible, doubt-compelling human God. Simplicity is the character of all discovered natural laws. Simplicity will be the character of God's religion; no redemption mysteries, no vicarious offerings, no Trinitarian subtleties.

Moses was the law-giver; Jesus the love-giver. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven." There is the difference between the Old and the New Testament,—the heart of Jesus; a heart overflowing with an ocean of love.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another. By this all men shall know that ye are my disciples, *if ye have loved one another.*" There is the essence of the new gospel according to Jesus. There is the inner spirit, which, despite the wrappings of credulous, mystical, superstitious churchmen, has contributed so much to the moral progress of the race.

How often and how emphatically Jesus brushed aside the non-essentials! "'Master, which is the great commandment in the law?' Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind!' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!' On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

The religion which will yet prevail among men will hang "all the law and the prophets" on one single commandment. It will demand that man shall love his neighbor *more than himself*, and the single tenet of the all-embracing, world-sufficing religion will be, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And "neighbor" will mean not only the neighbor-dweller, but everything that breathes and blossoms in the universe.

Not love God? If you consecrate yourself to the love and service of your neighbor, your whole life becomes a love song to the Eternal. You love Him in the only way He can be loved,—by loving His children and His creatures. Love to man includes love to God,—just as the brotherhood of man establishes God's fatherhood.

No true man can look at the heavens without feeling that each star is a shining eye of the Creative Spirit; without having a sense of worship and of adoration thrilling through his soul. But when the man cometh whose every thought,

whose every act, whose every heart-throb is so bound up in the loving service of his brother-man that, *with perfect truth*, he can exclaim, "I have no time to worship God," — then, if ever, will the heavens open, and the fluttering dove be seen, and the voice be heard, saying, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased."

Theoretically, we ascribe superlative goodness to the Deity; but practically we do not credit Him even with the loving instincts of a noble human soul. What earthly father, — more especially if he needed nothing for himself, — would desire his neighbors to bring him incense, praise, and sacrifice while one of his children lay neglected in sorrow, need, and distress? He would say: "Friends, your praise can profit me nothing while one of my children lies in agony. Hate me, if ye will, but love and serve my child." How much more would a Heavenly Father disdain human praise while millions of His children were struggling with sin and pain! *Except for the clearly defined purpose of adding to one's spiritual power in the consecration to humanity's service*, no man has a right to give time to the praise of God so long as one single human being needs help, — so long as there is a single dark spot on the earth which can be cleansed and illumined.

In the Baptist Church of the city in which I reside, is inscribed over the pulpit: "To the glory of God." That is the voice of the eighteenth and of earlier centuries. Then follows the sentence, "For the weal of man." That is the voice of the nineteenth century. The twentieth century and the centuries to come will join the two sentences by one single word, and make them read, "To the glory of God," *because* "For the weal of man."

Suggesting this thought to the pastor of the said church, a man of unusual liberality and of most unusual ability, he naturally disagreed, and replied that the inscriptions should rather read, "To the glory of God," and *therefore* "For the weal of man." *That is the very point at issue.* I maintain that from the remotest ages to our own times; from the first savage who offered up his enemy to the war god; to the Druid setting fire to great figures of plaited osier filled with human beings; to the Mohammedan slaying thousands with the shout, "Allah or the sword"; to the Aztec priest snatching out the heart of his sacrificial victim;

to the Crusaders approaching the Holy Sepulchre after seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword; to the pope's legate urging on the attack against the Albigenses, killing friend and foe with the cry, "Slay all! God will know his own"; to the holy inquisitor piling up the faggots around the unbeliever; to Charles V. in the Netherlands, because of their religious opinions, hanging, beheading, burying alive and burning over fifty thousand people; to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day, and the driving of over half a million Huguenots from France; to the horrible persecution of the Quakers in Massachusetts less than two hundred and fifty years ago; to the modern son of the Greek Church ruthlessly expelling thousands of Jews from Russia;—*all religion primarily devoted "to the glory of God" has left one long, hideous trail of suffering, of torture, and of blood.* The conception must be turned about, and be made to read, "For the weal of man," and *therefore*, "To the glory of God."

Many, many weary centuries the churches have been praying "Pater noster," and the day of human brotherhood is still afar off. The religion that is coming will pray "Frater noster"; and the ennobling service of man for man will lead, through the glorification of human nature, up to the glorification of human nature's God.

With what clearness and emphasis Jesus teaches that man service is God service! He describes all the nations standing before the judgment seat: "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or athirst, and gave thee drink? and when saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? and when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? and the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And again, how beautifully he shows that doing one's

duty to man is more important than any offerings to the Deity! "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

I would turn man's eyes from heaven to earth, from God to man, from the saving of his soul to the simple service of other souls. Here is the contrast between the religion of the past and of the future: —

LOVE

GOD,
HEAVEN,
HEREAFTER.

MAN,
EARTH,
NOW.

As the centuries grow, man will less and less concern himself about God, will more and more devote himself to man. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Job asks. No, you cannot; but you can find your neighbor, God's child, around the corner; find him needing help or sympathy or some human ministration. So do not stand gazing at the sky, but go, do thy duty around the corner!

Just as the highest point in evolution on this planet is and forever will be Man, so the highest in the religion of the race is and forever will be the love of man for man.

Such a love for mankind cannot only co-exist with the highest sanity in human affairs, — affairs of business and affairs of state, — *it is the highest sanity*. It brings man into right relation with the world-all. Such a simple religion of love will be *a religion for all time*. The highest developed man which this planet may produce will need no higher ideal. The measure of love will grow with the measure of the man. It is a religion for the universe. It is the true guiding principle for every star — for Mars, for Jupiter, for every nook and corner of this universe that bears two living creatures. Love is "*the greatest thing in the world*."

Such a religion will bless and beautify this earth as nothing has yet done. This, and this alone, will bring about the highest co-operation of man with man. No mere change in methods of government — no state socialism — will effect it. The change must be made in the heart of man. The change must be made in man's conception of religion.

I quarrel not with religious *beliefs*. Believe, if thou wilt, in the God of the "Old Testament," who says to Saul: "Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." This to me is *horrible*.

Believe, if thou must, in the Christian scheme of salvation; in an all-loving God who curses thousands of innocent generations, because of the sin of Adam; who, repenting or relenting, in the shape of the Holy Ghost, cohabits with a virgin and procreates His pre-existing Son, whom He then has crucified, resurrected, and re-seated on His right hand, to importune and cajole Him not to punish or everlastingly burn His own erring children. This to me is *blasphemous*.

Believe, if thou canst, in no-God,—in the conception that this vast upward-climbing universe, that the divinely sparked protoplasm, which carried in it the miraculous power of slowly flaming into the mind which is reading this page,—that this all is the product of blind, non-intelligent chance. This to me is *foolishness*.

Believe in the one God, in the Triune God, in the Twenty-one God, so long as thy belief is the result of honest investigation; and, above all, so long as thou distinctly recognize that the object and test of belief is the loving of your neighbor, and that the true way to worship thy God or Gods, and *the only way*,—is to serve mankind. No disciple of Jesus will love his brother less because of that brother's honest belief. Believe the thing which makes you better, nobler. If beating a drum in the "Salvation Army" really lifts you higher, and, as you see it, is the best means of lifting your neighbor to higher ideals, then beat that drum! Only recognize that you are beating it for *man* and not for *God*.

The ardent believer in such a religion of race love and race service is fortified and dignified. His sympathies are world embracing. His emotions are multiplied a million-fold. He joys with every joy of the race, he sorrows with every tear that falls. He feels himself in unison with the great heart of the universe. Every human being that in sincerity tried to serve his brethren since the world began, is his own soul-brother. He grows indifferent to public opinion. He looks his ego squarely in the face, and realizes that all the world's praise or blame cannot add or subtract one

atom from the sum of his real soul-self. He thinks himself higher than no man, lower than no man, except the man who loves man more.

The faith and trust of the poor and weak is sweeter to him than the praise and favor of the great and powerful. Rage and anger against the evil and foolish give place to profound pity. The sorrowing message to him from every fallen man and every fallen woman is, "This would not be if thy generation and former generations had done their whole duty." His days are like unto a ray of sunlight, — making things grow, dispelling darkness, diffusing light, disinfecting and purifying the atmosphere of life. The saint of the future will be man-intoxicated. He will gladly burn at the stake, if the expiring embers will light up the race to some higher, nobler conception.

Such a religion will give a simple standard by which all men, the king and the scavenger, can be truly measured. How much love for man is there in him? That will be the crucial test. That most contemptible question of our times, "How much is he worth?" will come to mean, "How much of worth has he," — that is, how much of human love and of human service burns in his soul. Wealth, position, ancestry, mean nothing by this standard. Jesus can be no greater if proven the Son of God. He would not be less great if proven the son of the thief crucified at his side. Rather more great. It is his infinite love which has made him divine.

Such a religion makes the purposes of life so simple. Money getting is justified only as a means to money giving. Every inlet of the soul is to be open to enrichment, open to the best education, to the best literature, to the best in music and in all art. The soul is to be made richer and richer so as to widen sympathies, increase usefulness, and make what one gives to others more and more priceless. Personal pleasure will not be considered. Joy follows beneficent love closer than shadow follows sunlight.

All ambition and all conduct is made clear. The first thought upon rising will be, "Whom shall I make happier this day?" The last thought at night, "Have I done my whole duty to man to-day?" When man meets man, the inner controlling thought will be, "How can I help this man?" No man will need an introduction to another. The

bond of race kinship will always be sufficient introduction. The whole delight in life will be working with and for men, in the reach for higher planes of mutual love. And the keenest regret of the last man on this planet will be, that no other man is left for him to love and to serve.

Under the inspiration of such a religion, the swiftest, most radical change would come in those strange institutions known as "Schools of Theology." We scoff at the hair-splitting subtleties of the middle-age scholastics. Who can picture the derisive contempt with which our descendants will read the programmes of our theological schools,—schools in which men are supposedly trained to *minister* to men. Here are the titles of eight theses of the class which graduated last year from the Divinity School of one of our most prominent colleges. I give the printed order, and add that twenty-three more subjects follow, all of the same character.

The essential elements of loving faith.

The rise and primitive character of Congregationalism.

An investigation of the orthodox doctrine of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The Free Church movement of Sweden in its relation to theology.

The scriptural doctrine of the design of punishment.

Paul's doctrine of sin.

The theology of the Heidelberg Catechism.

The significance of Christ's death in the four gospels.

A century hence, the titles of these theses will, let us hope, be more of the following character :—

The relation of sanitation to morality.

Conflicting theories of prison discipline.

How to deal with intemperance.

The economy of crime prevention.

How to make labor trust capital.

The sweetening of the life of the poor.

Child saving as related to world purification.

What art and music can do for the laboring classes.

In other words, schools of theology will give way to schools of sociology; and the young man who desires to take up the cross of Jesus, and to live for the uplifting and ennoblement of the race, will find the highest post-graduate course of his training in "*The National Conference of Charities and Corrections.*"

Such a faith will revolutionize education, because success

in life will have a different meaning. Not how much you have amassed, but how much, in proportion to your opportunities, you have wisely given away, will be the new test. The lower animals are trained for the struggle of existence. Man, as representing the Divine spirit, will be trained for the struggle of self-renunciation. Education will strive to harmoniously unfold all of the latent powers of the child; but the highest effort, to which all others must be subservient, will be to unfold and develop the spirit of love and benevolence. The first lesson at home and at school will be, "Try to make somebody happier." No rules will be held as important as the rules offered for the Arithmetic of Life: to add to the happiness, subtract from the pains, multiply the joys, and divide the sorrows of as many human souls as thou canst reach.

Under the influence of such *ministers*, churches will greatly change their character. They will be resting-places in which men will be inspired to work more and more zealously for men. The present church services—given up to the praising, flattering, and importuning of God, to the contemplation of unexplainable, unsolvable, use-lacking, Divine mysteries—will be replaced by a calm, scientific consideration of what can be done for mankind. Every church will be an organized aid society. Every church will be a meeting-place from which expeditions of mercy will start to the nearest souls in need. The bond of church union will not be *believing*, but *doing*.

If I were asked to give a name to any sect or body of men who should represent the religious principles I have tried to express, I should choose neither "Brotherhood of Christian Unity," nor the quasi-philosophical name of "Ethical Society," nor, of a surety, any of the names which express the especial importance of the God conception. I should prefer the simple name which, more than any other, Jesus dignified, the "meek and lowly" name, SERVANTS. "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your *servant*." "He that is greatest among you shall be your *servant*." And Paul says, "Though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself *servant* unto all, that I might gain the more."

The name importeth little. We seek the substance of love as fruiting in loving work. We must be doing. Probability,

approximating certainty, teaches that man has already lived on this planet over a million years. Theology has long enough darkened the earth and separated mankind. A new impulse is needed to make men join hands and hearts. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." How shall we reach the light? The disciple whom Jesus loved most makes answer: "He that loveth his brother abideth in the light."

Is there a God?
A higher Power there is,
 Of name it matters not.
 But *how* or *what* it be,
 Is not revealed to me.

Is there a future life?
 Reward above? Friends re-meeting?
Hope it, I may.
 But if it be,
 A secret 'tis to me.

This, This I *KNOW*:
 I live. My brother, man, lives at my side.
 I hear his cry for light, for help,
 For strength to struggle with his fate.
 I know his thirst for sympathy,
 For love and friendship's holy fire.

Heed I this cry,
 Slake I this thirst,
 Then,—
 Lives there a God,
 Is there a future life,—
 Why should it change my course?
The reward has come to me.

THE SOCIAL QUAGMIRE AND THE WAY OUT OF IT.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL. D., DUBL. D. C. L. OXON.

I. THE FARMERS.

IN the early years of the century, English readers enjoyed the perusal of many American works of fiction dealing with the rural life of the Eastern States in those almost forgotten days when railways and telegraphs were unknown, when all beyond the Mississippi was "the far west," when California and Texas were foreign countries, and when millionnaires, tramps, and paupers were alike unknown. They introduced us to an almost idyllic life, so far as rude abundance, varied occupations, and mutual help and friendliness among neighbors constitute such a state of existence. Almost all the necessaries and many of the comforts of life were obtained by the farmer from his own land. He had abundance of bread, meat, and poultry, with occasional game. Of butter, cheese, fruit, and vegetables there was no lack. He made his own sugar from his maple trees, and soap from refuse fat and wood ashes; while his clothes were the produce of his own flocks, spun, and often dyed, woven, and made at home. His land contained timber, not only for firing, but for fencing and house-building materials, as well as for making many of his farm implements; and he easily sold in the nearest town enough of his surplus products to provide the few foreign luxuries that the family required. The farmer of that day worked hard, no doubt, but he had also variety and recreation, and there was none of that continuous grinding, hopeless toil, that appears to characterize the life of the Western farmer to-day. As a rule, his farm was his own, unburdened by either rent or mortgage. Year by year it increased in value, and if he did not get rich he was at least able to live in comfort and to give his sons and daughters a suitable start in life. In those days wages of

all kinds were high; food was cheap and abundant; and the strange phenomenon — yet so familiar and so sad a phenomenon now — of men seeking for work in order to live, and seeking it in vain, was absolutely unknown.

The impression of general well being and contentment given by these tales, was confirmed by the narratives of travellers and the more solid works of students of society. All agreed in telling us that not only the pauperism of Europe, but even ordinary poverty or want was quite unknown. The absence of beggars was a noticeable fact; and except in cases of illness, accident, or old age, occasions for the exercise of charity could hardly arise. The extraordinary contrast between this state of things and that which prevailed in Europe, had to be accounted for, and several different causes were suggested. A favorite explanation on both sides of the Atlantic was, that it was a matter of political institutions. On the one hand, it was said, you have a Republican government, in which all men have equal rights and no privileged classes can oppress or rob the people; on the other, there is a luxurious court, a bloated aristocracy, and an established church, quite sufficient to render a people poor and miserable; and this was long the opinion of the English radicals, who thought that the cost of the throne and of the church was the chief cause of the poverty of the working classes. Others maintained that it was entirely a matter of density of population. Europe, it was said, was overpeopled; and it was prophesied that, as time went on, poverty would surely arise in America and become intensified in Europe. More philosophical thinkers imputed the difference to the fact that there was an inexhaustible supply of unoccupied and fertile land in America, on which all who desired to work could easily support themselves; and that, all surplus labor being thus continually drawn off, wages were necessarily high, as the only means of inducing men to work for others instead of for themselves. When the accessible land was all occupied, it was anticipated that America would reproduce the phenomena of poverty in the midst of wealth which are prevalent throughout Europe.

It is needless to point out that these anticipations have been realized far sooner and far more completely than were ever thought possible. The periodical literature of America teems with facts which show that the workers of almost

every class are now very little, if any, better off than those of the corresponding classes in England. For though their wages are nominally higher, the working hours are longer; many necessities, especially clothing, tools, and house rent, are dearer; while employment is, on the whole, less continuous. The identity of conditions as regards the poverty and misery of the lower grades of workers is well shown by the condition of the great cities on both sides of the Atlantic. The description of the dwellers in the tenement houses of New York, Boston, and Chicago exactly parallels that of the poorer London workers, as revealed in the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London," in the "Report of the Sweating Commission," and in cases of misery and starvation recorded almost daily in the newspapers. In both we find the same horrible and almost incredible destitution, the same murderous hours of labor, the same starvation wages; and the official statistical outcome of this misery is almost the same also. The English registrar-general records that considerably over one tenth of all the deaths in London occur in the work-houses, while nearly the same proportion receive pauper burial in New York.*

Henry George, in his great work "Progress and Poverty," declares in his title page that there is, in modern civilization, "increase of want with increase of wealth"; and in Book V., Chapter II., he traces out the causes of "the persistence of poverty amid advancing wealth." The truth of this latter statement stares us in the face in every country, and especially in every great city, of the civilized world; no one can have the hardihood to deny it. But people are so dazzled by the palpable signs which everywhere surround them of wealth and luxury; so many comforts are now obtainable by the middle classes, which were formerly unknown; so many and so wonderful have been the gifts of science in labor-saving machinery, in the means of locomotion and of distant communication, and in a hundred arts and processes which add to the innocent pleasures and refinements of life; and again, so jubilant are our legislators and our political writers over our ever-increasing trade and the vast bulk of yearly growing wealth, that they cannot and will not believe in the increase or even in the persistence of an equal amount of poverty as in former years. That there

*See James B. Weaver's "Call to Action," p. 369.

is far too much cruel and grinding poverty in the midst of our civilization, they admit; but they comfort themselves with the belief that it is decreasing; that, bad as it is, it is far better than at any previous time during the present century, at all events; and they scout the very notion that it is even proportionally as great as ever, as too absurd to be seriously discussed.

These good people, however, believe what they wish to believe, and persistently shut their eyes to facts. Even in Great Britain it can, I believe, be demonstrated that there is actually a greater bulk of poverty and starvation than one hundred or even fifty years ago; probably even a larger proportion of the population suffering the cruel pangs of cold and hunger. I need not here go into the evidence for this statement, beyond referring to two facts. There has, during the last thirty or forty years, been an enormous extension of the sphere of private charity, together with a judicious organization calculated to minimize its pauperizing effects.

Besides the marvellous work of Dr. Barnado and General Booth, there are in London, and in all our great cities, scores of general and hundreds of local charities; while the number of earnest men and women who devote their lives to alleviating the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, have been steadily increasing, and may now be counted by thousands. The fact of a slight diminution in the amount of state relief under the poor law is, therefore, quite consistent with a great increase of real poverty; yet this slight diminution is again and again cited to show that the people are really better off. This decrease is, however, wholly due to the growing system, favored by the authorities, of refusing all outdoor relief, the place of which is fully taken by the increase of private and systematized charity. And there is good proof that this vast growth of charitable relief has not overtaken the still greater increase of real pauperism. This proof is to be found in the steadily increasing proportion of the population of London which dies in the workhouses. The registrar-general gives this number as 6,743 in 1872; in 1881 it had risen to 10,692, and in 1891 to 12,473. Thus the deaths of paupers in workhouses had increased 85 per cent from 1872 to 1891, while the total deaths in London during the same period had increased from 70,893 to 90,216, or 27 per cent. It may be thought that this has been caused

by the influx of the poor into the towns; but it is mainly the young that thus emigrate; and the registrar-general shows that the same increase of deaths in workhouses has occurred, though in a less degree, in the whole country. In his report for 1888, the only one I have at hand, he says: "The proportion of deaths recorded in workhouses, which steadily increased from 5.6 per cent in 1875 to 6.7 per cent in 1885, further rose, after a slight decline in 1886 and 1887, to 6.9 per cent in 1888." The same continuous increase of aged pauperism is thus proved to occur in all England, but to be especially great in the larger cities; and this fact appears to me to demonstrate the increase of poverty during the last twenty years of rapidly increasing wealth, and ever-growing luxury. And at the same time, notwithstanding all the efforts of all the charitable institutions and philanthropic associations, we see every week in the papers, though only a few of these cases get noticed, such headings as "Shocking Destitution," "Destitution and Death," proving that the official records, terrible though they are, only show us a portion, perhaps only a small portion, of the wretchedness and poverty culminating in actual death from want of food, fire, and clothing, in the midst of the wealthiest city the world has ever seen.

But if any real doubt can exist as to the actual increase of poverty in England, we have in America an object lesson in which the fact is demonstrated with a clearness and fullness that admits of no dispute. Fifty years ago there was, practically, no poverty, as we now understand the word, in the sense of men willing to work being unable to procure the bare necessities of life. Now these exist by tens of thousands, culminating in all the great cities, in actual death caused or accelerated by want of the barest necessities of life. That the wealth of the community has increased enormously in this period, there is also no doubt. According to Mr. Mulhall, the great English statistician, the total wealth of the United States increased nearly seven-fold from 1850 to 1888, while the population had increased less than two and three-fourths fold. Here, then, we have a clear and palpable "increase of want with increase of wealth"; and as the causes which have been at work in the production of this increased wealth are of exactly the same nature in America and in England, only that they have acted with more inten-

sity in America, we are justified in the conclusion that the coincident increase of want has occurred also, though with less intensity, in England. The causes of the enormous wealth-increase are simple and indisputable. First, steam power has increased in America seven-fold (and probably as much in England), and its application to ever-improving labor-saving machinery has given it an effective productive power of perhaps twenty-fold or even more; secondly, railways have spread over the country, enabling the varied products of the whole land to be more and more utilized. The result of these two great factors has been the corresponding increase of agriculture, mining, manufactures, and commerce, by means of which the increased wealth has been directly produced. If, then, fifty years ago there was practically no want in the United States, and there is now, say, ten times the wealth, with about four times the population, not only ought there to be no want of any kind, but all those who had mere necessities before should be able to have comforts and even luxuries now; hours of labor should be shorter, and the struggle for existence less severe. But the facts are the very opposite of these; and there has evidently been an increasing inequality in the distribution of the wealth produced. The result of this inequality is seen, broadly, in the increase of wealth and luxury on the one hand, and of the most grinding poverty on the other; and more particularly in the growth and increase of millionnaires. Fifty years ago a millionnaire was a rarity in England; now they are so common as to excite no special attention. In America in 1840, there was probably no one worth one million pounds (five million dollars). Now there are certainly hundreds, perhaps over a thousand, who own as much; and it has been estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand persons own three fourths of the whole wealth of the country.

The paradox of increasing want with increasing wealth is thus clearly explained. If we take the two hundred and fifty thousand persons above referred to to be heads of families, four to a family, we have a million persons absorbing three fourths of the wealth created by the whole community, the remaining fifty-nine millions having the remaining one fourth between them; and as probably half of these are comfortably off, the other half have to exist in various

grades of destitution from genteel poverty down to absolute starvation.

The problem we have now to solve is, to discover what are the special legal and social conditions that have enabled a small proportion of the community to possess themselves of so much of the wealth which the whole of the community have helped to produce. That much of this wealth has been obtained dishonestly, is quite certain, yet it has for the most part been obtained quite legally; and it is probable that if the whole of the transactions of some of the chief of American millionnaires were made public, few of them would be found to be contrary to law, or even contrary to what public opinion holds to be quite justifiable modes of getting rich. Yet there is probably a very large majority of voters who see the evil results of the system, and would be glad to alter it if they knew how. They have a vague feeling that something is wrong in the social organization which renders such results possible. They begin to see that the old explanations of the poverty and starvation in Europe were all wrong; since, though America still possesses its republican constitution, though it is still free from hereditary aristocracy, state church, or the relics of a feudal system, though its population is less than twenty to a square mile, while Great Britain has over three hundred, it has, nevertheless, reached an almost identical condition of great extremes of wealth and poverty, of fierce struggles between capitalists and laborers, of crowded cities where women are often compelled to work sixteen hours a day in order to sustain life, and where thousands of little children cry in vain for food. The causes that have led to such identical results, slowly in the one case, more rapidly in the other, must in all probability be identical in their fundamental nature.

The present writer has long since arrived at very definite conclusions as to what these causes are, and what are the measures which alone will remedy the evil. In America there has hitherto been a great prejudice against these measures because they run counter to one of the institutions which has profoundly influenced society, and which, till quite recently, has been considered to be almost perfect and to be of inestimable value—I allude, of course, to the land system of the United States. It is because the present

generation has been taught to look upon this land system as almost perfect, that we now behold the curious phenomenon of a large and most important class of the community, the Western farmers, while almost on the brink of ruin, yet quite unable to discover the real cause of their suffering, and frantically asking help of the government through action which might, perhaps, alleviate their immediate distress, but could have no effect in permanently benefiting them. As this question of the farmers is one calculated to throw light on the whole problem of "increasing want with increasing wealth," it will be well to devote a little space to its discussion.

The farmers in the great food-producing states of the West are admitted to be very badly off. A large proportion of them are crushed down by heavy mortgages, others are tenants at high rents, and almost all have a hard struggle for a bare livelihood.* Their friends and representatives consider that their misfortunes depend primarily on financial and fiscal legislation, and advocate reforms of this nature. Mr. S. S. King of Kansas City says: "The first step in legislation is for the people to undo, so far as they can, the things done by the hired tools of the monopolists, repeal the National Banking Act, pay off the bonds, stop the interest, call in the National Bank notes, and replace them with full legal-tender paper money issued by the government. . . . Then let the government reclaim from the railroads all the land still held by them beyond what is necessary for the operation of the roads . . . take absolute control of the roads . . . then level to the ground the tariff-tax abomination." Hon. James H. Kyle, U. S. Senator from South Dakota, says: "To pass the income tax; to sweep away national banks; to restore free coinage of gold and silver; to have money issued directly to the people in sufficient volume to meet the needs of legiti-

* Mr. Atkinson, the optimist statistician of Boston, in his paper read before the British Association last August, summarizes the special Census Report on this subject as follows: Dealing with Illinois, Alabama, Tennessee, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska, he states that "more than one half of the farms are free from any mortgage," and that "those which are under mortgage are encumbered for less than half their value." This is the optimist way of stating the case, as if it were something gratifying, something that indicated a successful agriculture and a contented body of farmers! Nearly half the farms in six great agricultural states mortgaged! And these mortgaged to nearly half their value, which, at the high rates of interest usually paid, is equivalent to a heavy, sometimes to a crushing rent!! I could scarcely have imagined a more terrible state of things, short of absolute ruin; and had the facts been stated by any less trustworthy authority, I should have thought there was certainly error or exaggeration. It must be remembered, also, that during past years many mortgages have been foreclosed, and the mortgagees are now the landlords. We are not told how many of the farmers in these states are tenants.

mate business—these are the reforms which are entirely within the reach of earnest and persistent agitation. . . . Land loans and produce loans would surely follow. . . The nationalization of the great highways of commerce would inevitably follow.”

These same reforms are advocated by General J. B. Weaver in his powerful work “A Call to Action”; and he imputes all the evils of the present land system—the increase of large proprietors, the rapidly increasing army of tenants, the numerous mortgages at high interest, and the universal distress of the agriculturists—to causes connected with the banking system and with the tariff.

Now, so far as I can understand these difficult questions, all the evils pointed out by these writers are real and very great evils, and the remedies they suggest may to some extent remove these evils; but I feel convinced that these are *not* the fundamental evils as regards the farmers. The suggested remedies would benefit them along with the rest of the community, but would not remove the troubles that specially affect the tillers of the soil. It would, no doubt, be an advantage to be able to pay off existing mortgages with money advanced by the government at very low interest; but an agriculture that rests on mortgages, whether at high or at low interest, is not a successful agriculture. General Weaver truly says: “The cultivation of the soil should be, and in fact is, under natural conditions, the surest road to opulence known among men. Under just relations it would be impossible to impoverish this calling, for it feeds, clothes, and shelters the human family.” And again: “What the farmer most wants is a good price for the products of his farm rather than an advance in the value of the farm itself.” But he does not pursue this point, and does not show how any of the remedial measures suggested can possibly raise the price of farm produce; and unless this is done, the farmer’s condition, though it may be somewhat ameliorated, will never be raised to the degree of comfort and security which ought to be enjoyed by those whose labor provides the food of the community.

Let us then try and get at the root of this question. Why is it that the degree of comfort and safety of the American farmer has, during the last fifty years or less, so greatly deteriorated? What is the cause of the strange

phenomenon of food being sold by its producers at such low prices as to be unremunerative to them? It is evident that these prices are determined by competition. How is it that in this particular business competition has forced prices down to such a point as to be permanently unprofitable? The causes that have brought this about are clearly twofold: the absence of the equalizing power of RENT, and the competition of capitalist or *bonanza* farms. Why this is so will now be explained.

Owing to the almost universal custom in America (until recently) of purchase rather than rental of land, and the wide-spread interests involved in real-estate speculation, the true nature of RENT, as thoroughly worked out by the political economists of Europe, is quite unknown except to the comparatively few who have made a special study of the subject. It is therefore necessary to show, in as clear a manner as possible, its economic importance, and that it is really the key to the whole problem of American agricultural distress.

Rent is the equalizer of opportunities, the means of giving fair play to all cultivators of the soil in the struggle for existence. Farms differ greatly in value, from two quite distinct causes: the fertility of the land itself, as dependent on soil and climate, is one cause; situation, as regards distance from a railroad or from a market, is the other. Let us suppose one farm to produce thirty bushels of wheat an acre, another only twenty, with the same labor and cost, and that the first farm is only a mile from a railroad, while the other is ten miles over a bad and hilly track. The owner of the first farm will evidently have a double advantage over the owner of the other, both in the amount of his crops and the economy in getting them to market; and prices which will enable the first to live comfortably and lay by money, will mean poverty or ruin to the second. It is just the same as with shops or stores. The business done, other things being equal, will depend upon situation. If one store is situated in a main street, with five hundred people passing the door every hour, and another store just like it is in a by-street where not more than fifty people pass per hour, and both sell exactly the same goods of the same quality, and neither have any special connection or reputation, but depend mainly on chance customers, then it is quite certain

that the one will make a living where the other will starve. Now prices are fixed by the competition of the whole of the stores of these two classes, and the more favored class will run down prices just so low that the less favored class can hardly live; and the inevitable result will be that many of them will be starved out, and the whole of the business be absorbed by the other class. But if all these shops belong to landlords, whether private individuals or the municipalities, then rents will be so much higher in the one class than in the other as to approximately equalize the opportunities of both. Both will then be able to earn a living for a time, and the ultimate superior success of either will be a matter of business capacity. The competition between them will be fair and equal.

The same thing happens with rival manufacturers. Facilities for getting raw material, cheapness of water power, and above all the possession of the best and most improved machinery, enable one to undersell another, and ultimately to drive him out of the market, unless the latter can improve his conditions, or the former is subject to an increased rent, to compensate for his advantages of position.

Now, in the case of the farmer there is no possibility of removing the disadvantages of some as compared with others. Land which is naturally poor can never be made equal to that which is naturally fertile; neither can a farm be moved bodily near to a market or to a railway. The competition between different farmers is, therefore, not a fair one. As more land is cultivated and more surplus grain produced, those having the advantage in land and situation will get their produce earliest to market; and those who come later, when the market is already well supplied, must take a lower price. Year by year, as the output of grain increases, the price becomes lower still, till it reaches a point at which those worst situated cannot afford to grow it at all. Then either the worst farms go out of cultivation, or some other crops are grown, or the owner, burthened with mortgages, is sold out, and his farm is perhaps joined to another, and goes to form one of the great capitalist farms, which form another means of driving down prices below the level at which the less favored farmers can make a living.

Many people argue that if large farming pays where small farming will not pay, that large farming therefore produces

more food and is better for the country. But this is a great mistake. The farms measured by thousands of acres never produce so much per acre as the small farms of fifty or a hundred acres. In the former the object is to reduce the cost of labor to a minimum, and so leave a larger profit to the owner. Whether in Australia, Dakota, or California, the great machine-worked farms only produce from about eight to twelve or twenty bushels of wheat an acre; but on ten thousand acres a very small profit per bushel will give a large income, while the same profit on a much larger produce per acre will starve the small farmer. In 1879 the wheat produce of the United States varied in the several states from an average of seven bushels an acre in North Carolina and Mississippi, to nineteen and twenty bushels in Michigan and Indiana; and in the bad year, 1884, the range was from five bushels to twenty bushels. But as these are the averages of whole states, the produce of the several farms must have a very much wider range; and the profit made will vary still more than the produce, owing to much greater cost of carriage to market in some cases than in others. It thus happens that the variations in the cost of producing a bushel of wheat are, in the United States, extremely large, perhaps larger than in any other part of the world, because, in the first place, that cost is not equalized by any general payment of rent for the land in proportion to its better or worse quality; and in the second place, because capitalists have been allowed to acquire enormous areas of land from which, by means of machinery and a very little hired labor, they can make large profits from a very small produce per acre.

Some people will say that this result is a good one. Bread is made cheap, and that benefits the whole community. This, however, is one of those utterly narrow views by which capitalist writers delude the people. All other things being equal, cheap bread is doubtless better than dear; but if cheap bread is only obtained through the poverty or ruin of the bulk of those who grow it, and if its value to most other workers is discounted by lower wages or smaller earnings, both of which propositions are in the present state of society demonstrably true, then cheap bread is altogether evil.

There are few better definitions of good government than that it renders possible for all, and actually produces in the

great majority of cases, happy homes and a contented people. Unless a number of the best writers of American fiction, and a considerable proportion of these who contribute to the most serious periodicals of the day, are deluding their readers, the present system of cheap bread production is founded on privation, misery, or ruin in the houses of thousands of farmers, and on the unnatural growth of great cities, with a corresponding increase of millionnaires, of pauperism, and of crime.

If the exposition now given of the causes of the sufferings of the Western farmers is correct, — and I have the greatest confidence that it is so, — the only thorough remedy will be to bring the land back into the possession of the people, to be administered locally for the benefit of the men who actually use it, never for those who want it only for speculation; and by means of a carefully adjusted system of rents or land taxes, to equalize the benefits to be derived by occupiers from the land (as regards quality and situation), so that none will be able to undersell others to their ruin. Prices will then be adjusted by fair competition, and will fall to the lowest level compatible with the usual standard of living of the time and place, and will be such as to leave a clear margin of profit for the support of a family and for provision for old age.

It will of course be understood that under such a system the farmers would be really as much the owners of their land as if they possessed the fee simple and were free of mortgage. So long as the very moderate differential rent or land tax was paid, the farmer would have perpetual, undisturbed possession, with the right to bequeath or sell, just as he has now. Rents would never be raised on the farmer's improvements, but only on any increase of value of the land itself, due to the action of the community, as when increase of population or new railroads so raised prices or cheapened production as to increase the inherent value of land in that locality in proportion to its value in other localities. But it should be always recognized that the creation of "happy homes," so far as material well being affects them, is the first object of land legislation; and thus rents should in every case be assessed low enough to secure that end, always supposing reasonable care and industry in the farmer, which would be sufficiently indicated by the average result.

Under such a system of land tenure as is here suggested, the farmer's life would become a peaceable and happy one, more like that of the early days, when he supplied most of his own wants, and only needed to sell a portion of his surplus products. Every benefit which the community at large may derive by the abolition of import duties, and the operation of the railroads by the state for the good of all, would be fully enjoyed by the farmer also, and his standard of comfort would gradually rise. If, however, these last mentioned reforms are made without any alteration of land tenure, he will not be permanently benefited, because the competition of the better, rent-free land, and also that of the great capitalist farmers, will still drive prices down to the lowest point at which he can just exist. This competition will act quite as surely and quite as cruelly as the competition of laborers in the towns and cities, which always drives down the earnings of unskilled labor to the very lowest point, a point which is kept stationary by the presence of a large body of the unemployed on the verge of starvation and always ready to work at a little above starvation wages.

It will no doubt be objected that, even admitting such a land system to be desirable, there is now no equitable means of getting the land back, except the impossible one of purchase from existing owners. But this is a mistake, and several practical methods have been or can be suggested. We have, first, the "single tax" of Mr. George, which has already obtained many adherents. At first sight farmers may think this would increase their burthens; but it would, on the contrary, relieve them, because all land would be taxed on its inherent, not on its improved, value. Now the inherent value of land in and around cities is enormous, and is not now fairly assessed. This city land would bear a much larger share of taxation than now; farm land proportionally less; and as this single tax would be accompanied by the removal of all duties on imported goods and produce, the farmer's tools, machinery, and clothing would be greatly cheapened.

But notwithstanding this single tax on land values, it might still be worth the while of great capitalists, companies, and trusts to hold large areas of land, because they could derive both profit and power from it in various indirect ways. The people will never be free from the countless

evils of land-monopoly and land-speculation until it is declared contrary to public policy for any one to hold land except for personal use and occupation. A date might then be fixed before which all land not personally occupied must be sold; and that it should be really sold might be insured by declaring that afterwards no rental or other charge on land to individuals or companies would be recoverable at law. All municipalities, townships, or other local authorities should, however, have a prior and also a continuous right to purchase all such land at a moderate but fair valuation, paying for it with bonds bearing a low interest and redeemable at fixed dates. In this way the public would be able to acquire most of the land for some miles around all towns and cities; and as this would certainly increase rapidly in value, through growth of population and municipal improvements, the bonds could in a few years be redeemed out of the increased rents.

There is, however, another quite distinct method of reclaiming the land for the community, which has many advantages. This may be affected by carrying into practice two great ethical principles. These are, first, that the unborn have no individual rights to succeed to property; and, second, that there is no equitable principle involved in *collateral* succession to property, whatever there may be in *direct* succession. By the application of these two principles the people may, if they so will, in the course of some eighty years gradually regain possession of the whole national domain, without either confiscation or purchase. The law should declare that, after a certain date, land would cease to be transferable except to direct descendants — children or grandchildren; and, that, when all the children of these direct descendants, who were living at the time of passing the law, had died out, the land should revert to the state. As people owning land, but having no children, are dying daily, while even whole families often die off in a few years, land would be continually falling in, to be let out to applicants on a secure and permanent tenure, as already explained, so as best to subserve the wants of the community.

Here, then, are two very distinct methods of obtaining the land, both thoroughly justifiable when the welfare of a whole nation is at stake. The last named is that which seems best to the present writer, since it would at once abolish the

greatest evils of the American social system — those founded on land speculation and land monopoly; while the land itself would be acquired by means involving the minimum of interference with the property or welfare of any living persons. But, unless by these or some analogous measures farmers are relieved from the competition of great capitalists, while competition among themselves is rendered fair and equal by a differential rent or land tax, no other kind of legislation can possibly relieve the majority of them from the state of poverty and continuous labor in which they now exist. In an unfair and unequal competition the less favored must always be beaten.



Faithfully yours
S. P. Wact.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.

BY PROFESSOR S. P. WAIT.

THE only life we know is one before which death has been. No other resurrection ever can transcend in wonder the present miracle of consciousness. To be able to measure by years and months the time in which we knowingly have had the power to think and will, and yet to recognize in that power the link between the finite and the infinite — this is the paradox of human existence.

Is the fact that we live and know ourselves as living — after the death of countless beings whose previous appearance has made us what we are — to be followed by a life in less perishable bodies than those we now inhabit, with more permanent surroundings than those of our present environment? or, blown from oblivion by chance, does man pass over death as a precipice, to sink into a sea of unconsciousness, never to rise again?

Revelation, reason, experience, have given the same answer to this supreme question of the soul's immortality. But whether the appeal were made to intuition, analogy, or sense perception, it has been veiled in objective symbolism, buried in speculative philosophy, or evidenced by unusual phenomena. Still it is safe to say that every doctrine, ancient or modern, that has been accredited by any race or nation, has had some germ of truth as its centre, about which the form of thought has been crystallized. It is equally certain that all alike are only symbolically, and not literally, true. For in the progressive and still unfinished creation of man few of us have advanced, in reference to things spiritual, beyond the state of infancy that necessitates forms, correspondences, symbols, and signs. To meet this need, Bibles have been written, creeds constructed, and ceremonials instituted and observed. All these, while outwardly impelling man through hope and fear, have in their esoteric sense presented truth well in accord with the results of scientific research.

The physicist defines death as a failure to respond to one's environment. He uses the word only to indicate the cessation of those functions of animal life — breathing, eating, assimilating — that man performs in common with the brute. This is clear enough as descriptive of a crisis in human experience, but a vastly more significant idea attaches correctly to the term.

In the ancient allegory of Genesis a personal deity is pictured as addressing his creature, man, with these words of warning: "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." This is the first scriptural mention of death. In their literal sense these words did not hold true, according to the after record; for Adam and his consort did not succumb to physical dissolution until many days from the date of their disobedience. Still the Edenic story serves well to symbolize the soul's travail, its origin, nature, destiny. It is rewritten and fulfilled in the character growth of every human being. God has individualized Himself in man's superior attributes. In this marvelous Ego we find Jehovah Elohim enthroned, lord god of all the complex elements in man that represent the orders of earth and sea and air. His will is ever saying to our will, "Let us make man in the image of his God"; for it is only as human volition is consciously conformed to the divine decrees written in the order of nature and the constitution of man that his growth can be carried on to its completion. Thus each son of man is called upon to co-operate with God in his own creation. But in the natural Eden of sensuous delight the serpent still intrudes with well-established purpose. The evolution of a self-conscious and lasting individuality, from a prior involution of Divine Life, would be inconceivable only in the reality of such an order of things as the biblical fable typifies.

Neither physical structure nor mental strength can accrue only as resistance is met and overcome. To cope with and ultimately to conquer every foe within and obstacle without that militates against the expression of its highest powers — this is the task set before the soul. If for a time it seems to fail, it is but as the seed fails when disintegrating in the ground preparatory to its germination, upward rise, and final full fruition. How infinitely preferable the state of Adam (the generic name of man) when he knows the difference

between good and evil, to his previous condition of mental nakedness without shame!

Death is the great price we necessarily pay for partaking of the fruits of a ripened earthly experience. Not death in the sense solely of putting off the fleshly form, but as a failure to respond consciously to the environment of that all-encompassing spiritual Fatherhood in which, wittingly or unwittingly, we live and move and have our being. It is the burden of this death that rests upon the race, giving rise to the belief that man is alienated from his Maker, and that some virtue other than his own must operate vicariously to bridge the intervening gulf. Was a mistake made then in this the chiefest of creative handiwork? Did some dire monster co-equal in power with the Highest come off victorious in a struggle for possession of the human soul, aiding man to rise in a successful rebellion against his Creator, and causing him to lapse from a primal perfect state? Ah, no! Man, as God thought him, as conceived in the Divine mind, was necessarily and inherently a perfect creature. But in making objective this subjective reality, we have the ages of *becoming* that mark the rise from savagery to civilization.

Evil, then, is chaos, gestation, transition. The devil becomes positive and personal in all undeveloped forms of life belonging to the seen or unseen universe. The regular movements and relative positions of the heavenly bodies are determined and maintained by the balanced working of antagonistic forces, on the one hand causing every ultimate particle to tend toward a common centre; on the other, seeking to draw it from that centre into space. The very earth itself still bears upon its surface and within its crust the record of the age-lasting warfare it waged for its place in the order of planets. It yet carries surging within it a molten sea like that of the protean fire-mist from which it was progressively created. The new chemical combinations that mark the transition from a gaseous to a solid state were attended by convulsions gigantic and prolonged. Long cycles were required for the principle of vitality, with all its processes, to modify and supersede those forces and inorganic actions that characterized crystallization and the formation of the mineral kingdom. Every germ of a higher nature, representing the impact of the Creative Spirit in its overshadowing capacity, found its environments filled with foes

to its progress. The principle of repulsion and resistance pointed out the path for every species in its battle for being.

As the spiral line of life mounted through orders higher and still higher, the struggle for existence became more and more intense, and less and less the number fitted to survive, until unto the last and highest, man, a task so prodigious was given to accomplish, enemies so mighty to be overcome, and a mark so high to be attained, that no one but a god incarnate could perform the work, win the victory, achieve the goal.

The supreme value of the story of the Christ is that it makes concrete this human ideal. It crowns and consummates the growth of consciousness from its infancy in primitive man. The books of the Old Covenant picture the soul as active on physical, intellectual, and ethical planes, and deal exclusively with things temporal and present. But the Hero of the New, masters the mystery of a being without beginning or end. He sees the brief span of mundane existence to be but an infinitesimal segment in the arc of that vast circle whose centre and circumference is God. He affirms the reality and quality of a future state with the same positiveness that the astronomer predicts the coming movements, relations, and conjunctions of the planets, from his knowledge of the laws operating in the past and present, because of the continuity of which he is never confounded. Yet Jesus speaks in general terms, and not specifically, because he stands alone, the promise of a species yet unborn. His words and works go to make up a life that shows what a fully created human being is like. Had the gospel record no historical verity, it would still stand with value unimpaired as an object lesson of the ultimate mastery of the soul over selfishness and death.

In former papers * we have touched upon and sought to unravel the inner meaning of the scriptural treatment of the great themes theologically phrased as the creation, fall, and redemption of man. In doing this we brought to the study of the Bible the same method of analysis pursued in the investigation of other creative works, by endeavoring to pass from the outward, literal form, to grasp the underlying spiritual truth, as in the physical realm of research we rise from the observation of transient phenomena to the perception of

* See THE ARENA for October, 1890, and November, 1891.

permanent law. In those articles the most significant symbolic characters of the Old Testament were shown to point the upward march of mind from animalism to spirituality, and to typify capabilities latent in the human soul, but only fully exemplified in the Christ life.

Then, viewing the term "Christ" as the name of an order of consciousness, and Jesus as the name of one who attained that consciousness, we interpreted the precepts and prodigies of the New Testament as illustrating and foreshadowing the rules of action and experiences to be accepted and realized by all men as fast as born into the brotherhood of which Jesus was the representative, every member of which recognizes himself and his fellow-man as possessors of a double heredity, sons of man by evolution, and by involution sons of God.

In that exegesis, however, we did not discuss the meaning of the recorded resurrection and ascension, which taken literally form the corner-stone of the Christian doctrine of the future life, although when so accepted it involves the mind in a greater labyrinth of unreasonableness than the idea that the first man was made in an instant from dust, or the greater Adam begotten without the instrumentality of an earthly father.

As we apprehend it, the real anastasis of the Christ is the gradual resurrection, in a dead and selfish world, of that living law of love his life exemplified. In men and nations this principle lies entombed, but no earthly grave can hold it; for though it rend with revolution the foundations of each untrue state, and darkness for a space prevails, come forth it must and will, with tangible expression.

Resurrection (from *histemi*) is, first, the *standing up* of man in the full stature of his humanity, the rising of the human out of the animal, the triumph of reason over brute propensity, of soul over flesh. Only the present daily realization of this conquest of the lower by the higher nature can fit us to grasp the deep truth that lies behind the poesy of the Galilean idyl.

He of Nazareth personified a spiritual faculty, the culture of which by a few in every age and people, has caused them to tower as gods above the masses of mankind. These prophets and philosophers, seers and saviors, have put forth golden words of truth and promise, that, accompanied by the

likeness of consistent lives, have aided inestimably in the evolution of the race toward the Christ ideal. Jesus, as is natural to a spiritual genius, saw over into a realm of causation and reality, between which and this of form and fraud, a veil of appetite and sense distraction intervenes. He saw all earthly kingdoms hastening on, through empires' rise and fall, to unity beneath the ruling of the law of love that reigned already in his breast.

The new creation that commenced with the appearance of the Typical Man, is to continue to the universal presence and expression of what was then individualized. Its advancement thus far we can trace as concreted physically and intellectually in the history of an outward church and a parallel social and scientific progress. Its ultimate is commencing to take shape in an understanding of Christ as a life to be lived, in which it is as impossible for differences of doctrine and ceremonial to exist as it would be for one to institute a schism concerning the relations of number, or to found a one-sided sect on a child's conception of the same. Evolution along all other lines — literature, discovery, invention, science, and art — has prepared the basis, broad and strong, for this pyramidal point of a spiritual consciousness.

Its first fruits are apparent in a wide development of power to see clearly in a psychical domain heretofore deemed inaccessible by the human explorer, or only to be entered through the doorway of the tomb. The appeal has first been made to physical man through sense perception. Evidences many, emphatic and unmistakable, are readily obtained by the honest and persistent inquirer, that the human soul is in constant association with intelligent orders of life other than those inhabiting material bodies on the earth. By the very complexity of his nature, man is in touch reciprocally with every element and essence of lowest earth and highest heaven. The influence that degrades or the inspiration that uplifts moves in upon the soul's susceptibility along the line of least resistance in each individual's character. It is in every instance high or low according to the grade of growth and dominant desire, irrespective of all forms, professions, scepticisms, or beliefs. Proof palpable confirms what analogy alone would indicate, that the diverse keys to character are played upon by kindred spirits, ranging from the lowest elemental creatures to the highest of those sons of

God who joyed together when the morning stars made melody because the earth was born.

As the creative days of labor and the Sabbath time are not periods measured by hours or moments, but great epochs marked in the planet's growth and in the life of man, so it is with the Judgment Day. It comes to every soul when standards of right thought are formed to separate the false from true. Moses, Socrates, Buddha, Jesus, have been its heralds in the past. With the centuries it has gathered force, until its present momentum makes mouthpieces of many. Men and nations are to realize its blessing and its doom in the ratio of their relatedness to law. Not law merely as the abstract name of an order of facts or an order of thought, but law as the manifestation of the power of God, operating through all time and in all space to bind his creatures to each other and to him in conscious unity.

The knowledge of this law forms the fibre of that faith which tells us in the present what inexorably the future has in store. It teaches us the nature of each atom, world, and soul, as such, that evil, as evil, to forever endure, is an utterly unthinkable thing. Yet while we are uplifted by the glorious vision of that ideal state to be reached as the acme of all earthly evolution, we also see that those who dwell in hells on earth, or hells without, can only be redeemed through mediatory instrumentalities. Our own advancement must be measured, then, by the progress we make possible for others, by the good we do through the right use of every power and opportunity we possess. The law of terminal conversion into opposites holds here. For whereas up to this point man grows great materially and intellectually by the acquisition and retention of worldly wealth and wisdom, irrespective of the rights of others, in the cultivation of a spiritual consciousness, his power increases only as he *imparts*, even as God has grown greater through the life he has given.

The end is individuality, non-divisibility. Death cannot be swallowed up in victory, here or hereafter, until we have gained such mastery over ourselves that our ¹⁹⁷⁰ ~~loes~~ ^{loes} are no longer they of our own mental household.

It is appointed every man once to die; that is, each soul must, in the nature of the case, descend into a physical environment, build for itself a body, humanize the animal, and

work out its own salvation, in conformity to the divine type. As its frame of flesh was built within the mother's womb, so must it, through a gestation measured, not by months, but years, fashion for itself a more attenuate though enduring form, fit tabernacle for an immortal spirit. The cell growth, tissue formation, and organic structure of man as a spiritual being depend upon the quality of his thought and will. There is not the slightest reason to believe that we have not here as ample opportunity for growth in this direction as ever we will have. Surely there can never be a greater need of it than now.

Neither Hell nor Heaven is, primarily, a place to be occupied by people; but they represent conditions of the soul, the one to be outgrown, put down, that the other may be made. The old symbolic terms "Sheol and Hades" well defined the state of undeveloped human souls on earth or the ethereal worlds that turn with it. The first signifies *a hole or pit excavated in the ground*; the second, simply *not to see or know*. Thus they describe man's fate, while worshipping the idols of the den, as that of one who dwells within a subterranean cave, while *ignorance* is shown to be Hell's very pith and marrow. For though the soul immersed in selfishness and animalism may still be intellectually gifted, it shows a lack of knowledge of the higher law, or it would flee from the hell it is forming for itself and in itself.

Although we have advanced beyond the childish state that was terrorized by the conception of a literal gehenna of burning brimstone, it has not been to gain a freedom of license, but to be humbled before the sublime fact that we are the arbiters of our own destiny, and that to live up to our highest convictions is, eternally, heaven; to disregard them, hell.

To curse and to bless are, on the part of God, the same. His energy goes forth in creation, through all ordained instrumentalities, unchanged and unchangeable. But as in the material world the same solar force that causes growth and fruition in forms of life in right relations to it, also produces disintegration and death in other forms in other relations, so are corresponding causes and effects apparent in the vast domain of mind. And as the dissolution and decay of any lower form always conduces to the growth of other and higher forms in nature, so in the changing con-

ditions of soul growth, in the successive lives, deaths, and rebirths of individuals, and in the rise and fall of nations, the same law is apparent.

The highest heaven and the lowest hell are subjective states of consciousness, irrespective of relations of time or space. If man has heaven within him, he will take it where-soever God through duty calls. If hell be active in him, he cannot for himself construct a place of refuge, though all the earth he may command.

The same law and truth, to understand which and obey it brings never-ending joy and blessedness to one, carries condemnation and affliction to another, which will last until that soul, through repentance, *newness and rightness of thought*, has been brought into obedience and peace.

Heaven is the inward and immediate rule of the spiritual nature, that by its enlightenment subdues and eliminates evil and imperfection. It is not a state of idleness or ecstasy, but of unremitting labor and usefulness, freed from the friction that produces inharmony, disease, and death. Heaven is, in fine, the sure result of law well understood, implicitly obeyed; whether written in the book of nature, the constitution of man, or the most wisely formulated moral and spiritual code.

It is not to be supposed that when the earth becomes, as it is fast becoming, a fitting footstool for this higher kingdom, the race is gradually to go on toward a physical immortality. Yet it is already well within the reach of realization by those who cultivate the better part, and daily die unto the lower self, that the latent powers of mind can be so freed, the treasury of the soul's energies so unlocked and distributed to the uttermost atoms of the physical system, as to resurrect the body from a sepulchre of otherwise incurable disease; and to then so order the life by standards of wise temperance and chastity, reason, and good will, as to preclude the possibility of lapsing into a similar state. With days thus lengthened out, doubtless far beyond the limit that has heretofore been set as the extreme duration of human life, the second birth will never be ungodly, premature; but with consciousness undimmed, the present life-work well performed in humane service, the soul will gladly change the older garment for the new. Such a one having served, in the flesh, a long apprenticeship as angel, in the

true sense of that word, which means *any messenger or ministrant endued with power for good*, is merely given a larger field in which to act and grow.

There are moments when the scales fall from off the mental eyes, and with objective clearness and reality we see the myriads of those who have passed on to what we call the next round of existence. This planet then appears as the pivotal centre of their and our progression up to the Christ estate, for which *the whole creation* groans in travail. . . . We note the creative forces at work in this great clearing-house of souls with the beauty of all reasonableness, and the sublimity of justice that respects no person.

Although we find no retrogressive metempsychosis, as taught in ancient times, yet what was in large measure hidden here stands out in bold relief, symbolized by that dominant animal type to which the given individual tended in his former life. As was his use of that incarnation, so is his aspect on re-embodiment in the super-sensual world.

As planets turn about the solar orb, so souls revolve around the central life. The times of day and night, the changes of the season, are but so many symbols of states through which we all must pass until illumined from within by the light of law and love, which, shining from centre to circumference, shall constitute of man perfected the city of his God, in which darkness cannot enter, or anything that makes a lie.

In this evolution forward and revolution onward we find oftentimes earth's millionnaires and monarchs in states of poverty and servitude; theologians and reputed saints in deep humiliation, learning the vast difference between the letter and the spirit of the law, between images and realities; while those who here passed lives of patient tribulation, encompassed by the night of ignorance, want, and woe, as well as those who with honest doubts unanswered, high aspirations unfulfilled, died in protest against existing wrongs, are greeted by the dawning of a better day, in an environment favoring the birth of those faculties that are to bring to them gradually a higher consciousness.

For those who have in any way transgressed the laws to which they owed allegiance, there is no escape from retribution, because the force of gravitation in the very perverseness, passion, greed, or lust, which made them sin, or fail to do the good they might have done, draws them to and

holds them in relations corresponding to the prison or other punishment or disciplinary experience they may have here evaded, until sufficient inward condemnation has been felt to give an impetus to upward growth.

The conditions of the different souls, countless in number, who are constantly passing from this life to the next, correspond to that of those who are continually being born upon the earth. The first estate of the physical infant depends upon the mental and material status of the father and the mother and the provision they have made for it. But at the nativity of the soul through physical dissolution, when it puts off this body as a mere afterbirth, its new form and surroundings have been generated and determined for it by its own past intellectual, moral, and spiritual activity. Whatsoever has been kept concealed must then commence to manifest, and germs of thought and tendency, disposition and habit, declare their real inherent nature, as does the seed of grass or fruit when planted in the ground. That which has been sown then yields, according to its kind, tares from tares, and wheat from wheat.

The pride which has been fostered here in prince or prelate, as well as that sycophancy by which any caste is sanctioned, save that of moral worth, must be repented of in hells of naked nothingness; while greed and lust are transmuted in fires themselves have fed. He of the mighty intellect, unspiritualized, is for a time but as the little child, except as which none can be born into the Kingdom of the Real.

As endless progress is the law, *perfection* is but a fulness of growth in one order or degree of consciousness preparatory to birth and infancy in a higher state. So heaven is no finality from which further advancement is impossible. We enter it when first we know our life has triumphed over death, our good has conquered ill. And as we thus maintain ourselves, so must we rise from glory unto glory evermore.

In concluding for the present this brief discussion of a theme so vast, let us wholesomely reflect that, even if visions have not been vouchsafed to us, if analogy or revelation to or through another fail to satisfy, and we relegate the sacred books of all the ages to the realm of myth, still is it possible for each one, of and for himself, to see, by the sacrifice of self and devotion to the duties of each day, what life after death is like, and become on earth an angel.

A PILGRIMAGE AND A VISION, OR SOCIAL CONTRASTS IN BOSTON.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

Slow fades the pageant, and the phantom stage
As slowly filled with squalid, ghastly forms;
Here, over fireless hearths cowered shivering Age
And blew with feeble breath dead embers; storms
Hung in the icy welkin, and the bare
Earth lay forlorn in Winter's charnel air.

No careless childhood laughed disportingly,
But dwarfed, pale mandrakes, with a century's gloom
On infant brows, beneath a poison tree,
With skeleton fingers plied a ghastly loom;
Mocking in cynic jests life's gravest things,
They wove gay king-robcs, muttering "What are kings?"

And thro' that dreary Hades to and fro,
Stalked, all unheeded, the Tartarean guests;
Grim Discontent, that loathes the Gods, and Woe
Clasping dead infants to her milkless breasts;
And madding Hate, and Force, with iron heel,
And voiceless Vengeance sharpening secret steel.

"Can such things be below and God above?"
Faltercd the king. Replied the genius, "Nay,
This is the state that sages most approve;
This is man civilized, the perfect sway
Of merchant kings, the ripeness of the art
Which cheapens men — the Elysium of the Mart."

—*Bulwer Lytton in King Arthur.*

PERHAPS there is no more effective method of awakening the sleeping conscience of our people to a realization of the essential immorality and injustice of present social conditions than by presenting some striking contrasts, such as may be witnessed by any one living in our great cities, but which are usually overlooked in an age of fierce competition and ceaseless battle for gold. It is my purpose to give as simply as possible the story of an afternoon's pilgrimage recently taken through two commonwealths within the borders of Boston.

It was a cold, clear, crisp January afternoon. I left my office at one o'clock. Passing in front of the massive library building and the magnificent New Old South Church, one of the most imposing temples in our city, dedicated to the worship of the humble Son of Man, I turned down Boylston Street. On my left was the unpretentious Second

Unitarian Church; on my right, across Copley Square, stood the showy and somewhat pretentious Back Bay Museum; almost directly in front rose that magnificent model of church architecture, Trinity, the pride of New England, and a church whose pewholders are worth many millions of dollars. On reaching Clarendon Street I turned toward the heart of the Back Bay, and in a few minutes I had passed the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, whose heaven-piercing spire is ornamented with angels holding golden trumpets to their mouths, presumably proclaiming "Peace on earth and good will to men." The human eye loves the beautiful; and yielding to the natural temptation, I swept the broad avenue from the Public Garden to the Back Bay Park. Through the leafless trees I saw on either side a wall of splendid palaces; no cottages or hovels offended the eye of wealth. Here dwell scores of men who, without seriously feeling the expense, could transform the slums of Boston by erecting model apartment houses after the manner employed so wisely by George Peabody in London; while in so doing they would lessen crime, raise the average morality, and make life, for thousands of their fellow-men, mean something far more than a mere hopeless and savage struggle on the animal plain. Slowly moving toward the Public Garden, I passed more than one home where live wealth's favored sons, who, without making a perceptible inroad upon their accumulations, could give to our Commonwealth a great industrial home, equipped and ready to receive and transform the children of the slums, who are orphans or worse than orphans, and who are now, month by month, being swept with irresistible power into the vortex of crime destined to curse the society of to-morrow and generations yet unborn — children who are cursed at birth and by environment, but who would, nevertheless, become useful members of society, if placed in an institution where they would feel the elevating influence of love and the refinement of culture, and where they would be taught to completely master at least two trades, while their minds and souls were being trained by intellectual and moral culture.*

* An earnest effort is now being made by a number of noble-minded men and women in Boston to secure a large farm at Danvers, Mass., and there establish a Parental Home for the children of the slums. Such a home as contemplated would prove a boon to society. A sacred moral obligation rests on every man and woman who has a voice to raise or a dollar to spend to aid all such noble palliative measures which will in some degree aid in saving the lost and assist in ushering in a better civilization on the morrow.

With these thoughts in mind I slowly approached Arlington Street. Among the carriages which passed me, my attention was particularly attracted to one which bore a coat-of-arms, and whose driver was in full livery. The very horses seemed to feel that they were aristocratic animals, as with sleek coats and arched necks they pranced by. Within this carriage sat two ladies, but I saw no marks of content on their faces; rather, a worn, wearied, anxious, and discontented expression. They were evidently surrounded by the luxury which wealth gives, and they probably spend their summers abroad, mingling with the fashionable devotees of the decaying aristocracies of the Old World; for the arms emblazoned on the carriage spoke of an attempt to ape foreign custom and a contempt for republican simplicity. Wealth apparently gave them what gold could bestow, but it evidently had not given the priceless pearl of life, the serenity of soul which comes alone from living for others. This led me to study the faces I passed in this commonwealth of the rich. The wrinkles of care and anxiety, the shadow of apprehension, the unutterable soul-craving, which haunts eyes that are unsatisfied — these marked many faces; some, it is true, wore the light, joyous expressions which so well become youth, and now and then I met a person upon whose silver brow peace seemed to rest content. Jealousy, sensualism, and unsatisfied desire were visible on many countenances, and I could not help feeling that the conditions which enabled colossal fortune to rise by the side of starvation and increasing misery had robbed a vast majority of the children of wealth of the only thing which makes life worth living. Indeed, such must be the case. The divine in man cannot blossom or life yield its richest treasures while gold is society's god. So long as the first question asked is, "How rich is he?" so long as the standard is gold instead of character; so long as men feel and believe that money is the greatest thing in the world, the deepest and finest toned chords in the harp of life will give forth no melody; the supreme gift of life, that peace which comes only as the result of sinking self for others, will be exiled from the human heart; while that priceless essence of divinity in man, *the soul*, will wither, shrivel, and become as something dead.

I went through the avenue, down Arlington Street, and ascended Beacon Hill almost to its golden-crested dome. I

had passed uninterrupted rows of palaces. I had found no hovel or cottage, and I had seen no sign of want, except in the soul-hunger which peered forth from many eyes. The residents of many of the palaces I had passed give fashionable balls and banquets each winter, at which the champagne drank, alone, would keep scores of starving mortals in comparative comfort through the pitiless winter months. I remembered that only a few weeks before I had seen carried away the débris of one of those fashionable parties. For this special occasion fifteen cases of champagne had been ordered, over thirteen cases of which had been consumed by the guests before half-past five in the morning, at which hour the festivities had come to an end. I wondered then, and I wondered as I walked past the home of the gentleman who gave the ball, how much of the divine in the nature of those champagne imbibers vanished that cold winter night. The soul withers much as does a weed-choked flower when the animal eclipses the spiritual in our being.

Leaving Beacon Street, I turned down the slope of the hill leading toward the populous and plebeian quarter of the West End. It was not long before the scenes of fashionable wealth disappeared; and it was curious to see along some streets how the old-time wealth, which once made those quarters the most fashionable and select part of the city, seemed to be struggling against the ever-increasing waves of poverty. A few blocks farther, and I had entered another world, the commonwealth of want. Here scenes of abject misery and sickening depravity among the young and old are often witnessed, although here, also, amid vice, penury, and woe, every now and then there blossoms forth a royal soul, evincing such heroism and true nobility as to give one hope for all mankind. It was in this part of the city, a short time since, that the following tragic incident occurred: A little fatherless waif sold newspapers, the money for which went largely to supply a drunken mother with rum. Almost nightly the little fellow ascended to his home in the garret, only to receive abuse, and not unfrequently a brutal beating from his partially intoxicated parent. One night he returned without as much money as the woman expected. She had been drinking a great deal that day, and at once began abusing the boy. As she talked, rage rose in her liquor-inflamed brain; finally she seized him, saying she would throw him out of the

window. The little fellow pleaded, and fought for his life, but she pushed him through the glass; he struggled with all his strength, and managed to get back in the room, only to be again thrust partially out. In the struggle the glass cut the poor boy horribly; but the sight of blood only served further to inflame the mother, who now threw the bleeding child on the floor, and sprang upon him. At this moment neighbors broke in. The boy almost bled to death before medical assistance could be summoned. The police who interrogated him, when they arrested the mother, could by no method of questioning force the child to say anything that would criminate her. She, however, was taken to jail on the testimony of spectators. A friend who is spending his life in the slums of the West End gave me the details of this incident, and added: "I visited the little fellow at the hospital a few days ago. He was bearing up bravely, and in conversation would not allow a word to be said against his mother. '*It is drink that is to blame,*' he insisted." In this commonwealth of gloom there is an endless panorama of tragedies at once thrilling and terrible.

From the West End I passed to what is known as the slums of the North End, and was joined by a friend whose life is spent in saving the sinking, much as the heroic life-savers spend theirs on the ocean's treacherous shores. In the slums of the North End we catch a glimpse of the social nadir of Boston. Within ten minutes' walk from the historic Old North Church and within an hour's stroll from the palaces of Beacon Hill, we encounter poverty so terrible, that its existence in the heart of a Christian centre of wealth and culture brands our boasted civilization with shame, and puts a blister on Religion's brow — all the more because so much of it is uninvited poverty.

The casual observer who traverses the streets of the North End little imagines the horrible squalor all around him, for the reason that almost all the dilapidated buildings are hidden from view by brick fronts. The worst features of the North End slums are unsuspected by our people who have not passed up the scores of alley-ways, through the narrow corridors, or down through the cellar-like passages which line the streets, into the courtyards of the democracy of night. Those who have thus penetrated into the real heart of slums are appalled. Frequently the buildings are brick

facing the street; but passing through the alley-way we find great, dilapidated wooden houses in the rear, which swarm with human beings. If the passers-by could see what the brick walls which front Hanover and other streets of the North End hide from view, I believe a sense of self-respect, if no higher motive, would be voiced in an agitation so determined as to lead to radical changes. But from all appearance, we must wait for some terrible contagion arising from these plague spots, to strike down thousands of the children of the rich, before justice will be heard.

The first family visited presented a very pitiful spectacle; and as it typifies a class far larger than our popular economists would have easy going people believe, I will give the facts somewhat in detail. The father is an industrious Italian, who has succeeded for the past few years in securing employment most of the time. He and his wife were very frugal. They feared the approach of the rainy day when sickness or decrepitude might bring them from the brink of starvation into the depths. Hence every penny possible was saved. They had three children, the oldest eight. The mother also worked, making what she could. The little eight-year-old child kept the home, and tended her young brother and sister. By self-denial and strict economy this little family had saved one hundred dollars, when a blow fell upon them. The overwork and constant strain endured by the wife and mother expressed itself in a stroke of paralysis, the whole of one side of the body being rendered lifeless. The husband, who seems a very kind-hearted man, was compelled to leave his work to care for his wife. He summoned doctors. Of course the source of income ceased; meantime, rent, doctor's bills, fuel, and food day by day ate up the careful savings of several years. The wife rallied a little, and the afflicted husband sought work. His place had been filled by another; and then followed a weary search for something, *anything* to do; but in the winter there are so many seeking work he found it impossible to obtain employment at any price. During this time all their savings had disappeared; they had no money for coal or food. At this juncture a young lady, who had become interested in the sufferers, visited my friend in the North End with money to gladden some hearts during the Christmas season. Together they visited the family. The day was bitter cold; but in the

wretched den which these unfortunates call home, the messengers of love found the invalid wife and hungry children with no fire and no food. The young lady purchased coal and provisions, and in other ways brightened Christmas for these poor children of an adverse fate. I saw the family a week later; they still enjoyed the warmth and food provided by this noble-hearted young woman. The rent paid by this family is nine dollars a month. The father can as yet get no work; the rooms, two in number, look out upon a small and filthy court. The surroundings are squalid; stifling odors on every hand. In the house the most abject poverty is everywhere visible. Here are a father, mother, and three little children on the very brink of the abyss, through no fault of their own. In spite of industry and pinching frugality they are facing starvation, and even work is denied. This family, as I have observed, is a fair type of numbers of families in Boston's vortex of want.

Is it right that millions of dollars of acquired wealth should every year be lavished in wanton luxuries, which enervate manhood and undermine the virility of civilization, while God's children in the social cellar are starving? Is it right that we build churches costing from five hundred thousand to five million dollars each, while our brothers are seeking work to save their loved ones, and finding none? *This is one of the most solemn questions which confront our present civilization.* If Christianity meant half what Jesus intended it should mean, this state of things could not endure for a single day.

In another tenement we found on the fourth floor an old woman living in a solitary room only five feet wide. This was her home — kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping-room, scarcely more than a closet. This poor woman pays seventy-five cents a week rent. She is nearing the grave; and I felt, on studying her face so deeply wrinkled by a life of anxious care and years of suffering and privation, that here death would surely be a messenger of relief.

Descending a few steps into a sombre cellar, we found the abode of a family of six. Two dark damp rooms or burrows constituted the home of this family. They were very cold, as there was no vestige of fire in the room. The air also was heavy with vile odors. Here were several little children being raised amid filth, in an atmosphere reeking with moral

impurity and crime. They will form a part of the civilization of to-morrow.

In this neighborhood we visited a widow with two little children; her husband was lost at sea, and she supported the family by her needle. It is needless to add that life is one long, dreary, and well-nigh hopeless nightmare to her, as it is to scores of widow women in the slums. The sea is almost as cruel as man, and hundreds of poor women who live in the squalor of our seaports wait weary years for loved ones who come no more.

Off a vile smelling court we found a family of three children. The mother was uptown sewing. The world of these little ones is bounded for the most part by the four walls of two small rooms. Here, amid the plainest furniture and in plenty of dirt, from morning till night the little girl watches her little brothers. They are Portuguese, but attend the Bethel Mission. "Can you not sing us a song?" said my friend. After some persuasion, the little girl and the oldest boy sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." I involuntarily started. What grim satire was I hearing! Little dwarfed lives, starving in poverty and wretchedness, in the filth of the slums, singing, "Sweet Land of Liberty"! I was glad that they did not comprehend the meaning of the song, for it would have made life more bitter.

We visited many more places where poverty was what I term uninvited; but these, being typical, will enable us to catch a glimpse of the commonwealth of the unfortunates at the social nadir. I have not the space to show another phase of this problem or to cite cases to illustrate how this life breaks down the moral nature; how a life in dens unfit for brutes brutalizes God's children. We hear much about the vice and crime and the drunkenness of the slums; to me it is a marvel that there is not more. When I see the lavish waste of wealth for wines and luxuries at the social zenith, while abject poverty abounds within cannon range of the scene of revelry, I sometimes almost lose faith in man. But when I visit the slums and see virtue and probity under such a terrible strain, and with everything pressing viceward, I have my faith in humanity restored. That there is intemperance, crime, and immorality there, no one denies. This trinity of the night holds high carnival at the social nadir; but that in spite of environment and the brutalizing

influence everywhere present, virtue, industry, and self-respect still live, is to me a continual source of wonder, and testifies most eloquently to the innate spark of divinity in the human soul. I returned from my pilgrimage heart sickened and depressed. The squalor, the filth, the vile odors, the hungry souls, the haunting eyes, the pinched faces of starved youth and helpless age, produced a sense of weariness and oppression difficult to describe. I soon fell into a painful reverie. How is it, I asked, that the commonwealth of the prosperous is so selfishly short sighted? Do not these millionnaires see in the loved ones around them something more priceless than the gold they worship? Do they not see that at their very doors are cesspools of disease, where death-breeding germs will some day subtly steal upward and permeate the air of their exclusive realm, until their own loved fragile flowers will wither and fall, and their homes will become strangely desolate? Can they not understand the profound wisdom of the passages in the Scriptures which teach us that "No man liveth unto himself," and "That it is more blessed to give than to receive"? Can they not feel that only as we elevate, purify, and ennoble other homes, do we glorify and protect our own hearthstones, and that sooner or later retribution will overtake the selfish soul?

Then I must have fallen asleep, for before me stood an angel with face sad yet wonderfully sweet, and the angel said, "Look!" Then I saw the slums of our city, and from a hundred homes I beheld something almost impalpable emanating—something which resembled smoke, which assumed a thousand phantastic and grewsome forms, as in great clouds it slowly floated over the city. Then I heard a great cry. The sobbing of a mighty city was audible. Death was everywhere present. I beheld thousands of our people fleeing to the depots; but scarcely had they left the city when the wires flashed, quick, sharp, and unsympathetic, the fateful news that all cities and towns were quarantined against Boston. I saw that numbers fleeing died on the way, and others, finding all places barred against them, returned to die at home. The plague, impalpable but terrible, seemed omnipresent. The city was draped in black. "The innocent and noble are dying," I said. "Say rather, 'They are being promoted';" but I saw a tear glisten in the angel's eyes, and I said, "Was all this waste of life necessary?"

And the angel said, "Even so, for man had hardened his heart against his brother man. He had closed his ears against the cry of the poor for justice. He had sowed to the wind, and is now reaping the whirlwind. Sorrow," continued the angel, and the voice was rich in melody, "makes man thoughtful. In the midnight of grief he hears the voice of justice, which is the voice of the Most High. Look once more," said the angel. A scene of marvellous beauty now opened to my view. Great buildings, each covering a square and from six to eight stories high, rose on every hand. They were built in the form of a hollow square, and within the enclosures I saw borders of flowers fringing playgrounds, where were fountains and many happy children. The music of their laughter chimed melodiously with the splashing of the water. Here and there I noticed large temple-like buildings, and I said, "What are these?" The angel replied, "We will enter one." At the threshold (for in my dream I moved as thought travels) I was impressed by the immensity and simplicity of the structure. We entered and descended to the basement. I beheld great swimming-pools and an immense gymnasium; above were large eating-halls, where plain food was served at reasonable prices; beyond the eating-halls were commodious reading-rooms, free to all the people. We ascended a broad stairway to the next floor. Here I saw a large hall, in which a clear-voiced orator was describing the wonders of other lands and ages, and by the aid of a magnificent stereopticon was entertaining and instructing an immense audience. This also was free. In another hall an artist was entertaining a large congregation by giving an effective charcoal talk. Beyond was a free night school. "These quarters are the habitation of the poor, once the slums of Boston," said the angel; "but," she continued, "let us look further," and now I beheld a broad, green expanse dotted with beautiful houses and some large buildings. "This," explained the angel, "is the home of orphan children. Here within each cottage may be found twenty little ones. In the large buildings a wonderful schooling is being given. Each child is made a master of a trade, while his soul is being developed by love, by music, and by ethical teaching. The intellect is also schooled. To the children this is heaven, for love meets them on every hand. This," said the angel, "which you see

is only the first step ; it is the lifeboat sent out to save a few who are sinking ; it is an earnest of the awakening of the divine in man. Beyond and above this, Progress, Fraternity, and Justice are leading the people. All special privileges and class laws have been abolished. Through the broad land societies of human brotherhood have been formed pledged to love all God's children ; to drown the hoarse roar of hate with the music of love ; to overcome evil by good ; to drive out the darkness by the light." The angel vanished. I awoke.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS, THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

III.

PRESENT WAGE RATES IN THE UNITED STATES.

UNDER this heading it is proposed to include, not only the trades just specified as coming under the investigations recorded in "Working Women in Large Cities," but also such data as can be gleaned from all the labor reports which have given any attention to this phase of the labor question. Naturally, then, we turn to the report of the Massachusetts Bureau for 1881, the first statement of these points, and compare it with the results obtained in the last report from Washington, as well as with the returns from the various states where investigation of the question has been made.

Exceptionally favorable conditions would seem to belong to the year in which the report for 1884 appeared. The financial distress of 1877, with its results, had passed. New industries of many orders had opened up for women, and trade in all its forms called for workers and gave almost constant employ, save in the few occupations which have a distinct season, and oblige those engaged in them to divide their time between two if a living is assured.

A distinction must at once be made in the definition of earnings. In speaking of them, there are necessarily three designations — wages, earnings, and income. Wages represent the actual pay per week at the time employed, with no reference to the number of weeks' employment during the year. Earnings are the total receipts for any year from wages. Thus, for example, a girl is paid five dollars a week wages, and works forty weeks of her year. Her earnings would then be for the year two hundred dollars, though her

wages of five dollars per week would indicate that she earned two hundred and sixty dollars a year; while in fact her average weekly earnings would be for the whole year three dollars and eighty-four cents. Income is her total receipts for the year from all sources: wages, extra work, help from friends, or from investments; in fact, any receipts from which expenses can be paid.

In preparing the tables of these reports, the highest, the lowest, the average, and the general average were brought into a final comparison. Often but one wage is given, and it then becomes naturally both highest and lowest; but all figures are made to indicate an entire occupation or branch of industry, and not a few high or low paid employees in that branch. It is only with the final comparison that we are able to deal, the reader being referred to the reports themselves for the invaluable details given at full length and including many hundred pages.

The divisions of occupations are the same as those of the tenth census, and the tables are made on the same system. To determine the general conditions for the twenty thousand at work, it was necessary to have accurate detail as to one thousand; and, in fact, one thousand and thirty-two were interviewed. Directly after the work in this direction had ended, and before the report was ready for publication, a general reduction of ten per cent in wages took place, and this must be kept in mind in dealing with the returns recorded. In this, recapitulation is given in full, and, as will be seen, includes all occupations open to women.

RECAPITULATION.

	BOSTON.		OTHER PARTS OF MASS.		OTHER STATES.	
	Number.	Average Weekly Earnings.	Number.	Average Weekly Earnings.	Number.	Average Weekly Earnings.
Government and professional,	7	\$5 57	5	\$6 40	10	\$6 28
Domestic and personal office,	178	5 94	27	5 33	21	4 69
Trade and transportation . .	221	5 00	4	9 25	4	7 25
Manufactures and mechanical industries	1,293	6 22	72	7 06	49	7 58
All occupations	1,699	\$6 03	108	\$6 68	84	\$6 69

The commissioners of the New York State Bureau of Labor followed a slightly different method. The returns are no less minute, but are given under the heading of each trade, two hundred and forty-seven of which were investigated. The wages of workwomen for the entire year run from \$3.50 to \$4 a week, the general average not being given, though later returns make it \$5.85. This is, however, for skilled labor; and as a vast proportion of women workers in New York City are engaged in sewing, the poorest paid of all industries, we must accept the first figures as nearer the truth. An expert on shirts receives as high as \$12 a week, in some cases \$15; but in slop work, and under the sweating system, wages fall to \$2.50 or \$3 per week, and at times less. Mr. Peck found cloakmakers working on the most expensive and perfectly finished garments for 40 cents a day, a full day's pay being from 50 to 60 cents.* In other cases a day's work brought in but 25 cents, and seventeen overalls of blue denim gave a return of 75 cents. Two and a half cents each is paid for the making of boys' gingham waists, with trimming on neck and sleeves, including the button-holes, and the women who made these sat sixteen hours at the sewing machine, with a result of 25 cents.†

This was for irregular work. Women employed on clothing in general, working for reputable firms, receive from \$4.50 to \$6 per week. In the tobacco manufacture, in which great numbers are employed, \$9 is the lowest actual earnings, and \$20 the highest per week. In cigarettes, the pay ranges from \$4 to \$15 per week. In dry goods, with ten divisions of employment, — cashiers, bundle girls, saleswomen, floor walkers, seamstresses, cloakmakers, cash girls, stock girls, milliners, and sewing girls, — the lowest sum per week is \$1.50, paid to cash girls, and the highest paid to floor walkers, \$16. On the east side of the city, shop girls receive often as low as \$3 per week; in a few cases specified, \$2.50 per week.‡

In laundry work, which includes several divisions, wages weekly range from \$7.50 to \$10, though ironers of special excellence sometimes make from \$12 to \$15 per week. In mil-

* Third annual report of New York Bureau of Labor, p. 162. These are Mr. Peck's figures, but the U. S. report gives average for skilled labor as \$5.85 per week, and adds that the unskilled earns far less.

† Ibid, p. 165.

‡ New York Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Third annual report, p. 27.

linery the wages are from \$6 to \$7 per week. In preserving and fruit canning, wages are from \$3.50 to \$10, the average worker earning about \$5 per week. Mr. Peck states that in fashion trades, the two distinct seasons bring the year's earnings to about six months. "Learners" in the trades coming under this head, receive \$1.50 per week. Saleswomen suffer also from season trade, as it necessitates reduction of force. The better class of workers receive from \$8 to \$15 per week, while heads of departments range from \$25 to \$50 or even higher for exceptional merit. These cases are of the rarest, however, the wage as an average falling below that of Boston.

But three state reports cover the same dates as these already quoted, 1885 and 1886, — Connecticut, New Jersey, and California, the former being for 1885. In this, women's wages are given incidentally in general tables, and must be disentangled to find any average. In artificial flowers the highest wage is given as \$7, and the lowest \$3, the average being \$5. In blankets and woollen goods the highest is \$12.50 and the lowest, \$6, an average of \$9 per week. In factory work of all orders, wages range from \$6 to \$9.75 per week, the average paid to women and girls being \$7.50 per week. In clothing, including underwear, wages are from \$3 to \$15 per week, and the average annual income of women in these trades is given as \$300 per year. In cloakmaking the lowest wage is \$3, the highest \$9, and the average \$7.50. The average wage for San Francisco is given as \$6.95, and that for the whole state is about \$6.

The Connecticut report for 1885 gives simply the yearly wage in various trades. Reason for this is found in the fact that it was the first, and could thus deal with the subject only tentatively. Clothing is given as producing for women a yearly average of \$229, and shirts \$237. Factory work gave \$207, paper boxes \$227, and woollen goods \$245.

In the report for 1886, the lowest average wage is reported as found in the making of wearing apparel, but the average for the state was found to be a trifle over \$6.50 per week.

The report from New Jersey makes the lowest wages \$3 per week, and the highest \$10, the average being \$5. This report covers ground more fully and in more varied directions than any one of the same period, though there is only

incidental reference to the work of women as a whole, the returns being given in the general tables of wages. Wages and the cost of living are compared, and the chapter under this head is one of the most valuable in the summary of reports as a whole. The report for 1886 gives the same general average of wages for the state, but adds an exhaustive treatment of "Earnings, Cost of Living, and Prices."

Maine sent out its first annual report in 1887, and gives the wages of women workers as \$3.58 for the lowest, and \$15.20 for the highest, the annual earnings ranging from \$104 to \$520. The report from the same state for 1889 takes up the subject of working women in detail, giving their home or boarding conditions, sanitary conditions, their own remarks on trades, wages, etc., and the aspect of their labor as a whole. The average wage remains the same.

Rhode Island, in its third annual report for 1889, under the direction of Commissioner Almon K. Goodwin, gives the average wage for the state as \$5.87, and devotes the bulk of its space to working women, with full returns from the entire state.

For the same year, California, by its labor commissioner, Mr. John J. Tobin, gives an equally exhaustive statement of the conditions of women wage-earners in that state. The lowest weekly wage given is \$5, and the highest \$11. Plain cooks receive from \$25 to \$40 a month with board and lodging, and domestic servants from \$15 to \$25 with board. In cloakmaking the lowest wage is \$3 and the highest \$7.50, and in shirtmaking the lowest is \$2.50 and the highest \$6. General clothing and underwear range from \$4.50 to \$6, and other trades average a trifle higher wage than in New England. The chapter on domestic service is suggestive and important, and the whole treatment makes the report a necessity to all who would understand the situation in detail. This, however, is so true of all that have touched upon the subject that it appears invidious to single out any one alone. They must be taken together. With each year the scientific value of each increases, and there appears to be distinct emulation among the commissioners as to which shall embody the most in the returns made and the general treatment of the whole.

The first report from Colorado issued in 1888, Mr. James Rice, commissioner, devotes a chapter to women wage-earners,

with an additional one on domestic service and its drawbacks. The average wage for the state is given as \$6; and the commissioner states that, notwithstanding the general impression that higher wages are paid in Colorado than at any other point save California, actual returns show that the average sums in several occupations are less than that paid to persons similarly employed on cities along the Atlantic seaboard.

Kansas, in its fifth annual report issued in 1889, gives a section to working women. The commissioner, Mr. Frank Betton, considers the returns imperfect, great difficulty having been experienced in securing them. The average weekly wage is given as \$5.17. Expenses are carefully analyzed, and there is a report of the remarks of employers, as well as from a number of those employed.

In the report from Iowa for 1887, Commissioner Hutchins laments that so few women have been willing to fill out blanks of returns. The wage returns given range from \$3.75 to \$9. The report for 1889 makes mention of continued difficulties in securing returns, and gives the annual earnings of women as from \$100 to \$440. The tables include cost of living and many other essential particulars.

Wisconsin, in the report for 1884, has a chapter on working girls. It gives the average weekly income in personal services as \$5.25; in trade, \$4.18; in manufactures, \$5.22, and the general average for the year as \$5.17.

Minnesota, whose first report, under the supervision of Commissioner John Lamb, appeared in 1888 for the years 1887 and 1888, found little or no room for statistics, but included a chapter on working women, with a few admirable tables of age, nativity, home and working conditions, etc. Minute inquiry was made as to cost of living, clothing, etc., and the results form a chapter of painful interest, that on domestic service being equally suggestive. Clothing, as usual, represents the lowest average wage, \$3.66 per week, the highest being \$8.50, and the general average a trifle over \$6.

This is the showing, state by state, so far as bureaus have reported. Many states have made no move in this direction, but interest is now thoroughly aroused, and the subject is likely to find treatment in all, this depending somewhat, however, on the character of the state industries and the

numbers at work in each. Manufacturing necessarily brings with it conditions that in the end compel inquiry; and for most of the South such industries are still new, while the West has not yet found the same occasion as the East for full knowledge of the problems involved in woman's work and wages.

We come now to the most elaborate and far-reaching inquiry yet made — the work of the United States Bureau of Labor under Commissioner Wright, entitled "Working Women in Large Cities." Twenty-two of these are reported upon after one of the most rigorous examinations ever undertaken, and the average wage of each tallies with the rates given in the states to which they belong. Taken alphabetically the list is as follows: —

Atlanta, \$4.05; Baltimore, \$4.18; Boston, \$5.64; Brooklyn, \$5.76; Buffalo, \$4.27; Charleston, S. C., \$4.22; Chicago, \$5.74; Cincinnati, \$4.50; Cleveland, \$4.63; Indianapolis, \$4.57; Louisville, \$4.51; Newark, \$5.20; New Orleans, \$4.31; New York, \$5.85; Philadelphia, \$5.34; Providence, \$5.51; Richmond, \$3.93; St. Louis, \$5.19; St. Paul, \$6.62; San Francisco, \$6.91; San José, \$6.11; Savannah, \$4.90; all cities, \$5.24.

In addition to these figures, it seems well to give the average yearly earnings of women in some of the most profitable industries, those being chosen which are seldom affected by "seasons."

Artificial flowers, \$277.53; awnings and tents, \$276.46; bookbinding, \$271.31; boots and shoes, \$286.60; candy, \$213.59; carpets, \$298.53; cigar boxes, \$267.36; cigar factory, \$294.66; cigarette factory, \$266.12; cloak factory, \$291.76; clothing factory, \$248.36; cotton mills, \$228.32; dressmaking, \$278.37; dry-goods stores, \$368.84; jewelry factory, \$285.20; laundry, \$314.75; mattress factory, \$263.80; men's furnishing-goods factory, \$2,302.24; millinery, \$345.95; paper-box factory, \$240.47; plug-tobacco factory, \$235.67; printing-office, \$300; skirt factory, \$265.40; smoking-tobacco factory, \$238.70.

These, so far as they have been collected and tabulated by the various labor bureaus, are the returns for the United States as a whole. The reports for the following years of 1891 and 1892 were expected to be far more general, but this has not proved to be the case.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON *VS.* SHAKSPEARE.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

BY DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

WHEN the Donnelly craze was at its height, I asked the best-known Shakspeare editor in England whether he meant to take part in stopping it. He said, "No. One cannot descend so low as to answer such foolery as that." Now the Bacon mania has, I am afraid, spread to many inhabitants of the States believing themselves to be intelligent. "Pitiable, isn't it?" said an English Shakspeare student to me, "and possible only among those half-educated Americans."

To a lover of the States, like * I am, and a knower of a few of its cultivated men, such an opinion as the above is annoying; but I cannot deny its truth. Americans trained in English literature — men like Horace Howard Furness and Francis James Child, to name only two out of hundreds of thousands — are as likely to hold that the world was made yesterday by a monkey out of three pounds of putty, as they are to maintain that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's works. Such men have a real grip of each of these authors, a power of seeing the entirely different individuality of each; and they know that Bacon no more wrote Shakspeare than Herbert Spencer wrote Lowell's "Biglow Papers," or Gladstone Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

This grip, this knowledge, are, I am glad to say, possessed by all educated English men and women, except a very few folk of blunted perception, or of feeble intellect, characteristic-blind or cranky. I have never heard of a single English man or woman of acknowledged scholarship or decent training who has taken up this monomania of Bacon having written Shakspeare. I have talked to the kindly old gen-

* A superstition prevails in some circles that *like* cannot rightly be used as a conjunction. See Shakspeare and Sidney Walker's collection of authorities on the point.

tleman who first suggested the folly in England, and also to the poor lady — excellent in many relations of life — who has come prominently forward in the controversy; and I came away from each with genuine pity for the case — clearly one of delusion.

But in America I am told that there really are many folk, sane and shrewd in the ordinary business of life, and not considered by their friends to need medical treatment, who do think, either that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, or that there is some probability in the theory that he did. To these, then, I must address myself.

But I must first repudiate the position in which the editor of THE ARENA has put his contributors on this question, and I hope he will be honest enough to let me blame him severely in his own journal. Instead of asking convinced Baconians to state the arguments that convinced them of the supposed truth of their absurd hypothesis, and then asking faithful Shakspeareans to state their objections to these, and give their reasons for the faith that is in them, the editor has imported, nay, forced, the abominable system of advocacy into the discussion, and has tempted the Baconian advocate to use the flagitious license of the bar, and put forward any plausible plea, any impudent imposture, under the guise of truth, in order to deceive the jury, and get or win a verdict for his side. That Mr. Reed has used this license, and used it largely, I shall show. I want only to say now that I will not condescend here to imitate him, and that I shall say only what I know or believe to be true. What lovers of Shakspeare want is the truth, not a display of specious plausibilities to daze and hoodwink the unlearned.

The case between the two authors really lies in a nutshell. Not even an American will deny the fact that the writer of Shakspeare's works had the highest dramatic power, the highest poetic power, the greatest gifts of characterization and humor, a charming fancy, a romantic, unselfish nature, a wonderful insight into women, and a strong love of them. These are Shakspeare's "notes."

Not one of these qualities did Francis Bacon possess; and without them he could no more have written Shakspeare than any other contemporary could. Where Bacon might have been dramatic, he was analytic; when he tried to write

poetry, he only wrote verse, some of it quite contemptible; when he tried to characterize men, he couldn't; he never showed three hap'orth of humor in all his works; he had no romance in him — the nature shown in Shakspeare's "Sonnets" was utterly alien to his; and he had neither insight into women, nor passion, nor any feeling worthy of being called "love" for any one of them. Yet these two men, so entirely different in many of the leading characteristics of their being, were, say the blind guides, one and the same! Yes, when the sun is the sea, and the moon a splash of mud.

How do these misguiding folk try — to prove their point, shall I say? No — to put forward plausibilities to confuse the minds of busy men with no time for the serious study of the question, so as to entitle them to an opinion on it. Do these infatuated folk take the "notes" of Shakspeare, the points in which he differs from Bacon and other men, and try to produce evidence that Bacon had these, too? No; they give them the go-by; they produce parallel passages from the two authors showing that they had certain great qualities in common: imagination (to some extent in Bacon), reflection, wit, gift of expression, love of Nature; and then they turn round to their audience and say: "See how like these men — supposed two — are to one another! See how they share the same thoughts! Certainly they are one and not two; and that one is Bacon."

And if the audience are shallow, unreflecting animals, they take in this awful nonsense as gospel truth. But if they have wits, they ask, "But how about the determining, the decisive elements in this discussion, the qualities that each writer had which the other had not?" To this poser I say, there is no answer possible but a fudged one; and as a sample, I take Mr. Reed's proof — Heaven save the mark! — that "Bacon's sense of humor, as has already been shown, was phenomenal." (ARENA, page 555.) The reference is to page 441, where we find that Bacon's "wit" — a very different quality — "was simply prodigious"; and the statement that "the world's most famous jest-book we owe to Francis Bacon, dictated by him entirely from memory in one day." Now, passing by the absurdity of calling Bacon's "Apophthegms" "the world's most famous jest-book," just see what it is: a mere recollection of good sayings by other folk! So that on Mr. Reed's principle, if you can recite a string of

Shakspeare's, Marlowe's, and Ben Jonson's best bits, you are at once a phenomenal dramatic genius. Here is what Spedding says of the "Apophthegms":—

"Bacon's collection of 'Apophthegms' (pr. 1625), though a sick man's task, ought not to be regarded as a work merely of amusement, *still less as a jest-book*. It was meant for a contribution, though a slight one, towards the supply of what he had long considered as a desideratum in literature. . . Apophthegms (he said in 1623) serve not for pleasure only and ornament, but also for action and business; being, as one called them, *mucrones verborum*,—speeches with a point or edge, whereby knots in business are pierced and severed." (Spedding, vii. 113.) In 1658 they were published (with others) as "Witty Apophthegms."

Then as to Bacon's dramatic power. If he ever had any in him, he must have had a chance of showing it in *The Misfortunes of Arthur* by Thomas Hughes, acted by the men of Bacon's Inn (Gray's Inn), before Elizabeth at Greenwich, on Feb. 28, 1587–8. Fulbecke turned out two of Hughes's speeches for two of his own; Trotte wrote the introduction, and Flower "penned two choruses." Had Bacon had a turn for drama, he could no doubt have had a finger in the pie; but he wisely kept himself to what he was fit for, a share in devising the dumb shows. Later on he did try his hand at the characters of a philosopher, a captain, and a counsellor in a device for Essex before the Queen. And let the reader who knows what Shakspeare made of a Soldier in "Henry V." and "Othello" (c. 1604), with the plumed troop, the neighing steed, the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, read a like bit of Bacon's "Soldier," (1594–5) and realize the difference between a dramatist, a poet, and an undramatic prosaist (Spedding, viii. 380):—

"It is the wars that giveth all spirit of valour, not only honour but contentment. For mark whether ever you did see a man grown to any honourable commandment in the wars, but whensoever he gave it over he was ready to die with melancholy? Such a sweet felicity is in that noble exercise, that he that hath tested it thoroughly is distasted for all other. And no marvel; for if the hunter take such solace in his chase, if the matches and wagers of sport pass away with such satisfaction and delight, if the looker-on be affected with pleasure in the representation of a feigned tragedy, think what contentment a man receiveth when they that are equal to him in nature, from the height of insolency and fury, are brought to the condition of a chased prey, when a victory is obtained whereof the victories of games are but counterfeits and shadows, and when in a lively tragedy a man's enemies are sacrificed before his eyes to his fortune," etc.

It is the same with characterization. Read Bacon's "Henry VII.," and recognize the entire want of dramatic power in the writer. There is excellent analysis of motive, an explanation of all the causes of the man's actions; but he doesn't live; he is accounted for. And this brings me to Mr. Reed's remark on page 283, that the omission of a play of "Henry VII." in Shakspeare's series of dramas "is inexplicable on any but the Baconian theory of authorship." The simple explanation is that Shakspeare wasn't a fool, but knew his business. The reign of Henry VII. was not suited for a play; it was too quiet; it was not a fighting or a stirring time; it was fit for a historian or a philosopher, but not a dramatist. In fact, Mr. Reed answers himself when he says that the reign contained "the richest and most instructive experiences of political life." The statesman Bacon rightly treated it; the playwright Shakspeare wisely left it alone.

As to Bacon's poetic power, Mr. Reed, in a moment of honesty, confesses that Bacon's acknowledged verse productions show that he had practically no such power. If so, the question of Bacon's writing Shakspeare's plays is settled. Then why go on fooling about it, as these Baconians do? But herein note the point, that Shakspeare never lowers the passages he adopts or paraphrases from other writers. However good they are, like Plutarch in his description of Cleopatra, Shakspeare is sure to brighten every passage with a touch of his own. Now, how does Bacon treat David? Take a sample, Psalm xc. 6, 7, how a thousand years in God's sight are even as a sleep, and fade away suddenly like the grass:

PSALMIST.

6. In the morning it is green and groweth up; but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

7. For we consume away in thy displeasure: and are afraid at thy wrathful indignation.

BACON.

At morning, fair it musters on the ground;
At even, it is cut down and laid along;
And though it spared were, and favour found,
The weather would perform the mower's wrong;
Thus hast thou hang'd our life on brittle pins,
To let us know it will not bear our sins.

Yes, "brittle pins," or "rusty tins," or "fishes' fins," or any other bathos you like. And this Bacon write Shakspeare! Bah!

Is there any need for me to go on? Take Bacon's coolness about women and love. See the calm way in which he talks about the widow he first thought of making up to, and

the absence of any enthusiasm about his own or any other man's marriage. Contrast this with Shakspeare's getting into trouble at nineteen with his older Anne, and having a child six months after his marriage. Note how passion for women is carried though all his plays; mark his Othello bit:—

“O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee.”—IV., ii. 69.

Remember the “kissing with inside lip” in Shakspeare's last play, “Winter's Tale.” Any one of like nature knows what these things mean; and if he knows Bacon too, he knows that no trace of them is in the author of “The New Atlantis.” In that, and in the “Preface to the Interpretation of Nature” you have Bacon: in his “Sonnets” and plays you have Shakspeare; and it would be hard to pick from the known men of the Elizabethan times, two beings more radically different. The one Shakspeare character with whom Bacon must have fully sympathized and would have made his friend, is Cerimon (and I should like to know how many readers of this article who fancy that Bacon wrote Shakspeare have any distinct idea of Cerimon). Who, too, can suppose that Shakspeare would have made a New Atlantis without a Florizel and Perdita, a Ferdinand and Miranda? He loved his girls as the apple of his eye; and Bacon hardly deigned to think of them except as mere products of nature.

Another interesting difference between the two men is the extraordinary development in mind, spirit, art, and style in Shakspeare, as shown by undesigned and unconscious signs as you follow him through his successive works. By merely marking the run-on and rhymed lines in your Shakspeare, and his light and weak endings, you can tell, by glancing at any page, to which of the four periods of his life it belongs. Note the very slight differences in Bacon's style, at the different periods of his life. From when, in his fifteenth year, the thought dawned on him of the right method to wrest her secrets from the taciturnity of nature (Spedding, viii. 4) till his death, there was a change in weight, in power, in reach; but there was no such change from year to year, from work to work, as we see in Shakspeare's plays, enabling us to trace his development from the sharp young-mannishness

of "Love's Labours Lost," to the calm wisdom of "The Tempest." (The rhythm of Shakspeare's prose, too, differs from Bacon's; but I have not worked it out.) But I must turn again to one more instance of Mr. Reed's impudent advocate's imposture on the ignorance of his American jury. He knows, we all know, that in many parts the first folio of Shakspeare's works is one of the most carelessly printed books in the world. Poetry is printed as prose; wrong words are printed for right ones; speeches are given to the wrong characters; foreign quotations are hopelessly mangled; the text is sometimes taken from a bad late quarto when a good early one was in existence, etc. Mr. Reed knows, too, that after Bacon's fall in 1621, the one object of Bacon was to get himself again into the favor of the king (James I.) and the prince, by producing some literary and historical work. Mr. Reed knows, too, that in pursuance of this desire, Bacon in his next long vacation (1621) wrote his "History of Henry VII.," published it in 1622, and dedicated it to Prince Charles, besides proceeding with other works. Mr. Reed knows, too, that when the first folio was printing Bacon was in London at Gray's Inn, handy to the printers, and able — had he had anything to do with the book — to set right all its stupid mistakes, and give us the long-desired perfect text of the glory of our literature. Mr. Reed knows, further, that James I. was the patron of Burbage's — that is, Shakspeare's company, and that the king was fond of Shakspeare's plays, as Ben Jonson tells us: —

"Those flights upon the banks of Thames,
Which so did take Eliza, and our James."

Mr. Reed knows also that if Bacon could have claimed those plays as his own, nothing would have so availed him with the king and prince. But though, of course, Bacon was neither liar nor fool enough to make that claim, Mr. Reed does not hesitate to write, — after saying truly that Bacon was a most careful corrector of the press: —

"The truth is, the quartos, with few exceptions, are . . . early, but authentic drafts, brought into final shape by the author (he means Bacon), under extraordinary mental distractions, and the constraint of secrecy in the folio." — ARENA, 285.

Secrecy! Publicity of his authorship of the plays (had it been real) was the one thing that would have done Bacon

good at this time, and reconciled the king to him. All Mr. Reed's talk about the degradation of the actor had been long since changed by Shakspeare, Allen, and others. Ben Jonson at this time mixed with the best nobles in the land, as Shakspeare had done with Southampton and the Herberts, etc.

But the limit of space warns me to hold my hand. I need only say that the pretended close alliance between Ben Jonson and Bacon is an advocate's exaggeration of the fact that Jonson was to have helped in the translation of some of Bacon's works into Latin, to preserve them from perishing in English; but we don't know that Ben ever did the translation. As to Shakspeare's inability to write his plays, need I ask Americans, who every year see boys rise from the log cabin to high positions, if not to the White House, whether there is anything unlikely in the Stratford mayor's (or high bailiff's) son, taught in the grammar school, coming to London in a stirring time, with all the best wits of England around him, — the Inns-of-Court men (see Davies), the young courtiers, and travellers, — is there anything odd in this man, with the most alert brain, and the most assimilative nature in England, rising to the top of his profession, or in his being recognized in 1602 — before even his "Hamlet" time — as already at that top? Surely not, and every one may unhesitatingly agree with Shakespeare's fellow-dramatist — no doubt John Day — and his fellow-comedian, Will Kemp: —

"Few of the university pen plays well. . . . Why, here's our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all down; ay, and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow; he brought up *Horace* giving the poets a pill; but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him betray his credit." — *Return from Parnassus* IV. iii. p. 138, ed. 1886.

The idea that old Ben, the man of "buts," who cut down nearly everybody, would not have shown up Shakspeare to Drummond of Hawthornden, had he known that Bacon wrote the plays, is as funny a misconception of Jonson as Bacon's supposed identity with Shakspeare is of both Bacon and Shakspeare.

A last word to Americans. The best work now being done on Shakspeare is done by an American, Horace Howard Furness. In many a town, village, and home throughout the States, men and women, girls and boys, are learning

to know, to love, and honor Shakspeare. The tribute of their praise, the strains of their orchestra, which Furness so grandly leads, come gratefully to English ears over the wide water that separates the mother and daughter lands. Why are those sweet sounds to be longer marred by the senseless and discordant jangle of the marrow-bones and cleavers of Mr. Reed & Co.? Shakspeare belongs to America as well as England; his works, his fame should be dear to you of the States as well as us. Work at him, then, you who are fooling around with the stupidity and imposture of this Bacon mania; get to know him; read his works carefully in their order of time,* till you get a grip of him; then, when you realize him, rejoice greatly, and see how he is himself, not another,—not Bacon, however great, in certain ways,† Bacon is, but William Shakspeare, the pride of, the bond between all English-speaking folk.

P. S. — I forgot to notice the point of the learning in Shakspeare's Plays. This has been absurdly exaggerated, as every student of him knows. Ben Jonson is learned; Shakspeare isn't. Will any States' publisher print and issue the papers of the Rev. W. Mills on the frightful lot of mistakes Shakspeare has made in his classical plays? The false impression of Shakspeare's knowledge of classics is due to students claiming that whenever a Greek or Latin author uttered some saying like one of Shakspeare's, he must have read and copied that author, which is gammon. As to Spanish, etc., Shakspeare must have met in London plenty of travellers who could translate foreign plays to him.

* See Dowden's "Primer," or my "Leopold Shakespeare," but correct my mistaken place for "Troilus and Cressida": put it next "Measure for Measure."

† On the contemptible nature of Bacon's "Natural Philosophy," see Baron Liebig's articles in *Macmillan's Magazine*, July and August, 1863.

“DOES BI-CHLORIDE OF GOLD CURE INEBRIETY?”

BY LESLIE E. KEELEY, M. D., LL. D.

IN the January number of THE ARENA may be found an article by Mr. Henry Wood, under the above caption.

This article is gentlemanly, scientific, and logical, evidently written by a keen, logical, discriminating thinker, but is written from the bias of psychology. It is a view of a medical subject, from the standpoint of a psychologist, rather than from that of a physician. It is an exhibition of a social and medical problem, measured by the general principles of psychology, rather than by those of pathology and therapeutics, or cure.

Mr. Wood first establishes his premises, as do all good logicians, and then reasons from them. As one of his premises rejects the doctrine that the “Bi-chloride” or any drug can or does cure inebriety, Mr. Wood, in order to sanction his admission that the patients are actually cured, assumes that the cure is brought about by psychology — by a sort of mind cure — by unconscious cerebration, resulting from a superstitious regard of the fetich—the Gold Cure for inebriety.

But I must now “move upon the works” of Mr. Wood. If his premises are correct, his theory must hold; if not correct, his theory must fall, as no one will recognize more quickly than Mr. Wood himself. These premises are, first, that the treatment known the wide world over as the “Gold Cure” for inebriety is successful, and, second, no medicine is known that can cure inebriety.

Mr. Wood has my thanks for his creditable acknowledgment that the treatment cures inebriety. It is true that “senators, judges, editors, lawyers, physicians, congressmen,” and others from the ranks of the rich and titled, the virtuous, as well as the lowly and vicious, people otherwise healthy, and otherwise diseased, are all alike cured. As Mr. Wood

says, the relapses are few enough and numerous enough to prove the general rule of cure.

The precise formula used in the treatment, Mr. Wood says, has not been made public. This is true. None but the members of our firm, three in number, know this precise formula, and while we live no others will know it. Mr. Wood is in error, however, about the number of patients cured, and the number of "Bi-chloride of Gold" institutes, where inebriates are treated, in the United States. There are ninety-two of these institutes, and the number of patients now cured exceeds one hundred thousand.

To establish his second premise, Mr. Wood first quotes from physicians to prove that no drug is known which can cure inebriety. I propose to demolish this proposition, and allow Mr. Wood's superstructure of mind cure to fall by its own weight.

Mr. Wood quotes from a symposium in the *North American Review* for September, 1891, by leading American physicians, who practically agreed that no medicine or cure is known for inebriety. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, a most eminent alienist and neurologist, is quoted as saying that no drug habit—opium, alcohol, hashish, chloral—or any drug inebriety can be cured by drugs, and that there is "no habit or appetite whatever, to which mankind is subject, that can be got rid of by drugs."

Ziemssen (*Cyclopædia of Medicine*) is quoted: "We possess no medicine which can act as a direct antidote to alcohol or neutralize its pernicious effects."

Mr. Wood asks, "Who thinks of sending for a physician to cure the passion for intoxicants?" In reply to this I will say that the whole world would seem, just now, to be moving upon the Keeley institutes, in order to get "the passion for intoxicants" cured.

But in relation to the medical testimony, I have more to say, and will declare, first:—

The leading physicians of the symposium, Dr. Hammond and others, were biased by an unconscious prejudice in making those assertions. In fact, that symposium was held, not to study inebriety as a disease from the scientific standpoint, and to suggest a cure, but to discuss the Gold Cure. The habit of the medical profession is to denounce, without any regard for, or respect for, or observance of

any kind of ethics, general or special, anything in medicine which is not strictly ethical according to the rules of medical practice. Hence the cordial agreement of this symposium.

The Gold Cure for inebriety — though it cures thousands of this disease — is not considered quite “ethical,” because the special formula is not made public.

In the second place Dr. Hammond does not, in his remarks, recognize inebriety as a disease. He calls it a habit, something like taking a walk, drinking coffee, or going to bed early and rising late, etc.

Inebriety is a disease of the nervous system, just like epilepsy, chorea, or insanity. There is no rule of cause or pathology in either of these lesions which does not apply to inebriety. Alcohol is the cause of inebriety; the other diseases have their special causes. Dr. Hammond, in his published works, claims to know, and suggests cures for all of these diseases except inebriety. The truth is that there is really no cure for any of them except inebriety. The bromides will not cure epilepsy. No drug will cure insanity. There is really no cure for chorea; it terminates “spontaneously,” or by the law of limitation, like all other self-limited diseases, — like typhoid, pneumonia, measles, etc.

At the time this symposium was held, and when Ziemssen's *Cyclopædia* was written, there was no known cure for any of the mycotic or acute diseases. The symposium could have truthfully said that no drug is known which can cure epilepsy, insanity, chorea, pneumonia, tetanus, scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, yellow fever, typhoid, or any other infectious disease — or disease caused by poison. In fact, when this *Cyclopædia* appeared, no cures were known, nor were even the causes of diseases understood.

These gentlemen were all honest, so far as themselves were concerned. They doubtless did not know of any cure for the craving for liquor; but Mr. Wood is a psychologist and a logician. Can he assert, as a logical or scientific proposition, that because these gentlemen did not, at that time, know of a cure for inebriety, that, therefore, nobody knew it, and such a thing is impossible in discovery or fact? If this is not a scientific proposition, then Mr. Wood's premise, or “Fact two,” is not a scientific fact nor a tenable hypothesis.

Thirdly, I will say that if the gentlemen of that symposium had been asked the question whether a cure is known for tetanus or pneumonia or anthrax, they must have answered, "There is none." At that time there were none. They would have said that "science has as yet made no discovery of a remedy or a method of curing these diseases." "There is no specific cure for tetanus or pneumonia or anthrax." If Mr. Wood, at that time, had therefore known that some physician, by some remedy used hypodermically, was curing every case of these diseases in three days,—just as inebriety is cured by me,—he would say, "It is either unconscious mind cure or it is a miracle." The reason he would say so is because such a thing did not harmonize with human experience or testimony. But if Mr. Wood will stop to think, he will remember the general truth, that all discovery is new to human experience and testimony.

But to-day, if Mr. Wood were to ask the gentlemen of this symposium whether there is a cure for tetanus, pneumonia, and anthrax, they could give him an affirmative answer. Within a short time this discovery has been made. Pneumonia can now be cured as readily and speedily by a remedy used with the hypodermic needle as my remedy cures drunkenness, or the craving for liquor. These gentlemen of the symposium to-day will not hesitate a moment to declare their belief in these discoveries and their efficacy.

I may mention that Tizzona, Ogata, Hankin, Buckner, and others, practical bacteriologists, have, by experiment, proved the general rule or law, that the toxins or anti-toxines of the microbe of various diseases, as found in the immune blood of animals which have been diseased, will, if hypodermically injected into the blood of a healthy animal, protect it from the same disease, or cure it, if already diseased. Now, the gentlemen of the symposium do not know these facts personally; they know them only by hearsay. They may not believe the evidence; but even if facts and evidences appeared to justify the claim that cures have been discovered for these diseases, they might deny both, if they chose, until they had been demonstrated by themselves. They can deny that my remedy cures inebriety if they please, but I can supply them with the cure which will prove itself in their hands.

Fourthly, these gentlemen denied the efficacy of the Gold

Cure because they did not and do not know the formula. They were correct in saying that there is no published formula or generally known cure for inebriety, but this does not prove that therefore there *is* no known cure. Is it a scientific proposition or a logical conclusion that—although a certain remedy apparently cures thousands of inebriates, in the hands of one man, since this man does not publish his formula, and all other physicians acknowledge that they do not know it nor any other, therefore—there is no cure?

G. and F. Klemperer have discovered that the serum of blood, taken from an animal that has had croupous pneumonia will, if injected into the blood current of another animal having the disease, at once cure it.

Suppose, now, that the physicians Klemperer were to keep their formula to themselves, and conclude to cure croupous pneumonia as a matter of business—just as I do inebriety. Croupous pneumonia is a fatal disease; it kills off the salt of the earth every spring—business men, statesmen, professional men, and the noblest of humanity seem the most ready victims. They would save these victims from death; they would cure the worst cases, perhaps, in a day or two, because they would have a special cure for a special disease.

If a symposium of physicians—not knowing the nature of this remedy—were to discuss it, and, even acknowledging the results, they would yet say, There is no known specific for this disease, then it would be like the symposium which discussed the Gold Cure. They could, if they chose, deny that any one knew a remedy for pneumonia; and might, if they chose, attribute the actual cures—even if numbered by thousands—to “hypnotism,” “unconscious mind cure,” or delusion, or even miracle.

To make use of logic in any problem, all the factors of the problem must be known. Mr. Wood does not know all the factors of the problem of the cure of inebriety. He tries to learn them all, it is true; but he does not know the remedy. To get a substitute for this unknown factor, he asks other men equally ignorant. But these men say they are not aware of this or any other cure, and Mr. Wood substitutes this entire unknown quantity as a factor of his logical problem or formula. This is not science, nor is it logic. Mr. Wood's superstructure necessarily falls, and covers his propositions with oblivion. If Mr. Wood knew the formula I

use for inebriety, in the light of his present theory of mind cure, and were to use the remedy himself in the treatment of patients, and one thousand cures resulted, what would be required in order to prove his theory of mind cure? To sustain this doctrine he would be obliged to verify, by experiment, that the remedy was inert, and had no possible effect upon the brain or nerves. Conversely, Mr. Wood cannot demonstrate his theory of mind cure until he knows this formula, experiments with it, and proves it void.

Mr. Wood can now, if he chooses, obtain the anti-toxine of tetanus, lately discovered. With this remedy he can experiment on cases of lockjaw. If he finds, after a number of trials, that the remedy does not cure lockjaw, he can say what his conclusions are; but if he were to say now — knowing nothing about it, except the fact of recoveries — that they were the result of mind cure, that the anti-toxine of tetanus is a fetich, and that “water could be substituted with equally good effect,” then Mr. Wood’s logical position would certainly not be an enviable one.

But his attitude toward the Gold Cure and the “one hundred thousand cured inebriates” is precisely similar to this. Mr. Wood knows nothing about the formula. No one of whom he has asked questions knows anything about it. He has not made experiments with it, understanding what it is. He therefore has no data for proving that the remedy does not actually do all that it apparently does, and that it has really cured one hundred thousand drunkards, with — as Mr. Wood says — only failures enough to prove the rule of cure.

Mr. Wood’s criticism shows him to be a logical thinker. No one will therefore appreciate more keenly than he the awkward position in which the unknown factor of his problem has placed him.

I may say, further, that I do not know anything about mind cure, or hypnotism, but I do know that inebriety is a disease, and that I have a remedy that will cure it. Ziemssen’s *Cyclopedia* and other medical text-books, many doctors, and the world generally believe that inebriety is a vice, and drunkenness a habit only. People who have no pathology will not be likely to look for remedies. I recognize inebriety as a disease which can be caused by nothing else than alcohol. It is a specific disease, with a specific

cause — just as much so as pneumonia. The periodicity of drinking, the craving for liquor, the disgust and reform, and the remorse are all symptoms and laws of the disease. The rhythmical return of the paroxysm is part of it, and the result of the tissue change caused by alcohol. If any mental impression could cure drunkenness, the remorse of a drunken man would entirely cure him. That people, sometimes, by force of will, cease to drink, is true ; but people, by force of will, can also suffer amputation of a limb without a groan. The suppression of the groan, however, does not prevent the pain, nor can any mental impression or unconscious cerebration, or mind cure, make the least impression on the disease caused by alcohol, though its manifestations may be suppressed. A perverted or emotional function of mind may be caused by mental impressions affecting the belief, which may be entirely removed by a mental impression of another character. But suppose now a person has pneumonia, a disease caused by a special toxine, manufactured by a special microbe : let the mind curer, or fetich operator, or hypnotist, attempt a cure of this disease. What can be done by these means ? The patient, so far as all subjective symptoms go, can be cured. The mental impression will relieve the pain, subdue the cough, possibly lower the temperature ; but the disease will go on. To the psychologist it might appear that a cure could actually be brought about by such means, but the question does not look that way to the pathologist.

The cure is an anti-toxine, a contrary poison, which operates independently of the mental condition — and conscious or unconscious mental action.

The only difference between pneumonia and inebriety is a difference in the kind of poison, and in the results of the poison. All poison used in poisonous doses necessarily causes poisoning, which cannot occur without a resultant change in the tissues — which is disease. It is impossible to drink alcohol without causing disease, and it is impossible to have the disease of inebriety without drinking alcohol. No two poisons cause the same effects or resultants ; and it follows, therefore, that poisons may cause contrary effects, or antagonize each other's resultants. There is no law of toxines, or anti-toxines, or variation of tissues, or resultant immunity, or antagonism of immunity to poisons, as these relate to any disease, which are not likewise the governing laws of alco-

holic poisoning and its disease. There is no reason why, from the *a priori* standpoint, if a poison can be found which actually cures tetanus and pneumonia, that one cannot be found which will actually cure drunkenness.

Mr. Wood will no doubt admit that he has entirely failed to substantiate his statement, that the remedy has no effect or does not cure inebriety. He might as well undertake to prove that vaccination protects people from smallpox through the mental or unconscious cerebration induced in them by the fetich of cow-pox virus.

But Mr. Wood's conclusion will not stand the test of criticism in relation to the action of the Gold Cure. He says the belief in the Gold Cure makes it a fetich, which is capable of causing mind cure. This will not stand the test of facts. In order to have a popular fetich, or belief, there must be a general public knowledge of the thing itself. I cured over forty thousand inebriates during the first eleven years of my special practice with the Gold Cure, and while the remedy was unknown in the popular sense. Many of these patients were treated in their own homes. They had no knowledge of, and no communication with, each other. I saw but few of them myself. The remedy cured the first ten inebriates just as certainly and effectually as it did the last thousand. If the last thousand were influenced by their belief in a fetich, the first ten were certainly cured by the remedy. My very first patient was cured unconsciously in every particular. He did not know that he was being treated by the Gold Cure, or that he was under treatment for inebriety. Nothing was said to him on this subject. He was just as effectually and radically cured of the craving for liquor as was the last patient treated for the same disease. Every argument used by Mr. Wood and his logical method, if applied to Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia, would bring the same conclusions. Pasteur experimented, and found that he could prevent the development of hydrophobia in animals or men, after they were bitten by rabid animals, or inoculated with the toxine or germ of the disease. The profession ridiculed this claim very extensively. One of the bitterest criticisms I remember seeing, was that Pasteur was not a physician; therefore, the treatment of disease being the business of physicians, Pasteur cannot cure hydrophobia.

But, as Mr. Wood might say, it is true that Pasteur cures hydrophobia. People bitten by rabid animals go to him from all over the world, and "The daily procession—including many persons of high intellectual development—marching up with arms bared for the hypodermic, is a striking commentary upon human materialism and superficiality."

Mr. Wood's conclusion must be, therefore, that the patients are cured at the Pasteur institutes by unconscious mind cure—the result of a belief in the fetich used by Pasteur with his hypodermic.

But this would not prove the proposition. One important factor in the problem must be known first. It must first be demonstrated what the remedy used by Pasteur really is, and then the fact must be verified by experiment that the remedy is not competent to do the work claimed for it. It is quite unlikely that this will be done, and it is also not probable that it will be done with the Gold Cure; so, therefore, the two remedies must continue to logically hold the positions claimed and established for them by experimental proof.

It is all very true that moral suasion, popular belief, superstition, hypnotism, and faith cures have all been used in the treatment of diseases. It is my opinion that no type of mind cure ever cured anything but imaginary diseases. People imagine they are sick sometimes, and sometimes they think themselves cured. I have seen cripples throw away their crutches, and go hobbling about with bone or joint disease, insisting that some freak of faith or prayer had made them whole. The disease remained the same. Belief in a cure cuts no figure in the reality of cure.

I once knew of a consumptive girl who insisted that she was cured by a Christian Scientist. The patient, through the influence of the mental impression, could control her cough, but death was hastened by the retention of purulent material in the lungs which should have been coughed out. This patient refused nurses and watchers, and was found one morning dead in bed.

There is no question of the possibility that a drunkard might be apparently cured—or at least prevented from drinking, even if not cured—by the water of Lourdes, Christian Science, hypnotism, or by any mental or emotional impression. Men have stopped drinking just as the cripple hobbled without his crutches—through moral suasion, or by

pledge signing, or by force of will; but these methods cannot cure the disease of inebriety. The consumptive girl I mentioned believed she was cured; but the patient with lockjaw or pneumonia, who is treated by the anti-toxines of these diseases, is cured really, whether he believes it or not. Belief is a kind friend sometimes, who holds his hand under the drowning man while he struggles to the shore. Belief may aid very materially the forces of nature in resisting disease. Belief, on the other hand, may delude the person who is really cured, and lead him to imagine himself yet diseased. Belief can be or can exist independently of reason or fact. Belief can destroy reason, hoodwink intelligence, deafen the hearing, and darken the vision. Belief may be the child of Science or the phantom of delusion. It is the harlequin of the mind. It is an angel of mercy. It is Satan with eternal torment.

By Mr. Wood's logic I am given credit for an immense amount of ingenuity. Instead of patiently experimenting on a cure for inebriety, I must have been the most practically successful student of psychology on record. I held up the fetich, gold, to the world, as the hypnotizer holds up a shining substance to the vision of his victim. The world gazed on the glittering reality and gradually became entranced. Then I said, "This shining metal will cure you of inebriety; it will destroy your appetite for alcohol — the craving for drink." The world at once believed me and ceased to drink, and called itself cured; but it remained, of course, in a trance state, or it could not have remained cured.

This may be psychology, but it is not pathology. I have shown by analogy and by the correct pathology of inebriety, that the cure of drunkenness is by drugs. The drugs cure a disease that is caused by poison.

This general rule holds good in all pathology. Outside of a few so-called functional diseases, there is no disease that is not caused by poison. There is no cure for any disease that is not also a poison. If toxins cause disease, the anti-toxines work the cure. If imagination causes a disease, imagination can cure it.

It is also true that if a poison is taken, it inevitably causes disease. No man can drink sufficiently of alcohol and not become an inebriate — other things equal. It is also a law that each poison produces a special disease, and, directly, no

other disease. It is also true that special diseases can be cured only by special remedies. The anti-toxine of tetanus will not cure pneumonia, nor will the anti-toxine of pneumonia cure tetanus. Imagination cannot cure scarlet fever, or drunkenness, pneumonia, or tetanus. I would not treat tetanus with the Gold Cure. I would not treat cholera or yellow fever with it. I would not treat either of these diseases with imagination or hypnotism or a fetich or the water of Lourdes.

The remedies of the medical profession are largely general in character. These general remedies are applied as antagonists of special symptoms. The only reason why this is done, is simply because the special remedies for special diseases are unknown. As I have indicated or quoted, medical science is standing on the threshold of a new era — she is gazing bewildered and delighted and triumphant into a new laboratory, wherein are manufactured special cures for all the special diseases to which humanity is heir.

My treatment for inebriety must take rank as a special remedy for this special disease. It must rank also among the first and most successful remedies of this kind.

CHRIST AND THE LIQUOR SELLER.

A REPLY TO HENRY A. HARTT, M. D.

BY HELEN M. GOUGAR, A. M.

THE article by Henry A. Hartt, M. D., in the November ARENA, is a labored attempt to place Christ and the modern liquor seller on the same plane as teachers and benefactors of the race.

He obeys the biblical injunction to search the Scriptures, and quotes many passages therefrom to prove that our Lord was a maker and dispenser of intoxicating liquor and an exemplary wine bibber. The gentleman, like all defenders of the traffic in liquors, declares himself "not opposed to the cause of temperance when it is properly advocated." He pays a glowing tribute to the "courage and self-sacrificing benevolence of those who have been instrumental in dragging to light the enormous evil of drunkenness, and presenting it to mankind in all its magnitude and horrors"; but he anathematizes those who would drag the drunk-maker before the tribunal of public conscience. He bases many of his arguments upon the intoxicating nature of Bible wines. I am free to acknowledge that some Bible wines were intoxicating; no unprejudiced mind can scan the Scriptures and come to any other conclusion. We are told early in sacred history how Noah became an husbandman, planted a vineyard, and, after the manner of too many of his sex, instead of attending strictly to his business, made a fool of himself by drinking wine, and "was drunken." I am surprised that Dr. Hartt did not use this circumstance to prove, inasmuch as Noah saved the entire human family from shipwreck, that the modern saloon-keeper is the legitimate savior of the race. Judah was promised wine in quantities sufficient to give him "red eyes." Thus early did the Scriptures show forth the scientific fact that alcoholic beverages congest the blood vessels and produce consequent disease.

Lemuel's mother delivers a model W. C. T. U. lecture to her son in the book of Proverbs, saying, "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink: lest they drink and forget the law and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." She fully comprehended the action of alcohol on the human brain; and were she on earth at present, she would doubtless be found pleading with legislators for the passage of laws compelling instructions in the schools on the scientific effects of alcohol upon the human system. That some Bible wines produced headaches, is evinced by the Scripture: "In the day of our king the princes have made him sick with bottles of wine." Doubtless this records the methods of these subordinates to secure political favors of their ruler. It is to be wondered that Dr. Hartt did not spy out this passage and conclude therefrom that the Bible upholds the methods of the modern office seeker who wins favor by the hospitable use of intoxicating drinks.

We have numerous proofs that men of Bible times were as ready to use intoxicating liquors because of appetite or avarice as are the sinners of modern days. Notwithstanding these facts, when Dr. Hartt claims that "fermented grape juice alone is *bona fide* wine," he states that for which he can give no adequate proof. It is an important fact in patriarchal history that there was a mode of preserving wines from ferment. Directions for this art are found depicted on the tomb walls of that age. It is reasonable to conclude, from the teachings of Christ, that this was the wine commended by him. If I believed that Christ, knowing the nature of intoxicating wine and foreseeing what a terrible curse its use would bring upon the human race, justified this use by His example, I would repudiate Him as a Saviour. I would be an infidel rather than believe in such a Christ.

In order to justify the modern traffic in intoxicating liquors, Dr. Hartt contends that the wine symbolizing the blood of Christ was "fermented." Inasmuch as the unfermented juice of the grape is the only exact counterpart of the human blood known to science, it is conclusive that it was the pure sweet juice of the grape used to symbolize His blood in the Holy Communion. Nothing can be spiritual which is corrupted; therefore, that which is corrupt cannot symbolize spirituality. Christ knew not corruption, though

His body was bruised and buried. As his body was symbolized by unleavened or unfermented or uncorrupted bread, it is reasonable to conclude that His blood would be symbolized by uncorrupted juice of the grape. It is preposterous to hold that His blood would be symbolized by the poison of decay in the expressed juice.

Again, Christ commended only what was good for man, and there is not one text between the lids of the Bible which commends the use of intoxicating wine.

Dr. Hartt uses the incidental remark of Jesus in illustration of the new and old dispensation that "Men do not put new wine into old bottles" to prove that the wine was fermented, consequently it would require new bottles to resist the pressure. There is more reason to believe that new bottles were required because of the weakness of the old to resist the air which would penetrate the sweet juice and cause it to foment. Not the strength of the wine, but the weakness of the bottles was the symbolical feature of this remark. That wine skins, used for bottles, become weak, is proven by the passage of Scripture where the Gibeonites planned to deceive Joshua, and took with them "wine bottles, old and rent and bound up," to show that they had journeyed from a long distance.

Because the "benighted Pharisees" charged Christ with being a wine bibber is no proof that it was true. Not being able to justify their own unrighteousness, in the light revealed by the teachings of Christ, they maligned him to cover their own wickedness. Every reformer who has labored from that day to this can appreciate His situation. In disproof of this charge we are told how, when our Lord was suffering on the cross with the fevered lips of crucifixion, He refused the cup, which Mark calls "wine mingled with myrrh," and would not consent, even in His hour of agony, to taste a drink that would bring relief only as it deranged and blunted the natural powers of the soul.

Christ came to bring peace, good will to men, and promote His kingdom on earth. Intoxicating liquor, in whatever form used, is the physical, mental, moral, and spiritual curse of mankind; it is the devil's kindling wood. It does more to hinder the spread of Christianity than all other diabolical agencies combined.

"Such an amazing perverseness" of the example of Christ

as Dr. Hartt sets forth "can only be excused on the ground of fanaticism," to defend the modern liquor seller.

His deep concern that the cause of Christianity may suffer unless it can be proven that Christ used fermented wine as the symbol of His own blood shed for the remission of sin, taken in connection with his strong defence of the saloon business, reminds me of an occurrence related by the governor of Kansas soon after the adoption of the prohibitory amendment in that state, which measure he had most earnestly championed. He was passing on the street to his executive chambers, when he was accosted by three ex-saloon-keepers who were seated on a box on a street corner engaged in whittling a pine stick, and bemoaning the fact that prohibition prohibited in their special cases. One man said: "Now, governor, you have prohibition, I would like to know what you are to do for wine to celebrate our Lord's Supper?" The governor replied, "Sir, we have not used fermented wine in our church since I have been a member. We use pure new juice of the grape or sweetened water."

"Ah!" exclaimed the ex-saloon-keeper, with emotional voice, "you prohibitionists may be able to deceive the preacher and the people with grape juice or sweetened water, but you never can deceive our blessed Lord and Master."

It is a notable fact that several newspapers, owned by and run in the interest of the liquor traffic, published Dr. Hartt's defence of Christianity and their business, and commended his position most heartily. Inasmuch as the saloon is the school for recruiting the penitentiary, instead of the church, such combined championship rests under suspicion as a defence of pure and undefiled religion.

He claims that the apostle distinctly refers to intoxicating drink in the passage, "What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in?" To use his own language, "There is an obvious allusion to sinful excess in the form of drunkenness which could not have been produced by a superabundance of unfermented grape juice, but must have been due to alcoholic wine, the *oinos* of the New Testament."

This is the most patent perversion of a text that I have ever known even a whiskey-defending fanatic to be guilty of. He might as well teach that the "to eat" in this passage means gluttony as to hold that the "to drink" signifies drunkenness. If the apostle had added, "to sleep in," as

people usually sleep as well as "eat" and "drink" in houses, we may infer that Dr. Hartt would have argued that the biblical way, for men who are fortunate enough to possess "houses," was to retire with their boots on, after having unlocked the door with a button-hook. There are thousands of men at the present day who would feel grateful for such a biblical apology to present at times to their prohibition wives.

Again, without the least attempt at proof for such an absurd position, he holds that "wine," mentioned with "corn" and "oil," used as offerings by the Jews, was "fermented grape juice." With as much reason could he claim that the "corn" was necessarily unsound.

Again he quotes: "Verily, I say unto thee except a man be born of water and the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God," and holds that this "spirit" is an allusion to "fermented wine." I hope our Baptist brethren will make a note of this "new version," and instead of filling their baptismal fonts with living water, fill them with intoxicating wines and dip their converts therein. Such a scheme would surely result in a growing membership, although many might backslide for the purpose of joining again.

To quote Dr. Hartt's own words: "Oh! what a pity it is that men of genius, instead of devoting their great abilities to the momentous task of unravelling the mysteries of science and religion, in order to show their true correspondence and unbroken harmony, should employ them in a malignant and diabolical effort to make obscurities more obscure, and to darken counsel by words without knowledge."

Dr. Hartt acknowledges that there is a great practical evil caused by those "who tarry long at the wine," and this, too, after he has made Christ the author of this great evil by His example while on earth. It is refreshing to find that he does not laud drunkenness, the legitimate result of the use of his kind of wine, as a Christian grace necessary to salvation. But, instead, he sets himself in harmony with the right minded by declaring drunkenness as a sin against God and a crime against man; he also recognizes it as a "germinal crime, the prolific source of two thirds of all other crimes." By this acknowledgment he overthrows his entire argument that Christ was the exemplary wine bibber, even to symbolizing His blood with the poisoned cup. There is nothing in the life or teachings of Christ out of

which evil could come to man. Out of the use of intoxicating liquors only evil to man can come; thus Christ must have repudiated their use by precept and example.

Dr. Hartt asks: "Can any way be found by which all true citizens, of every name and party, may combine to crush this evil?" I answer, Yes. It is an easy task, comparatively speaking, to suppress the evils resulting from the liquor traffic. Suppress the traffic, and the evils will be at an end. When men will cease apologizing for and temporizing with the accursed traffic, they will not find its suppression a difficult task.

We can rid the country of drunkenness by quarantining the poisoner-generals by prohibition laws, with adequate punishments for violation of the same, enforced by a party elected to write, execute, and maintain these laws. This is within the legitimate province of civil government, being in the interest of public health, peace, prosperity, and general welfare of the people.

Dr. Hartt asserts: "It is admitted on all sides that prohibition is impracticable and could not be justified, except as a matter of imperious necessity on the ground of public policy, after all the other ordinary methods of civil and political restraint had been tried in vain."

We have tried all these restraints in vain. When future generations shall read of these "restraints," so-called, they will look upon the lawmakers of to-day with the same derision that we do upon those who enacted the "Blue Laws" of Puritan days. The law that prohibits a saloon from being within two miles of a graveyard, and the one closing saloons at eleven o'clock at night, after patrons are robbed of both senses and money, bespeak no more intelligence than to fine a man for kissing his wife on Sunday, or for allowing his hens to cackle on that sacred day. If the liquor business is right, justified by public policy, let it alone; if it is wrong, cease strengthening its power to harm by legal protection, and outlaw it. This is the ethics of the whole problem.

I deny that it is admitted on all sides that prohibition is impracticable. I acknowledge that it has been the mission of the press and pulpit, very largely, to teach this pernicious doctrine. Men engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquors do not so hold. It is a well-known fact that the National Liquor Dealers' Protective Association is organized

mainly for the purpose of securing the repeal of prohibitory laws, and preventing the adoption of more such legislation.

Dr. Hartt says, "These men are required to spend millions of dollars to protect their business." From what? Prohibition laws. These men know that prohibition reduces their sales, and all know that the less poison consumed, the fewer will be poisoned. Experience teaches that the most laxly enforced prohibition law is a greater protection against the liquor traffic than the most strictly enforced license law. Compare prohibition Kansas with high-license Illinois. In Kansas no man dares to flaunt his sign in the eyes of the public, to entice custom; the liquor seller is the sneaking boot-legger, skulking jointist, criminal and outlaw, afraid of every shadow that falls across his hiding-place; while in Illinois seven thousand and six men, in a single city, with brazen effrontery, gild their signs, dazzle the eyes of passers-by with electric lights, employ their agents to entice their victims, and without shame turn their spawn of drunkards, thugs, thieves, and murderers out to curse the community.

The laws of Christ are all prohibition laws. With as good reason should He repeal the Ten Commandments, and declare them impracticable, because they are disobeyed by a large part of the human family, as for men to declare prohibition to be impracticable, because, in some instances, it is violated. There are weak points in the enforcement of prohibition, which experience teaches must be strengthened. We must cease trying to do such work with political machinery created for other purposes. Heretofore the execution of prohibition has been trusted to political parties, that have made this trust of secondary importance. Back of prohibition laws, we must put a prohibition party; in this party we must mass voting women, when prohibition of indiscriminate liquor selling will be as effectually enforced as laws relating to any other crime. The time is at hand for men to cease coddling anarchy by asserting that they are unable to execute the laws they write, by declaring that "prohibition is impracticable." Let them rather demand that, by the grace of God and the majesty of the sovereign people, liquor dealers shall obey the laws the same as men engaged in other occupations; then eleven million voters will be able to control one quarter of one million dram-shop keepers, and easily, too.

This step is justified, as a matter of "imperious necessity," now that "all the ordinary methods of civil and political restraints have been tried in vain" for over one hundred years in our own country, and "preaching temperance" has had a test of more than two thousand years, and proven a stupendous failure.

Instead of this thorough-going and effectual method, Dr. Hartt presents his "remedy" for the whole trouble. I am pleased to note "M. D." after his name, else I should believe him a veritable quack. He says, "I would have every state in the Union enact a law making drunkenness a *bona fide* felony with an ignominious penalty." He defends the drunkard-maker in these words: "And now in this country it has become the habit to sympathize with its perpetrators, and to cast the responsibility for their crime (drunkenness) upon the shoulders of those who are engaged in the liquor traffic, making the latter objects of unlimited vituperation and reproach, until, with all their intelligence and wealth, they may justly be styled a persecuted class, who require to expend millions of dollars annually to protect their business, which, when properly conducted, is as honorable and legitimate as any other in the field of commerce, from injurious legislation."

Quite contrary to this doctrine, the Bible pronounces, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putteth thy bottle to them, that maketh them drunken."

It will be news to most people to learn that liquor dealers are an "intelligent class." As a rule, they are illiterate, a vast majority of them drunken, profane, and licentious, and a large percentage of them have, at one time in their lives, been inmates of penal or reformatory institutions. In the words of another, "Nothing more distinguishes the drink traffic from all legitimate trades than the ignorance, callousness, and viciousness of the individuals engaged in it. Utter indifference to religion, morality, and intelligence, and the rights of persons is one of the chief attributes of the typical liquor dealer." Many of the religious denominations absolutely refuse church membership to all its votaries. The Roman Catholic church, in most forcible language, counselled its liquor-selling members to cease their disgraceful work, and find more respectable means of livelihood. In the tenth Psalm we find the biblical description of the mod-

ern liquor seller: "His ways are always grievous; thy judgments are far above out of his sight; as for all his enemies, he puffeth at them. He hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; for I shall never be in adversity. His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud; under his tongue is mischief and vanity. He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages, and in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly to catch the poor; he doth catch the poor when he draweth them into his net. He croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones."

Their "wealth" is wrung from the woes of their helpless victims, and adds nothing to their respectability; it entitles them to no immunity from censure more than wealth gained by the highwayman who robs for personal gain.

After dealing out poison six days in the week, Dr. Hartt would have these same men clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, and on the seventh, "in self-defence, go forth as teachers of the people, and show them that it is grossly unjust to charge them with the results of their traffic." In short, they are to educate their patrons against permitting their poison to perform its legitimate functions when once taken into the system! Why don't Dr. Hartt take out a patent on this method of treating cholera and other diseases? Instead of establishing rigid quarantine, let the infected immigrant land at pleasure, scatter his microbes right and left, and arrest those who become infected; if found in the throes of cholera, treat them as *bona fide* felons, impose upon them an ignominious penalty, and induce the original infectors to go forth and educate the people on the beatitudes of microbe dispensers. This remedy for cholera would prove as effectual as the one he proposes for the "evils of the liquor traffic." I believe, with Dr. Hartt, that the true principle is to punish the culprit.

God treated Babylon as the culprit when He permitted her overthrow, because she had "made the nations of the earth drunken." Witnessing the evidence, from the standpoint of the jurist, the man who, with malice aforethought, brings the train of evils upon society, which the liquor dealer does, is the real culprit, who should be made to bear the ignominious penalty for his transgressions against the laws of God and man.

There is no more justification, either in human or divine law, for protecting the business of the liquor seller than there is for legalizing murder, theft, or other crimes against society. Now that the liquor traffic is before the court of public opinion, we may expect many twisted expositions of Scripture by writers forcibly described by Dante:—

Men thus at variance with the truth,
Dream, tho' their eyes be open: reckless some
Of error: others well aware they err.
Each the known track of sage philosophy
Deserts, and has a by-way of his own.
Yet this, offensive as it is, provokes
Heaven's anger less than when the sacred Book
Is forced to yield to man's authority
Or from its straightness warped.

In such manner has Dr. Hartt warped Holy Writ to make Christ the biblical friend of the liquor seller.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

MONEY is not, as is so often stated, a measure of value, but is simply a medium of exchange, measuring the exchangeable value of different articles of usefulness.

All money is *fiat money*; that is to say, all money is the product, and is given its legal-tender value and debt-paying quality by an edict or law.

Money, simply as money, never has or can have any intrinsic value in and of itself, but the substance or material on which the money stamp is placed has a value that attaches to it as a marketable commodity; simply that and nothing more.

Money derives its value wholly and only from the ability of the power that issues it to redeem it in articles possessing an intrinsic value in themselves. Hence it is a matter of no consequence as to the material substance that is used to receive the money stamp, provided it meets the requirements of being durable and convenient to handle; and of all the material yet tried, paper, properly prepared, best meets these requirements.

Where metal is used to receive the money stamp, the holder of it not only has the money in possession, but also the commodity value of the metal; but this commodity value is of no service whatever, as it does not in any way or to any extent add to the amount of the money value stamped upon it. Hence, for money purposes it serves no better use than paper; for if the holder utilizes its value as a metal, it is at once divested of its quality as money; it is therefore an extravagance and useless wastefulness to use metals to receive the money stamp.

The only *real purpose* served by gold and silver as money metals is to fix the standard of value of the money unit adopted by the different sovereign powers which declare that the money unit shall be such a quantity by weight of gold or silver.

This kind of legislation has caused gold and silver to be known as money metals, and has given them a pre-eminence over all other metals which they would instantly lose should this *special legislation* in their favor be repealed, as is clearly proven by the effect produced upon the commodity value of silver by the withdrawal of this favored legislation by a part of the nations of the world.

As all special legislation has for its purpose the giving or conferring of a special privilege upon some person or thing, so all special legislation is evil in its tendency as contravening the law of JUSTICE, which requires equal privileges for all people and all things, and special privileges for none.

As money is the universal medium of exchange in all civilized countries, whereby a person possessing any article of exchangeable value may conveniently exchange it for any other article desired, it is a prime necessity among all civilized and commercial peoples; and it is the duty of all governments to provide money for the use of its people, and the money provided should be of such a nature as to always maintain as nearly as possible the same ratio of exchangeable values between all the various articles bought and sold by the people.

Neither gold nor silver, nor both combined, can ever meet this requirement, nor can any other known article alone and by itself.

As before stated, the only real purpose that gold and silver serve as money metals, is to fix in their weight the standard value of the money unit; and as the quantity of these metals for monetary uses does not and cannot maintain an unchanging ratio to all the several articles of value for which they became by force of law the medium of exchange, it follows that the intrinsic value of the money unit, as determined by its exchangeable value for other articles, is a constantly changing one, and as a necessary sequence, injustice and wrong flows as an ever rushing river from this great error of choosing but one or two articles of intrinsic value by which to establish the value of the monetary unit.

A perfect money would be that which utilized ALL OF THE ARTICLES for which it served as a medium of exchange in fixing the value of its unit.

But as that would not be practical, the greatest practical number of articles of utility and prime necessity should be

utilized to fix and determine the value of the monetary unit, and thus special legislation in favor of one or two commodities would be avoided.

The present monetary difficulties of the commercial peoples of the world are not going to be overcome by the remonetization of silver, but by the demonetization of gold, placing both metals back where they belong among all other commodities to be exchanged at their commodity value, and adopting by law a MULTIPLE STANDARD composed of not less than fifty articles of utility and prime necessity, by which the value of the money unit shall be established.

If the United States were to act alone in adopting a multiple standard, then they should take the average price of not less than fifty articles of utility and necessity in New York for the past fifty years as expressed in dollars and cents, and then, taking such quantity of each as would represent one dollar during all these fifty years, take a fiftieth part of each, and combining these, declare by law that the dollar was equal in value to these several quantities of these fifty articles, and that thenceforth nothing but paper should be used to receive the money stamp.

By this method we should avoid the evil effects that flow from the special legislation that now exists in favor of gold and silver, and secure for our use the most unchangeable and perfect money attainable; for there is, probably, no law that is more constant in its operation than the law of our age.

Nor would there, by this action of the government, be any injustice done to its creditors. It could still pay all its creditors in gold if they desired it, giving them the metal by weight, but minus the money stamp, just as we now pay balances due to subjects of foreign governments, where our gold coin is received at its commodity and not at its money value as stamped thereon by the United States.

The money crisis that is to-day world wide, is the direct outgrowth of special legislation in favor of gold and silver; and it has become acute because of the exclusion of silver from the benefits of this special legislation by several of the commercial nations of Europe, and partially by the United States also, thus intensifying the evil by narrowing the base by which the value of the monetary unit is established.

It is a move in the wrong direction. Safety lies the other way.

Making gold the only money standard of value is standing the pyramid on its apex with its base in the air. Nothing but props can keep it from toppling over; and as the pyramid is constantly growing by the accretion of exchangeable products, these props will, ere long, prove unequal to the stress upon them, and the whole vast structure will come tumbling down in a mighty ruin, crushing all those who are trying to maintain this unnatural condition caused by the special legislation in favor of gold and silver.

Equal privileges for all and special privileges for none, is a good device for all parties to place upon their banners; and this should apply to commodities as well as to people.

If a true republic and prosperity are to be maintained by the people of the United States, then legislation for the abrogation of all special privileges to persons or things must be had, and it should begin at once; and a good beginning would be to repeal the special legislation in favor of gold and silver.

Congress should appoint a committee to select the articles that shall constitute the MULTIPLE STANDARD of value of the DOLLAR, and to ascertain their average price in the city of New York for the past fifty years, and at the earliest practical moment gold and silver should be demonetized, and the multiple standard of value for the money unit be adopted.

The government should issue all the money needed for use by the people in the transaction of their business, and loan it to them upon approved securities, which should include its own bonds, at a rate of interest not exceeding *two per cent per annum*, save such limited amount as is now represented by the greenbacks outstanding, and such further sum as might be paid out by the government in the construction of permanent public works that would produce an income, or prevent an annual outlay.

The people should have the privilege of repaying their loans in whole or in part at any time, thus stopping the interest charge, and thus giving to the quantity of money in circulation that elasticity and adaptability to the needs of commerce that is needful for the maintenance of an unchanging value of the money unit; for if payment to the government by borrowers could be made at any time, and in any sum of one hundred dollars or its multiple, then whenever

and as often as the volume of money in circulation became so great as to carry its loaning rate below two *per cent*, it would flow back into the treasury of the government, to be called out again as soon as the demands of business would pay a slightly higher rate of interest for its use.

With such a standard of value for the money unit, and such money so issued to the people, a money panic would be an impossibility, and without a money panic there are no business panics.

The rate of interest throughout the land would be from two to two and a half *per cent*, and there would never be either a scarcity or plethory of money in circulation, as it would ever be self-regulating.

The interest charge would constitute a perfect governor to regulate the volume of money in circulation to the actual needs of business, that would respond as quickly to any change in the interest rate as does the governor on a steam engine to any change in its speed.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

BY CORA MAYNARD.

STANDING in the midst of the whirling scenes of the century's closing years, the spectator who casts his eyes over the panorama of contemporary life has a strange, a startling picture presented to his view—a picture of irreconcilable contrasts. Here the heart of love and the hand of charity penetrate the foulest haunts of filth and crime, and turn them into respectable, happy homes. Here hospitals are built, the hungry fed, the naked clothed, the ignorant instructed. There self-seeking, greed, injustice, tyranny, roll their Juggernaut car over helpless victims whose cries they do not hear or will not heed. Our civilization is in many respects a grand, a noble thing; but it is sick with the pollution of selfishness, of gold thirst, of ignorance, and of crime. It is groaning and raging in the throes of its disease, and nations hold their breath in fearful suspense of what the crisis will be. We see persecution and famine in Russia, idleness and hunger and revolt in Germany, unstable government and anarchist plots in France, rebelling labor in England and America, famine in Japan, revolution in China, revolution in Brazil, war constantly on the point of breaking out anywhere and everywhere, of turning slaughter loose and thundering its cannon over the globe. The situation is one to make men ask with blanched faces, How will it end?

Active rebellion against existing social wrongs is evincing itself all over the world more universally and determinedly than ever before. It may, it probably will, gain many just ends and compel the satisfying of many rightful claims. It will not, it cannot by its very nature, insure any less striving for our own advantage at others' cost, any less indulgence in low passions and desires, any less "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." If the fate of the race were in the hands of constraining justice only, there would be little hope of its radical improvement; but side by side with the grow-

ing revolt a wonderful spiritual movement has suddenly developed with almost incredible rapidity. It is so widespread, so striking, that its existence cannot be denied by any unprejudiced person whose mind is open to perceive its signs, whose hand is steady to feel the throbbing pulse of the times.

Throughout the whole history of the human race three principal and opposing elements are always discernible in the thought and action of mankind: First, the conservative, which clings to the old order of things, and doubts and dislikes the innovations of progress. Second, that which rebels at distasteful existing conditions and tries to improve or overthrow them by force, material or intellectual. This is masculine in its nature. Third, the element that is quite as progressive as the latter, but seeks to right wrongs, not by destroying, but by purifying, ennobling, uplifting. This is the spiritual quality of being, the intrinsically feminine.

The mutinous spirit of the late strikers and the devoted, self-sacrificing spirit of such an organization as the Salvation Army present strong illustrations of the widely divergent methods of masculine correction and feminine reform — of coercion and of love; and this irrespective of the right or wrong of labor's recent uprising, irrespective of what many consider the Salvationists' insufferable vulgarity and fanaticism.

One great general fact is becoming more and more obvious: that the time has arrived when there must be a less theoretical and more literal and practical application of Christian principles in the dealing of man with man, or strikes, riots, revolutions, will multiply alarmingly and perhaps finally herald a period of disorder and terror to whose possibility most of us are so complacently blind.

It is maintained by the non-sympathizer with reformatory organizations that their work is perfectly useless. He points to statistics, and shows that all their efforts throughout the world do not lessen by one unit the number of criminals recorded yearly. But what he does not show is how greatly that number would be increased if such efforts were actually and universally to cease. At the same time those who look impartially into the matter are astounded at beholding results accomplished: drunkards reformed, criminals reclaimed, plague spots of cities cleansed, ignorance and disease and

vice stamped out, a desire for a better, nobler life implanted in the bosoms of hitherto lukewarm persons, a rapid augmentation of laborers for the good of our kind.

The watchword of these organizations is love, and woman is their chosen handmaiden.

From early times of civilization the power to love has been regarded as woman's special and unrivalled privilege, held by right divine. No calamity could overtake the world equal to that of woman's failing in love. There is no fear that she ever will to any great extent. But there are three causes operating to-day which tend to weaken the love element among certain kinds of women: The excessive materialistic character of the age, which is not as yet greatly affected by its recent and comparatively limited spiritual tendency; the artificiality and selfishness of society, beginning at the top and filtering down in growing vulgarity of imitation to very near the bottom; and the feeling of antagonism and combativeness aroused in the ranks of intelligent and earnest women who have had to fight and are still fighting continuous opposition to their demand for justice. The woman committed to materialism loses perforce the truest essence of her womanhood's nature — spirituality, the breath of womanhood's life. The conventional woman is letting egotism, narrowness, conformity, blight the sweet love blossom in her heart. The brave, strong, active woman is in danger of suffering it to wither and die under the sting of taunts and blows that have hardened her into fighting trim.

The time is rapidly approaching when woman's part in the administration of the world's affairs will be an authorized and direct one. To fill it well, to make her power in the ordering of society an unquestioned gain, she must bring the highest of her nature to the service — her spirituality and her love. These are the supplementary qualities which the old rule of man's autocracy has lacked and which woman alone can supply.

Woman has already attained a position of great comparative freedom. With the consequent increase of her opportunities, she has shown herself capable of succeeding in many occupations formerly followed exclusively by men. Such occupations are *at present* legitimate employments for woman's mind and energies. They are honorable means of securing an independence which she also proves herself able

to sustain. But her highest, most distinctive sphere of life and labor lies outside of and above their plane of endeavor; for it is of the spirit—the impalpable, indefinable inner self for which the body is but a covering, the intellect but an instrument. To it her love alone can surely guide her.

Woman may reach perfectly independent material prosperity, she may successfully climb the loftiest intellectual summits; but she can never find any grander work awaiting her than that for which she has always been pre-eminently fitted, any nobler mission than that already open to her—the overcoming of vice and exalting of virtue.

Conformity to these facts of her nature is generally, though not always, consciously shown by woman through the feeling with which she enters upon any vocation above one of mere drudgery for daily bread. Almost invariably she is animated by a strong desire to make it the means of an uplifting influence over others as well as one of material benefit to herself. The woman who is bending every energy to obtain the suffrage of her sex has as prominently in view the power which she believes it will give her to reform evils as she has the attainment of her own rights; and this even when, as is unfortunately so often the case, the war which she is obliged to wage against opposition, ridicule, and derision has robbed her of her womanhood's gentleness and sweetness, grace and charm.

Beautiful, grand, and holy, this sacred mission demands the dedication of her whole liberated being to its service, for it means the making of the world anew. It implies the uplifting of man to the level of her purer nature, of banishing anger and strife and hate from his heart with words that speak of love to all, of breathing into his life the inspiration that will lure him on to his own and the world's salvation. Anywhere in the consciousness of humanity does there exist the knowledge of a loftier aim? Anywhere in the mind of the universe is there another thought can raise so deep, so unnamable a joy in the heart of woman? To love, to redeem, to save! The hot tears that have been shed by women's sleepless eyes, the prayers their pleading lips have sent up to heaven, their tireless faith that will not despair—let these tell of the watchful, unwearying impulse of woman's soul longing to bless and to save. How many a woman has taken some weak or erring but dearly loved man

by the hand and, with eyes looking through and beyond the evils of his present, beholding the *spirit* of him she loves, clean, white, and pure as a little child's, has shown him the true image of himself, as perhaps she alone of all the world can see it, but as He who is "too pure to behold iniquity" sees it also? And then, setting his feet in the narrow path that leads up and out of the pestilent atmosphere of vice into the beauty of the life she can already discern for him, patiently, untiringly, with a joy no language of even angel tongues can tell, she climbs side by side with him into that beyond of glorious promise which she would never leave him to attain alone.

Few men can have any adequate conception of the measureless yearning that throbs in the breast of woman at the divine thought of rescuing a loved one from the toils of sins that have enslaved him, of restoring to him his heritage of God-given manhood. To work this saving miracle no suffering or sacrifice is counted too great. And when it is wrought and the husband, lover, brother, son, stands forth clothed once more in the "beauty of holiness," who can penetrate to the voiceless depths of that woman's soul? Who can see and understand its hallowed rapture? God may. None other can. No triumphs of intellect, of talent, of genius even; no gain of fortune or of name; no hard-won recognition of "rights" and dearly purchased liberty to enjoy them, can bestow on woman one single thrill of happiness to compare with the transport that surges through her being when she looks into the dear eyes of him she loves and has saved, and they reflect the light of heaven to her own.

Men tire of the sinner who will not repent. If the few attempts they at first make to recall him to a sense of his duty fail, they remorselessly cast him off and leave him to his fate; but woman loves him with a deeper, more cherishing love than ever before, holds him closer to her heart, and echoes the whispered word God speaks to her grieving soul, "Redemption."

When the sinner is a woman, even one whose fault has been that for which punishment is crushed down upon her shrinking soul alone, it is her fellow-woman who seeks her in her shame, and murmurs so pityingly that same divine word of hope. The contrary is usually asserted. It is said that here woman is merciless, man merciful. If this were

true, it would not be strange nor redound especially to man's credit. Woman's instinctive repulsion to this form of sin is the legitimate and beautiful result of her high standard of virtue, inherent in her nature. Man's standard for woman, not for himself, is equally high; but when woman has been untrue to it, he realizes with whom lies, almost invariably, the blame, by whose uncontrolled self-indulgence this wrecked life is cast adrift to agonize in hopeless misery, perhaps in despair to sin out its remaining span of days. Man's *theoretical* leniency to the poor victim of his wrong is but an instinctive impulse of ill-compensating justice. To measure how practical it is, ask men who are honestly pitying some most wretched woman if they would suffer their wives and daughters to make her their companion, consent to have them brave the scandal of taking her into their homes and giving her the help and support of their friendship. When a fallen woman is saved it is because some sister woman has come to her rescue. There are abnormal women who hold their dainty skirts aside from the stained one, not because she is stained, but because she is found out. There are self-righteous women whose untried virtue never forgives even a merely suspected guilt. But the hope of the lost one is not in the men who condemn the severity of these outraged ladies. It is in the loving women who forget the degradation of the sin in infinite pity for the sinner.

The men who stretch out their hands in helpful mercy to their suffering and sinful fellow-creatures are the men in whose characters the feminine element is prominent. This does not mean that they are necessarily effeminate men. On the contrary many such are exceptionally virile. It means that their masculine qualities are softened, elevated, made more truly grand and useful by the controlling presence of a divinely pitying love. But such men are comparatively few, and proportionately helpless. After the countless ages of humanity's existence, evil of all kinds is still rampant in the world, and its cure still urgently called for. In this fact we find evidence that in many respects man has not governed society's affairs with marked success. Thus far he has done it according to his undisputed will and without a thought of consulting woman, an equally interested half of the race.

Being ruled by man on the external, material plane, woman has never dared exert her own more subtle power over him openly and avowedly. Indeed, had she attempted to do so she would in that instant have greatly weakened it. He would peremptorily have resented and suppressed any such revolutionary assumption. And besides, in the position in which woman has been held she has not been able to realize the actual measure of her power, nor known how to use it for her own emancipation. She has exercised it instinctively and thereby gained many desired ends, good and bad, but she has been compelled to do so in a disguised and even underhand manner. The need of long resort to such a method surely explains, and in great part excuses the intrigue, the petty deception, and spite, found more frequently in the feminine than in the masculine sex. The dependence on another's will for the gratification of all natural desires and needs, has continually forced woman into gaining by strategy what she should always have been able to claim and receive as her right. This one thing alone has warped her character most grievously in numberless ways.

When woman no longer depends on the grudging favor of man for all she possesses, a favor for which she has had to compete sharply and often sinfully, in order to eat, to clothe herself, to live; when she no longer is forced, with unwomanly indelicacy, to beg, entice, tempt man to save her from the miseries of poverty, the "disgrace" of spinsterhood; when she is freed from all this degradation, this perversion of her whole nature, woman will have a chance to be true to herself; to develop, instead of violate, the highest qualities of her being; to show herself as she is, not as man and his enforced opinions, theories, and laws have compelled her to be.

It is beginning to be understood that only a most imperfect result can be obtainable from any system that runs the machinery of life in defiance of nature's inviolable and most sacred of all laws, the law of masculine and feminine co-operation. The inharmonious, unbalanced, cruel, and even dangerous social conditions of the age, indeed of all past ages, are owing primarily—it might almost be said exclusively—to the repression of one half of humanity's energies so absolutely essential to the ripening of any effort into harmonious and complete achievement.

As well try to generate electric life with only the positive or negative current as to operate society by masculine power alone. The feminine cannot be suppressed, because it exists in the fundamental principle of being; but man, wielding absolute authority through physical strength, has blindly endeavored to weaken it and impair its usefulness. When the feminine half of humanity, liberated from its slavery, develops in symmetrical growth, and works side by side with man in recognized dignity and importance, the long deferred day of "peace on earth, good will towards men" will be at hand. Not because women are all wise and good now. But, first, because there will thus be made an adjustment of life in accordance with a basic law of nature; second, because it will free that side of being which is highest in both man and woman, and whose development is positively necessary to the perfecting of either — the spiritual.

Spirituality is, and probably always will be, more fully evidenced by the feminine than by the masculine nature. Certainly woman is to-day as distinctively superior to man in spiritual quality as man is superior to her in physical strength. Man is physically positive, and spiritually negative. Woman is spiritually positive, and materially negative. This is why woman is more naturally religious than man, and accepts spiritual truths more readily and fully. It also accounts for the fact that women so largely predominate in all spiritual work.

But woman contains within herself the masculine nature negatively to her own, and man contains within himself the feminine negatively to his own. And here we find a clear reason why man must be redeemed by woman, and not woman by man. The spiritual being positive in woman, through her it affects and dominates man's material positiveness, frees him from the rule of sensuous life (right in a subordinate position), and raises him up to the plane of his own spirituality.

If the spiritual dominates and elevates the material, spirituality must be positive to materiality. Man has always asserted that his is the positive, woman's the negative nature, and consequently it is right that she should be subject to him. On the material plane, above which the world is only just consciously rising, his is the positive nature, and on that plane he has unquestionably ruled. It has been inevitable

and even orderly that he should, up to a certain point of human growth. But he has done so with a disregard of woman's just dues, which has retarded incalculably the arrival of the race at a fuller and truer state of being.

But if now, as many find evidence of and thoroughly believe, the world is rising to a condition of developed and conscious spirituality, woman will be the positive force. In this case woman's and man's relative positions will be reversed. Which, then, will be the ruling factor? At present it is only suggested, in answer to this question, that though man may still resent woman's assumption of power, he will no longer be able to suppress or weaken it. She will have learnt its extent through exercise. And more than this, if the spiritual is indeed the higher, no power less than itself can suppress it when it becomes fully self-conscious. This is foreshadowed by the rapidity with which woman is gaining her freedom and her "rights." There is a force working out her ends that no opposition can withstand.

Of all powers for evil which the world contains, that wielded by an unscrupulous, shameless woman is the strongest, most disastrous under which men can come. It is the power of a perverted and abnormally used influence. Of all powers for good under which either men or women can come, the greatest, most strengthening, most redeeming is that of a pure, true woman.

Women have suffered as only women can from the long injustice of man's misused dominion; but if we look deep into the soul life of the world, we shall see that man has done himself a greater injury than he has been able to inflict on woman. In holding her subject to him he has put fetters on the being through whom God has ever sought to save him from himself. Limiting the exercise of her power and cramping and distorting her nature, he has robbed himself of the strongest means of his own uplifting. He has often, by his own act, forced her to become his curse who was meant to be his greatest blessing.

Perhaps it may seem that in assigning so large a share of the world's redemption to woman all responsibility is taken from man and he is left but a passive agent, not capable of nor answerable for his own salvation. Far from this, every individual soul, of man or woman, must desire and work out its own salvation. Women may and often do inspire men

with this desire when nothing else can. Woman's love will help a man to make the desire grow into a beautiful and grand consummation. But he himself must battle with and conquer the foe within his own gates. Man's struggle for the good, woman can but partially understand and dimly realize, for she only sees the world and its evils from the seclusion of a sheltered home where sin may never be told in its fulness; but she intuitively knows that his encounter with the life beyond those walls is hard, at times desperate, and her whole being goes out to him with an aching tenderness, a ceaseless longing, a love that would cover him as with an armor and shield him from all harm. Men grow stronger because they are loved so. Right becomes more precious and more beautiful to every man when a woman's eyes glow with rapture at his triumphs and a woman's lips seek his in thankful, speechless joy; and thus women enter into men's souls and sow the seed of ever higher aspiration, nobler effort, grander achievement. And the world, slowly, it may seem, but always surely, uprises from the errors of the past into the realization of a new and better life.

It has become almost a cant phrase to call this the woman's age. It is woman's age in a much higher sense than many perceive; an age when her spiritual power is to make a definite impression; when it is to take a conscious part in the active life of the world.

Believing this, we would have all women question their own souls, listen to the answer that will come, and does it confirm the statements here made, arise and begin their holy task to-day, if they have not already done so. O women who are wasting youth and power and life in the fluttering round of a butterfly dance, cease your meaningless prattle, put aside the trivialities, the conformity, the artificiality in which you have been reared, and set your womanhood free to expand, free to bless and to purify. You strong women of brain and of energy, take only love for your motto, let the "rights" you have bravely striven for and gained be valued most because of the higher right they confer of exercising your God-assigned mission of redemption. We are living in days when no human being, no woman especially, should dare shirk her portion of the sacred work of redemption, but with all haste should set about it at once; and this in no vague, uncertain way, but with definite inten-

tion and steady, consecrated purpose. Whatever experience of struggle, of horror even, through which the world may have to pass, let women recognize their power and accept their responsibility, and then stand true to that one word, Love; and the blows of contending egotism, the corruption of individuals and communities, the strife of rebellion, the fierceness of war, will be checked, will be subdued, will be healed, in the end will be overcome and made impossible for evermore.

The call of love takes, and will continue to take, some women out into the arena of public action. It bids many, many more find their sphere of labor within their own homes, by their own firesides. If the sweet work of purifying love is carried on in the homes of the world, its efforts in the wider field of outside life will be crowned with swifter and surer triumph. To every woman on the planet is allotted some fraction of the world's redemption. None need think her sphere too limited, her capacity too weak. Let all women realize what true womanhood is, and the realization will give dignity and power and inspiration to the least as to the greatest, and each one will find her mission at her side.

UNDER THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

BY JOHN H. KEATLEY, LATE UNITED STATES JUDGE OF
ALASKA.

SEVERAL of the largest and longest rivers on the globe traverse Western Alaska. With the general character of the Yukon, the public are more familiar than with other great streams in that section of the territory, about which little or nothing has been published.

The Kuskokwim is one of the great rivers draining that remote part of the continent, whose waters, more than ten miles wide at the mouth of the stream, enter Behring Sea at the southeast angle of the latter, formed on one side by the Aleutian Islands. The Kuskokwim was partially explored in 1884 by several Moravian missionaries from Bethlehem, Penn., who sailed from its mouth toward its source in badorkis, or skin boats, for more than a thousand miles, through a broad valley, or savannah, wholly covered with tall grass, skirted by foot-hills also clothed with grass, and these again flanked by mountains, thousands of feet high, green with grass and tundra to their very tops.

Three very large rivers empty into Kotzebue Sound, through a narrow channel known as Hotham Inlet; and the native people who live in the vicinity of these rivers, the Noïtic, the Kowak, and the Selawik, are of an interesting character. Their homes are really under the Arctic Circle. They are three great groups of people, known by the three rivers about which their lives centre.

In the early part of winter, when Arctic night prevails, the people of these three groups live in small, isolated communities of not more than three or four families, in subterranean houses, on the banks of the streams. When the sun and daylight reappear, they abandon these houses, and, the snow having fallen to the requisite depth, and the ground being frozen to a necessary hardness to furnish good traveling, begin their nomad life, and do not again settle into village groups until the fishing-season comes, in what would be spring in the temperate zone.

There is another large river connecting with the Kowak, which has its source, it is believed, in Colville Lake. It is around the shores of this that the grand annual reindeer hunt takes place. The natives use no firearms when hunting the animal, but a long ivory-tipped spear, which they cast with great dexterity and directness. The use of firearms would result in such a scattering of the herd as would require arduous travelling for many days to come up with it again. The younger men, or hunters, start from the winter quarters in advance, in search of the herd; the older men, women, and children following at some distance. The reindeer are gradually driven in or "rounded off," and surrounded by the hunters, and then the lines are slowly contracted, so that the deer find themselves enclosed on all sides but one. This is left unguarded by the hunters. When everything is in readiness, they rush forward, shouting and making other great noises, so that the reindeer are stampeded, and rush out into the lake, where they are easily speared and captured. Skin boats, which have been transported on their sledges over the frozen tundra, are employed in the slaughter. Nothing is wasted of the carcasses of the animals. The sinews are used for joining the framework of their sledges and in sewing the coverings of their skin boats; the skulls used in making spoons, and the horns, or antlers, and bones in forming knives and in tipping their spears and, frequently, in making soles for their sledges.

With the opening of spring, and when the ice in the rivers starts out, travelling over the tundra, in search of reindeer, becomes impracticable. They seldom have a store of meats beyond the supply for a few days; and when they cease hunting, or that becomes impossible from the thawing of the frozen tundra, they are compelled to resort to the rivers for a supply of food. Blinding snowstorms frequently overtake them when on the annual hunt, so that they are unable, for weeks, to follow the herds; their stores of meat fail them entirely, and they are reduced to absolute starvation.

As soon as the season is fully opened, the younger men pack up their furs, and go down the river to the nearest trading-posts along the coast to barter, leaving the very old men, women, and children in the villages up stream, where their summer houses are erected. The men who have gone to the coast, in the meanwhile, are seldom eager to soon

return, but spend the period of absence in bartering and in festivities; while their women, in the distant villages, employ their time in fishing.

The nets used for this purpose are constructed of threads, made by twisting the tough, fibrous roots of an abundant plant or grass along the river banks, and are frequently a hundred feet in length and five feet wide, with meshes of an inch and more. They are strong enough, too, to resist the weight of great hauls of fish. Sinkers, made of reindeer antlers or of stone, enclosed in small netting pouches, are employed to sink the nets. The fishing-boats of the women are made by fastening long strips of thin spruce bark to a slight wooden frame, by means of thongs or withes of tough willow, and the seams rendered water-tight by melted spruce gum or resin. The fish begin to run in the rivers about the 1st of May, and explorers who visited the fishing-villages in the beginning of June found the people suffering for food, because the salmon had not yet entered the streams, and the supply of reindeer meat had given out.

The site of the village is generally on a sandy, gravelly beach, close to the water, where the channel is narrowed by shoals. The houses are primitive affairs, made by planting numerous long willow twigs in a circle, and then bending the tops forward so as to meet and fasten in the centre. Over this rude frame reindeer skins are stretched and coarse cotton duck, which they frequently obtain in barter from the traders along the coast. Several families generally occupy one hut. The space covered by them is also dug down several feet, where the character of the soil permits it. No opening is left at the top for smoke, because in summer no cooking is done inside. As it almost incessantly rains in summer in that region, everything possible is left under shelter; and where skins are not abundant for that purpose, spruce bark, brought from the head waters of the streams where there is some timber of that character, is used. There is also a storehouse in each village, where the fish are left after being dried. They employ another means of preserving the salmon for future use. Trenches are dug, the bottom laid with long grass, upon which the fish are placed in large quantities, and the whole thickly covered with grass and earth or tundra. When taken out for use, however, they are not in such condition as to tempt

a civilized appetite; but upon such points the natives of the Arctic Circle region are not in the least fastidious or sensitive.

In addition to fishing with nets, the women employ traps, made of willow twigs, conical in shape. The borders of the streams abound in willow thickets, and the twigs are employed for many useful purposes. At the height of the fishing-season, pickets of women and children are continually thrown out to keep a "lookout" for arriving schools of fish. The nets are constantly kept in readiness; and when the signal is given, two or three women jump into each boat, and rapidly paddle up stream, and throw the nets across the course the shoal of fish is taking. Not only do the rivers swarm with the red salmon of commerce, but great numbers of king salmon ascend the streams to spawn. These the women dexterously kill with spears; and it is an interesting spectacle to witness how adroitly they manage the spear, standing upright in the bottom of the narrow, frail boat, in which an inexperienced could hardly remain even seated. The grayling and trout, which abound in the smaller tributaries, are caught with bait on a neat, dainty bone hook, fashioned with great deftness and patience. As among the natives of Southeastern Alaska, the salmon roe is a favorite food, and is dried separately from the bodies of the fish, and formed into a kind of caviare, or boiled in oil, when it is considered a great delicacy. The dried fish afford them food from the end of the fishing-season, in the latter part of summer, until the time for reindeer hunting, in mid-winter. Besides fishing, the women, in the exercise of great skill with the needle, prepare the clothing for the families from the reindeer skins. The boots made from these skins are exceedingly beautiful and durable. By a process of tanning, the skin is made tough and firm. From this they make the sole, shaped like that of a moccason of the North American Indian. The sole turns up about an inch on all sides, and is there joined to the leg. The latter is about fourteen inches high, and made by sewing together alternate strips of gray and white untanned reindeer skin, with the hair turned outwards. These strips are about two inches wide; and the stripes, made thereby, extend from the intersection with the sole to the upper extremity of the boot. A fringe of hair, dyed crimson, extends downward along each

seam, and a border of sea otter or of seal skin ornaments the top of those worn by the females. This ornamentation constitutes the only distinction of the footgear worn by men and women. There is, however, scarcely any distinction in the other portions of the dress of the sexes, except that the skin coats or tunics of the women and the facings of the bonnet or hood (worn by both sexes) are more elaborately decorated with minx, otter, or seal fur about the throat, and down the front, than those of the men.

The fishing-season is one of rare idleness and enjoyment of the men too old or feeble to go below to barter at the coast. They render no assistance whatever in fishing or caring for the fish when taken. They do nothing but feast on fish and sleep. The natives of the region under the Arctic Circle are not generally addicted to the use of tobacco, and never have any particular fondness for this narcotic; and hence when the old men lounge about the fishing-villages, few indulge in smoking to while away time.

Wooden tubs for boiling fish and meat are made of a broad, thin, pliable piece of spruce wood which is bent, after steaming, into a circular form; and into this is fitted a thicker piece of the same wood, to constitute the bottom of the vessel. When completed and ready for use, it resembles an empty cheese box with no cover. The seams are made water-tight with spruce resin, or gum. While the younger women and the children are engaged in fishing, the old women do the cooking. The fire for that purpose is kept going night and day. The spruce tub is filled with water; and round stones, brought almost to a red heat, are cast into the water until it is brought to a boiling point, when the stones are removed, and their place taken by the fish or meat, and thus cooked. Large spoons, made from the skull either of the reindeer or of the mountain goat, are used for dipping the mess from the vessel; and when the food is cooked, the entire family gather about the fire, and dip it out with these spoons, passing it to the mouth from the spoons with the fingers of the right hand. Each spoon will hold about half a pint, and answers the double purpose of a dipper and a plate or dish.

In addition to the flesh of reindeer and fish, the natives, when they have the good fortune to capture the animals, relish the meat of the bear, the fox, the wolf, the muskrat, the

beaver, and the mountain sheep or goat. By reason of the overflow of the rivers at certain seasons, numerous small lakes or bayous are created in the broad, grassy valleys of the streams, some of them of considerable extent. During the hatching season, millions of wild geese and ducks migrate northward to these lakes, and select their brooding-places along their borders in the tall grass. The boys who are not old enough to go to the coast on trading expeditions, capture quantities of water fowl and their eggs, and these add an important and desirable item to their usual bill of fare of fresh fish. Strawberries and blueberries grow wild in great abundance on the tundra surfaces of the hills, which skirt the valleys of the streams, and are gathered and dried also for winter use.

In summer it is practically impossible to travel any great distance on foot. The wet, spongy tundra overspreads the entire region, and is found in great depth at the crests of mountains more than two thousand feet in height. The only means of passing from one point to another in that season is by boat. In winter it is different. The ground is solidly frozen and covered with snow. Locomotion is then with either dog sledges or snowshoes. The snowshoes are much longer, and more beautiful and attractive in style and design, than those used by the natives of Southeastern Alaska. They range from three to five and a half feet long, and are from five to ten inches in width. In making them, they take a single piece of unseasoned spruce or larch, and bind it into the proper shape, so that both ends join, and are tied together with a thong of reindeer leather or sinew. The forward end is turned up some distance, two pieces of similar wood are attached as crosspieces, and fastened in place with sinew. Stout thongs are passed between the two crosspieces to make the footrest, and before and behind these pieces much finer thongs of raw hide are crossed and woven, so as to make a strong leather netting between the sides of the snowshoe. Stout leather straps across the foot at the front crosspiece attach the sole firmly to the person.

The most useful boat employed by them in making their long journeys by water is the badenlic, or skin boat. The ribs and other framework are of light wood, and over this is stretched the skin of the sea lion. The pieces of frame-

work are lashed together with thongs, and thus firmly kept in place, in the same manner as the frame or wood work of their sledges is joined together. The deck or covering of the boat is also of the skin of the sea lion, and covers the entire space, except small orifices or holes sufficient to allow a portion of the body to pass beneath, the knees to rest on the bottom, the navigator sitting upright to paddle. A tunic, or *parka*, made by sewing together the dried entrails of sea animals, is worn when in the boat. Some boats are nearly forty feet long, two feet wide, and about fourteen inches deep, and have three holes in which the boatmen sit. Others, again, have only two holes in the cover. It requires great expertness, on account of their lightness, to keep the boats on an even keel. To prevent the rain from passing under the deck or cover, the skirt of the tunic, or *parka*, is spread about the person and over the spaces of the orifice unoccupied by the body of the boatman, and there fastened; so that, for the time being, the native and his craft are thus united with thongs of leather.

Of domestic utensils the lamp is an inseparable household adjunct. It consists of a shallow bowl, carved from soap-stone, and in winter is used for both heating and cooking. The usual size is about eight inches long and five inches wide and thick. The carved-out space is oblong, with an inch rim at the sides and ends. Dried moss is thickly set about the inner margin, and the space filled with oil. When used in their close huts, built of ice and frozen snow, it gives out an almost insufferable smoke, but yields abundance of heat. For preserving and transporting their oil, the natives use the entire skin of the hair seal, tightly tied at the bottom, and so arranged at the top that it can be opened and closed with a thong. Formerly they employed stone axes and hatchets, but few of these are now to be seen. They procure steel implements, such as knives and axes, from the traders at the coast, and now even dispense with their primitively fashioned bone needles, except for sewing boat covers with sinew and leather thongs. Matches have not come into any great favor or use among them, and the flint and steel, with dried moss, are still generally employed, especially in their winter migrations and hunting expeditions. Baskets for transporting fish are made of willow twigs, often split, and neatly woven together. They seldom

use the fire drill to obtain fire, though the implement is still preserved in some of the villages merely as a relic.

Besides the firearms which they have been able to obtain through the traders along the coast and from the agents of the Hudson Bay Company for years, their primitive hunting implements are yet in general use. It is no uncommon thing to see many old-fashioned flintlock guns; and where they have advanced beyond that stage, it was only to exchange the flintlock for the now obsolete percussion muzzle-loader gun. Breech loaders are rare, as, being prohibited by law, they can only be procured through contraband trade. The reindeer spear is the most important of their primitive implements or weapons. Its shaft of spruce or larch is about five feet long and tapering, and is headed with ivory. Its use has already been designated and described. They possess another style of spear, a little shorter and lighter than that used in hunting reindeer, which is pointed with either bone or iron, and shot from a bow. They use also a bird spear, about the size of the bone spear just mentioned, which is tipped with three bone or ivory points. The bear spear is a more formidable and powerful weapon than either of the above, and has a heavy, sharp iron or steel head. For killing sea otter or other aquatic animals, they use a bow and arrow. The bow is about five feet long, and generally made of spruce. The butt of the arrow is feathered, and the arrow head is loosely set in a notch in the point of the shaft. It is often of copper, and has a small hole in the side, just above where the head enters the notch. A strong, thin thong is fastened by one end to the arrow head through this hole, and the other end of the thong is tied about the middle of the shaft. When the arrow is shot from the bow, the metal point enters the body of the animal, and becomes detached from the notch in the shaft; but the thong being fastened to the middle of the shaft, the latter floats upon the water, and a wounded animal is thus unable to escape by diving, the arrow shaft always floating near. The ordinary steel traps of commerce have displaced the many primitive contrivances formerly employed by the natives to snare and capture animals. Bear traps, made of heavy logs gathered from drift wood, are still in use; and snow traps are formed by arranging great blocks of frozen snow in the form of a dead fall.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered in traversing that region in winter is from the brilliancy of the snow. When the sun shines, the snow is absolutely blinding. To guard against that danger to the eyesight, they employ snow spectacles. They are very simple in form and construction, and are made by hollowing out a piece of soft wood, so as to fit on the inside over the eyes, and a very narrow, horizontal slit is cut, simply large enough to look through. An experiment, made in constructing a pair of snow spectacles in that form, will show how narrow the slit need be, in order to afford ample range of vision and full protection to the eyes.

While the men and older boys are at the coast trading, and idling the summer away, and their wives and mothers remain in the distant villages fishing, the men indulge in many games and sports. At such times, wrestling, foot races, and feats of strength and agility occupy their attention. They also engage in boat racing, and in contests between hunters in throwing the spear. In winter the time is spent in singing and dancing and in a species of story telling or romancing. The girls indulge in dolls, and other playthings, common to children in civilization, while the small boys have toy kyaks, or skin boats, and toy hunting weapons, such as slings and smaller bows and arrows, and spears with which they kill water fowl and other game birds.

Unlike the North American Indian, they do not reckon time by moons or data of that kind. Time is divided by them into "sleeps," and in the same way they estimate distances and journeys. When they indicate the length of a journey or a canoe voyage, it is designated by the number of sleeps required to perform it. With them a day's journey in winter is equal to three days in summer. They have no particular system of notation, and their vocabulary does not seem to contain words signifying any number beyond ten.

They do not inter their dead by burying them in the earth. In their burial customs, they resemble the natives of Southeastern Alaska. The dead body is removed to some secluded spot, laid upon the ground, and over it a hut of logs is erected, the hut being covered with skins or cotton cloth. Often, where the meagre spruce forests are not readily accessible, the conical structure is made of drift-wood logs. All the weapons and implements of the deceased are placed within the hut or structure, and the spot is never

again visited by the friends, neighbors, or relatives. While these natives are extraordinarily good natured and peace loving, and quarrels at any of their festivities seldom occur, the desecration of the place of the dead will arouse the most vengeful feelings. In common with all the other natives of Alaska, those who live beneath the Arctic Circle are noted for their mendacity. They have a strong propensity for gambling, and are fond of ardent spirits; so when they visit the coast to barter their pelts, they frequently indulge in carousing and dissipation, and are often left with little of value with which to return to their homes at the end of the summer. They are seldom detected in stealing, and in that respect may be called fairly honest.

Their social economy is identical with that of the Aleuts and of the natives of Southeastern Alaska. There is no tribal union among them, and they have no recognized chiefs. In fact, they have no system of government of any kind. Their movements in hunting, trafficking, and locating their fishing-villages are controlled and regulated entirely by voluntary agreements. They are wholly unwarlike in habit; and the shaman, who is the principal personage in the village of Southeastern Alaska, has also the same influence among the natives under the Arctic Circle. He is the doctor, and employs incantations in pursuing his calling, and is a general referee in all local disputes. The shamans are generally of a higher order of intelligence than their fellows of the same community, and hence their influence and power among their own kindred.

It is exceedingly doubtful if much can ever be done toward the civilization of those people. Their environments force them into a nomadic life in search of a subsistence, so that it would seem impossible to bring them into permanent settlements long enough to exert any great influence toward modifying their characters. Nature has erected permanent barriers against the introduction of civilized methods of living, and for all time to come they will be required to traverse great areas, in suitable seasons, to procure the food and raiment necessary to keep soul and body together.

THE LEPER OF THE CUMBERLANDS.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

HIGH above the valley, in solitary grandeur, towers the weird old summit of the Milksick Mountain. Too distinct to claim close kinship with the Cumberlands, too remote to be named among the brotherhood of the Great Smokies, it stands alone; a monarch without subjects, a banished king of a proud old range trending off to the eastward, even away from its accursed companionship. It presents an awesome front, even in its affliction refusing baser fellowship than the clouds which sometimes drop a kindly veil across its rugged brow. The very fence surrounding it has a pitiful significance, as if it said, "Set apart!" "Stricken!"

The verdure, true, is always green there, summer or winter, making a tantalizing temptation for the cattle constantly grouped without the bars, watching with longing eyes the hardy luxuriance which crowns the Milksick Mountain. But woe to the cattle venturing beyond the prohibitory bars! woe to the cattle, and woe to the lips that drink of their milk!

It had brought woe enough, indeed, to the humble dwellers of the valley round about, had this "mountain of poison," as they called it; and one by one, as the deadly milksick had left its mark upon them, the afflicted families had moved farther on, and away from the dangerous locality, until only Grandad Corbin's little cabin remained in the shadow of the "Stricken Monarch." This is the name scientists have given it; for the Milksick Mountain has baffled science, lo, these years.

To the people in Bear Cove it is known as the "Leper of the Cumberlands"; and what to do with it, how to protect themselves from its uncomprehended curse, was a question finally settled by the erection of a great fence entirely surrounding it, and made doubly secure by placing a fine of one hundred dollars upon the hand lifted to lower the bars for any cause whatsoever.

The fence might be scaled at will, but the bars were not to be removed, lest by a slip of man's memory the cattle should find an opening into the deadly pasture. True, the bars might have been dispensed with altogether, only that the mountaineer *never* dispenses with them, and the fine was found to be an ample protection.

Secure in this safeguard Grandad Corbin and his wife, Granny, had dwelt for more than fifty years under the shadow of the mountain, guarding the eastern pass to Hickory Valley.

Poor grandad spent much wonder upon the nature of the poison which affected the bright, tender growth; but to granny it was neither a matter of worry nor conjecture.

"I air not questionin' o' the Lord's doin's," she would declare. "He made the milksick ez it air, so I reckon it air all right, bein' ez I ain't never heeard ez He ware give ter makin' mistakes. I reckon it air all right."

All right! That is just what the people of Hickory Valley, and more especially that part of it belonging to Bear Cove, would have expected Granny Corbin to say.

Indeed, Ben Sykes, surly Ben Sykes, declared: "Granny air mightily noted for that word. Everything air 'all right' ter her. That air the chorus ter her song, an' she air tolerble steddly ter sing it. 'All right;' it air allers 'all right.' All troubles an' ailments that comes ter folks air 'all right,' an' just what ought ter be, ef a body listens ter Granny Corbin. But I'm a waitin' ter see ef things 'll be so mighty 'right' when the trouble lays at her own door. Granny's had a precious little ter fret over, an' it's mighty easy ter say trouble an' afflictions air 'all right' when they air sent ter other folks. Granny's got her name up fur that. *I'm* a waitin' ter see how she bears her own troubles."

So she had, as Ben said, "got her name up" as a comforter among her humble neighbors. Where trouble went they had learned to look for Granny Corbin, and it was seldom, indeed, that they looked in vain.

She had such a gentle way of carrying hope to afflicted hearts, such a natural way of making trouble seem less hard than it was, she was a very welcome visitor among the suffering, was dear old Granny Corbin.

None knew this better than Ben Sykes; for despite his brag-gadocio and scepticism, Ben had very sad and tender recollections of the day his only girl died, and all sunlight and warmth seemed to have left the world together with the little form they were laying away under the dogwood trees on the side of the mountain beyond Lost Creek; and when they had left her there alone, under the blooming dogwood, he had crept back, when the rest were gone, to weep by the little grave that held his heart. For Ben's life at home was not a sunny one; his wife was quarrelsome, and hard to please; and now that the child was gone, he dreaded what it might be—the place he called home—for himself and his son Ruben. Ruben, he knew, would not stand it very long, for he was full grown at eighteen, and only the week before had threatened to leave "if the eternal fuss went on."

It was the child that held the divided house together — the little girl sleeping under the dogwood trees. The little heart would grieve no more for the harsh words spoken; the little lips would no more kiss away the furrows of care and frowns of impatience. Ben sighed for his future peace as he crept back for a last moment on the little red mound that covered his child. It had seemed so bare and desolate, just as her little life had been. If the grass would only hurry and cover it, he thought it would not be so hard to leave her there. He longed for, and yet dreaded to see it — the little barren mound. But when he saw it, his heart gave a great bound, and the tears started to his eyes, and ran down upon his rough cheeks.

"Granny Corbin," he said, "it ware certainly granny ez done it."

The little grave was literally covered with the delicate dogwood blossoms. First the petals, creamy and pink and pure white, telling how the trees had been violently shaken, until the grave beneath them was well-nigh covered. Then there were sprigs of the pretty blossoms, armfuls, grouped about the little mound until it was, seemingly, only a mound of bright blossoms.

It was a very simple thing to do, a very little thing may be, but it helped him in his sorrow. He never thought of his child again as lying alone in the damp, dark earth. She was asleep in a bed of flowers. It was a very sweet and comforting thought, and in his heart he blessed the hand that had decked the resting-place of his darling.

The next week she had come to him again — dear old Granny Corbin — come to him, as she always came, on the heels of sorrow. Ruben had left — run away; "gone forever," he declared. And granny had come over to tell him it was "all right" that his son should desert him, and his child should die, and his house "be give over ter torment." He was very angry, and he told granny to "cl'ar out," and to go home and learn what trouble meant before she went out as comforter.

"It's mighty easy ter tell folks trouble air 'all right' so long ez it air not yer own," he declared. "But wait tell it stops ter yer own door, an' see ef it's all so right. Wait tell it stops, I say, an' then come a sayin' ez it air all right, an' mebbe I'll b'lieve ye."

Ben was not the only one who scoffed, however, and wondered if affliction would not weaken the old woman's faith, but at the same time was comforted and helped by her.

There was the widow Larkins, whose son Jeff was brought home one day with a bullet in his breast, and the scent of whiskey still upon him. Granny had slipped in behind the men bringing the dead boy in; and when his old mother, blind with grief, had reached her hands across the bed in a helpless, stricken

way, they had met Granny Corbin's warm, friendly clasp come to meet her from the other side.

Sympathy was not abundant in the Larkins' neighborhood, for many had felt the effects of Jeff's drunken recklessness. But granny did not stop to consider that. Death is death in the household, whether it takes the pet lamb or the black sheep. So she helped to wipe away the blood, and smoothed the tangled hair upon the white temples, and folded his hands gently upon his breast, and laid a sprig of sweet azalea blossoms upon his bosom, and another against his cheek; and then carried his mother to look at her boy, lying so still and pale and gentle among the white sheets and the sweet azalea blossoms.

He had never seemed so clean, so pure and childlike since the days when he slept upon her bosom — the far-away days of babyhood. Into her heart there crept a hope, a faith, that was to cheer her always, that he might *perhaps* be fit to die after all. It was her boy, her babe, come back again, clean and white, in the arms of death.

* * * * *

"It's mighty easy," Ben Sykes said when he heard of it, "it's mighty easy ter comfort when ye don't know what trouble air. Jest wait, I tell ye, tell it stops ter her door; then ye'll see ef it air 'all right,' though it *air* 'sent of the Lord.'" So Ben said, and said it until others began to say it, and began to wait, without really knowing it, for the trouble that was to unsettle Granny Corbin's faith.

And granny lived on in the cabin under the shadow of the Milksick Mountain, "blessed of the Lord," she declared, for her son Ab and his wife and their five little ones shared the chimney corner with her and grandad.

"Not a chick nor a child missin'," Ben declared, "how can she know the sorer of death an' of deserlation?"

True, they were poor, as the world went, but wealth was a stranger among the Bear Cove people, and granny was as well off as the rest of them. She had the cabin and the patch of ground surrounding it, and "old Star," the cow that had, according to granny, "literally raised the two last chillen, ez her mammy had the oldest ones afore her." The land, true, was a trifle too near the Milksick to be of any great value; for the unknown poison was liable to spread, and had a way, the neighbors said, "of travellin' round ekal ter the mumps an' the 'hoopin' cough." But granny troubled herself very little about the mountain. Grandad worried some, to be sure, but after all it was more wonder than worry that made him sit for hours under the low eaves of the cabin with his faded eyes fixed upon the awesome old summit.

"I allers wondered what ailed it," he said one day, as he watched the dreamful shadow clouds drifting above the forsaken height. "I allers wondered what ailed the Milksick anyhow."

Granny looked up from the heel she was turning upon her knitting needles. "I air not questionin' the doin's of the Almighty," she declared. "He made the Milksick ez it air, so it air bound ter be all right, sence *He* done it."

But grandad could not accept the riddle so quietly. For half a century he had lived under its shadow, to wonder at the curse.

"Waal," he insisted, "I'd jest like ter know, afore I die, what it be ez hev pizened the Milksick Mountain."

"Ye can't l'arn it, Obadiah," said granny. "Smarter folks nor we-uns hev been a docterin' of it, an' a wonderin', an' at the last they-uns haint no wiser nor we-uns."

"Parson Orman, he lowed," said grandad, "ez it air a leper, an' hed ter be sot aside, count o' its bein' onclean. It ware a likely sayin' o' Parson Orman's; fur whenever I look at the Milksick, fenced off ther' ter itse'f, it seems ter be a sayin', 'Onclean! onclean!' ever time I look."

"Yes," assented granny, "it do seem ez ef the hand o' the Lord ware upon it. Yit, I'm thinkin' it air all right, spite o' its ailments."

"I ud like ter go over ther'," said grandad, "an' look about a spell, an' try ef I couldn't make out what ails it. Some o' the scienters lowed it ware the dew on the yarbs, an' ez it ware all right after the dew dried up. But the cattle ez went in in dew-time went jest like them ez got in when the dew ware gone. All of 'em went a flyin' down ter the creek, ravin' mad, ter drink theirse'ves ter death. An' some lowed t'ware min'ral *in* the groun' ez pizened the yarbs *above* the groun'. But they digged, an' digged, an' ther' never ware no min'ral foun', not ter this good day. So they jest h'isted the fence, an' furbid folkes a projeckin' with the Milksick Mount'n any more. But I ud like ter try ter find it; 'twould be wuth consider'ble ter find out what air hid over ther' in the milksick pen."

"Obadiah!" Granny's voice was sharp in pronouncing grandad's name. "Ye hev got no bizness ter be talkin' sech afore the chillen. Nex' thing we-uns knows Burke an' David'll be lett'n' down them bars, an' who's ter pay the hunderd-dollar fine fur the life of me *I* can't see."

Grandad said no more; but he thought about it a good deal. He had always wondered at the old Milksick's curse. But public feeling was against any tampering with the poisonous growth. The folks had suffered too much from broken rails, and bars left down, and poisoned cattle, and deadly milk. Their feelings were very emphatic on the subject. Grandad knew it.

"Ef a cow was ter git in fifty year from now, they'd say I done it, ef they once knowed I hed been in ther'," he said. So he never ventured beyond the bars; discretion was the better part of curiosity.

But unfortunately grandad's caution did not descend to his grandsons, Burke and David, or else they were too young for its development. Long after the old man was asleep that night, the boys lay awake in the trundle-bed, whispering each other of the wonderful something which grandad had said was hidden in the milksick pen, and which must be worth so much to the finder.

The moon was flooding the poisonous pasture with her full, soft light when two figures slipped noiselessly through the cabin door, and sped away toward the grim old mountain rising to the left of the garden patch.

Click! clack! the bars were dropped from nervous little hands—carefully dropped. But when a low "moo" sounded among the azalea bushes across the road, both boys started with guilty fear, and the half-lifted rail fell with a crash that seemed to awake the very hills.

Both took to their heels, but stopped, breathless and panting, when they heard old Star's bell tinkling among the azalea bushes. It was only the cow that had frightened them, but guilty consciences refused to face their fears a second time. They crept back to the trundle-bed where the little sisters were quietly sleeping. It was not long until they too were asleep. And while they slept, old Star was contentedly grazing within the poisonous limits of the milksick pen.

* * * * *

It was "sun-up" when Ben Sykes and Abner Corbin, returning from an all-night hunt, stopped at the gate of the Corbin place. Early as it was, Ab's wife had breakfast ready. The odor of broiling bacon came, deliciously appetizing, through the cabin door when Ab's wife opened it a moment to bid Ben "come in an' have a bite of warm vittels along of Ab."

But Ben declared he must go on, and was about to do so, when the sound of childish laughter made both men turn and look where the boys, Burke and David, were coming down the road, holding to old Star's tail, and shouting as they came.

In response to their shouts the cabin door opened again, and two tangled tow heads appeared in the light of the misty morning. Polly and Docie, their frocks unbuttoned, and their faces unwashed, but with their tiny tin cups, bright and clean, came bounding out at the first sound of old Star's coming.

Within the cabin another ear had caught the familiar tinkle of the cow bell, and baby Bess turned in her trundle-bed.

Another turn, and the bare feet touched the puncheon floor;

then came a kind of swift, right-about movement, a half pull, half crawl, that brought her to the cabin door, where she sat, waving her hands and calling, "Too Tow," as lustily as the rest.

Ben Sykes watched the little ones gathered about the docile animal. Burke was the real milker, and he sat with the piggin between his knees, guiding the streams of creamy milk safely through the tiny cups that were thrust now and then between his hand and the piggin, when the younger milkers found their own efforts a trifle slow. Close to Burke's side crouched David, ostensibly "keeping off the calf" — in reality, waiting his turn on the milking-stool. Polly and Docie crouched close to old Star upon the other side; so close, indeed, that more than once Burke called out, —

"Git back ther', Polly, else ye'll be tromped ter death!" Or else, "Move back, Docie, afore ye upset the piggin!"

The two men at the gate watched until one tiny cup was full, and Polly ran to fetch it to the baby crowing delightedly in the cabin door.

"I declar'," said Ben, "them babies of yours air a plumb pretty sight; an' ole Star air a wonder fur gentleness."

"Yes," said Ab, "them youngsters would find it mighty dry livin' without the cow." And then Ben said "good-day," and Abner Corbin went in to his breakfast, and his family grouped about the modest table.

A frown darkened Ben's brow as he trudged homeward. No cheery welcome and happy children awaited him at the cabin in Bear Cove. A bit of broiled bacon and corn bread, seasoned with his wife's ill temper, was the best he could hope for.

"No wonder they-uns kin talk so cheerful," he muttered. "Not a chick nor a chil' missin'. No wonder granny finds things 'all right' allers. Wait till trouble comes ter they-uns, *I* say; jest wait till it comes."

It came — swift and sharp and terrible. One of those blows before which reason itself falls in the grasp of despair.

Ben himself tottered with weakness when a messenger went through the cove at sunset telling the awful story of the milksick poison that had appeared, with terrible fatality, in Granny Corbin's cabin.

It was noon of the next day when Ben Sykes visited the stricken house. He could not bring himself to go sooner; he felt somehow as if he had expected the calamity until expectation had become a wish for it. "But not this," he told himself, "oh, my God, not all this."

He had not expected patience and forbearance in the face of this terrible trial; it was too much to ask of the human heart amid such dire misfortune.

The neighbors had shrouded the dead when Ben arrived, and made them ready for their humble burial. David, Polly, and Docie lay on the little trundle-bed, fast-locked, pretty, sinless lambs, not in the sweet sleep of restless childhood, but in the old, old sleep of death—that sleep which locks alike the lips of childhood and of age, and seals alike the laugh or sigh upon the lips of grave or gay—that old, old sleep of death.

Under the white sheet on another bed, Bess, the baby that had crowed in the sunshine on the cabin doorstep, lay still and white, — a little frozen mountain flower, poor little dead babe, — by the side of grandad.

As for him, the old man upon whose silver-crowned temples death had lain a gentle hand, the smile upon his face might have been the smile of childhood come again, or, perchance, the smile of knowledge gratified, when death made clear the mystery that had baffled science, and led the old man to the light through that self-same riddle, the milksick poison.

Burke crouched in a corner, sobbing beside the bed where Abner watched the course of the poison throbbing in his wife's veins.

Granny moved from bed to bed, where lay the living and the dead, ministering to one, tenderly stroking the dead brows of the other. The blow had fallen heavily, mercilessly. More than once the assembled neighbors sought to speak their sympathy, but words were choked by sobs. She, indeed, the stricken and afflicted, was the calmest of them all. It seemed as if she needed sympathy of none, nor asked for it. But they understood, those simple folk, she leaned on a stronger arm than theirs.

Once she stopped beside the bed where grandad lay, and lifted up the sheet, and gazed down at the calm, dead face of him who had travelled at her side for half a century.

While she stood thus, tearless and heartbroken, a shadow fell upon the doorstep. It was Ben, the scoffer, but silent now and full of shame.

Granny turned to him, and lifted up her face, pale with grief, and scarred full deep with age. The memory of his words awoke in the poor brain — words spoken when his own heart lay crushed and bleeding :—

“Wait tell trouble stops at yer *own* door, then say ez it's ‘all right,’ an’ I’ll believe ye.”

The words came back with startling meaning; her faith was in the balance. She who had preached confidence must now prove her own, and that, too, to this man whose future might depend upon her strength, sorely tried. She glanced at Ben standing in the sun-lighted doorway, then at her dead, stretched in solemn stillness under the white sheets.

The poor lips opened to speak. "It hev come, neighbor," she said, "the hand of the Lord air upon me" — she hesitated for a single instant, and the silence grew intense. But if they expected any faltering, any swerving of the faithful old heart, they were mistaken. One faded hand was laid on grandad's marble brow; the other pointed to the trundle-bed, where the poor dead babies lay: —

"It air all right; all right, else it had not a been."

There was a hush of awe, and not devoid of reverence, in the room, as many a humble, doubting heart took hold again on hope. To Ben, the troubles that had well-nigh crushed him down seemed puny things, indeed, before that majesty of faith which, wrapped still in the pallid arms of pain, could rise triumphantly among the ashes of despair to say that "All is well."

TWO MEN.

BY HATTIE HORNER.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Toward the West he cast his longing view,
As with his chart and astralobe in hand,
He mused upon that undiscovered land.
Then spake: "Here is one world, — let there be two!"

CYRUS W. FIELD.

Toward the East, beneath the kindly sun,
Gazed one in after years whom Science taught.
He mused upon a thing his brain had wrought,
Then spake: "Here are two worlds, — let there be one!"

PRESENT DAY TENDENCIES AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

WHAT OF THE MORROW ?

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter;
Our dust may slumber under-ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
We have heard its voice of distant thunder.
'Tis coming ; yes, 'tis coming !

There's a Divinity within
That makes men great if they but will it ;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming : yes, 'tis coming !

Fraternity : Love's other name :
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being :
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full statured, grow far-seeing ;
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey ;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.
'Tis coming : yes, 'tis coming.

—Gerald Massey.

IN the midst of poverty, which is the heritage of so many white slaves in country and city life to-day, we are confronted by the question, Will the morrow witness a new order of things? Will conditions be so changed that uninvited want will be reduced to exceptional cases, if it does not entirely disappear, and will social aspects be so changed that it will be easier for men to do right than to sin? In other words, will conditions tend to develop and bring out all that is noblest, purest, and most divine in man's nature? I believe such changes not only possible but inevitable, if those whose hearts have been touched by the higher altruistic thought of the hour do their duty. There are to-day, as never before, multitudinous forces at work, leagued with Justice and the Dawn. Some are silent, and their influence is unsuspected; while above and beyond all is the impalpable but persistent ideal of human brotherhood, which has taken possession of the hearts and brains of millions of thinking men, women, and children.

And yet we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by expectations of an easy triumph. Forces which in themselves hold invincible potency may be held in check, if not defeated, by a soulless plutocracy intrenched behind class laws; such a plutocracy, for example, as is found in the giant trusts and monopolies of our day. Now the fact is beginning to dawn on thoughtful people that we Americans, who have fallen into the foolish habit of parroting trite phrases about self-government, are in reality far less our own masters than is popularly supposed. The truth cannot be denied that an oligarchy, representing many interests, but having a common cause to defend, shapes when it does not instigate a large proportion of our present-day legislation. I very much doubt whether the members of Congress or the representatives in various state legislatures dream how perfectly the gloved hand of organized capital guides the helm of state; how important measures are defeated, dangerous bills are enacted, amid the alternate enthusiasm and apathy of the public. That the press is also being silently and, in many cases, unwittingly swayed and influenced, is undoubtedly true. The following story, related of the famous chess-playing automaton of Paris, long an unsolved mystery in the French capital, is suggestive. The emperor, hearing much of the ingenious piece of mechanism, determined to inspect it, and if possible unravel the enigma. The automaton played marvellously well until the emperor designedly made a false move, when with a sweep of its arm it cleared the board, while the emperor, springing to his feet, exclaimed, "There is a man behind the automaton!" So if our people had boasted less and observed more during the past three decades, they would have beheld behind the vicious class legislation which has fostered plutocracy and virtually placed the reins of the government in the hands of organized capital, a selfish, grasping, directing brain behind the apparently innocent bills which each year passed the various legislatures, or became organic law by virtue of the actions of Congress. Furthermore, we must not lose sight of the fact that when the despotism of accumulated wealth becomes fully aroused to the dangers which confront it, all the energies which belong to the instincts of self-preservation will be put forth to maintain the unjust and inequitable conditions through which the few reap the harvests of the many.

Two things must be brought about before we can hope for the advent of the great vital reformatory measures which will, through the operation of justice, transform, to a certain extent at least, the face of civilization. First, the people must be aroused to the danger of the silent influences now operating in Washington, in the various state capitals, and even upon the judiciary and through the press; and being aroused to the magnitude of the

peril, they must, for a time at least, sink all petty strife, and move in solid phalanx against the common enemy. The measures proposed may not come up to our ideals, but if they make for the equality of opportunity, and are founded upon justice, they should be accepted by sincere reformers as steps in the right direction. With this catholic standard before us, all who have faith in civilization, all who love humanity, all who bow before the sacred shrine of Justice, should move forward. *Appreciation of the magnitude of the peril, and concerted action*—these are the supreme needs of the hour.

That millions of people are becoming aroused, is admitted by all thoughtful persons. That the discontent of the present has reached such a stage that no palliative measures will satisfy the people, I believe to be the case. And this belief in an awakening of the masses, as a result of independent investigation and thoughtful study, is one of the reasons on which I base my belief in the dawning day. Another reason is found in the fact that scores of the best thinkers of our time have entered the arena for the industrial millions. Eminent essayists, clergymen, novelists, and poets are sounding the bugle for the toiling multitude.

There is another reason why I believe in the near approach of radical reformatory measures. Never in the history of the world have so many thoughtful people apprehended clearly the great basic truth, that in a complex life like ours the interests of all are so interwoven that anything which injures one sooner or later injures all, and that which elevates one elevates all. We are beginning to learn the vital lesson that only by justice and love can we secure true happiness, as individuals, or enduring prosperity, as a nation.

Then, again, the ideals of men are broadening. The conception of God is changing. The progress-paralyzing miasma of creeds which a few years ago enveloped the warring sects of Christendom, is disappearing before the dawn of a higher conception of God's truth and a truer apprehension of what constitutes religion "pure and undefiled." Creeds are falling away, and deeds are coming to take their place. The religion of the morrow will emphasize life rather than dogma. Its mission will be to seek and to save, because love will be the all-mastering passion of those who have felt the higher civilization pulsing through their veins. And this breadth of thought will enable gigantic reforms along palliative lines to be carried on, as well as radical fundamental changes, which, in the nature of things, will require more time. I believe the day is not far distant when societies embracing Christians, Hebrews, Buddhists and Agnostics—in a word, societies embracing all who love mankind enough to sacrifice self in the interests of humanity—will strike hands for a common good. It may not come this year

or next year; but the trend is unmistakably toward the union of those who believe in saving man here and now, as a problem of supreme importance. When such organizations shall be formed in our cities and hamlets, they will be schools of the higher ethics for all members, as well as active and aggressive forces for the redemption of life in the social cellar. They will establish in the slums reading-rooms and halls for lectures, concerts, and healthful amusements, where all will be welcome. They will provide swimming-pools and gynosiums, and they will open kindergarten and industrial schools. They will teach cooking and sewing to girls, and useful trades to boys, and at the same time they will teach the young to be pure, just, and noble. They will seek out the suffering and the starving. They will help the weak to become strong. They will catch a guiding and overmastering inspiration from the words of Victor Hugo when the great poet-prophet exclaims: "Sacrifice to the mob! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold, and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to it touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its confession and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it excepting evil. Alas! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth, show it the alphabet of reason, teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be there, attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness; and thyself give the example. For it is beautiful on this sombre earth, during this dark life, brief passage to something beyond. It is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master, that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be Light."

The truth and inspiration voiced in these sentiments will be the keynote of the new crusade. I believe that the ideal of a noble and happy life for man, woman, or child, which to-day so persistently haunts the brain of millions of earth's children, will be realized. Not to-morrow or next year, but in the future; yes,

the near future. We must not grow discouraged if the tide seems to ebb sometimes; it will return with renewed power. It takes some time, after intellectual assent has been gained, for new truths to enter the bone, blood, and fiber of actual life. Especially is this true of those teachings which run counter to the preconceived ideas and inherited prejudice of generations. We must expect disappointments. The pessimism of the discouraged will meet us on one hand, and the optimism of the *dilettante* on the other will continue to obstruct all radical reformatory work. But neither will the cry that "it is useless to further battle," or the assertion that "all is well," check the onward flow of reformatory thought now in motion. *I believe the dawn to be breaking.* Never have ideas gained such rooting in the heart of the learned and unlearned, great and small, as have these dreams of a better day, without blossoming into realities. It may be that the light will not come until blood flows, because entrenched wealth is arrogant, and may refuse concessions until too late; yet if we do our duty to arouse those in easy circumstances, on the one hand, to a sense of what is right and just, and on the other hand, to educate, purify, and uplift, while we aid and encourage, those now sinking in gloom and darkness, the conflict may be averted. This thought is thus admirably put by the great English poet, artist, and social reformer, Mr. William Morris: —

It is we must answer and hasten,
And open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
And the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
And their unlearned discontent,
We must give it voice and wisdom
Till the waiting-tide be spent.

Only justice can prevent a bloody cataclysm; that is a thought which must be emphasized at all times.

Be the early result as it may, ultimately the day will break — the day of justice, and brotherhood of love and joy for man, woman, and child. I have a profound faith in the truth expressed by Mr. Morris in these prophetic lines which appear in his last volume of poems: —

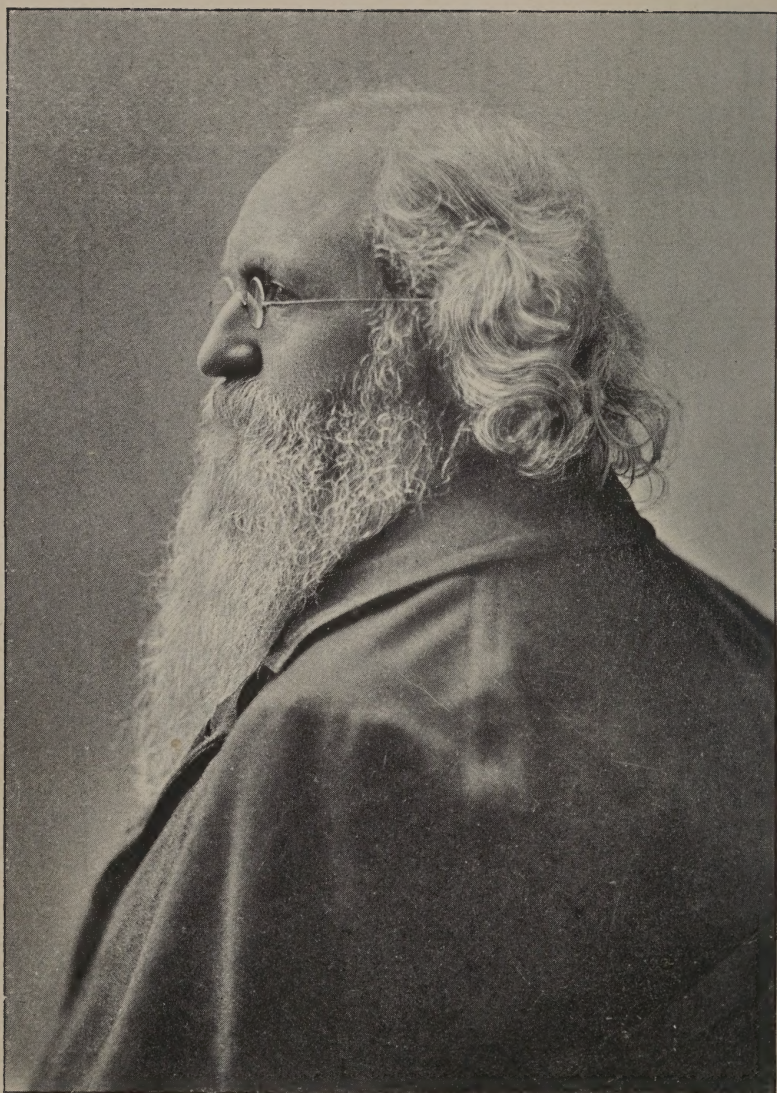
Come hither, lads, and hearken
For a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a coming, when all
Shall be better than well.
And the tale shall be told of a country,
A land in the midst of a sea,
And folk shall call it England
In the day that's going to be.

There more than one in a thousand
Of the days that are yet to come
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
Some joy of the ancient home.
For then, laugh not, but listen
To this strange tale of mine:
All folk that are in England
Shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
And rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even
Too faint and weary to stand.
Men in that time a coming
Shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning
And the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
That no man then shall be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap
To snatch at the work he had.
For that which the worker winneth
Shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
By him that sowed no seed.

O strange, new, wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and each of our fellows,
And no hand shall labor in vain.
Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
And no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
But to fetter a friend for a slave.



From Photo. by J. C. Brewster,

Ventura, Cal.

*Always your Friend
James G. Clark*

THE ARENA.

No. XLI.

APRIL, 1893.

THE FUTURE OF FICTION.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

It is interesting to observe that all literary movements in the past had little or no prevision. The question of their future, their permanence, did not disturb them. My reading does not disclose to me that the affectation of Euphues, or the glittering allegorical and bloodless pageantry of Spenser, or the thunderous mouthing of Marlowe ever grew aware of its dark future. Each school lived for its day and time without disturbing prophecy.

Pope, the monarch of the circumscribed, the emperor of lace and ruffles, so far as I have read, had no gloomy forebodings. His reign was the most absolutely despotic and long-continued reign the literary history of England has ever seen. He could be pardoned for never imagining that real flowers could come to be enjoyed better than gilt and scarlet paper roses — all alike. It is not to be wondered at that he had no prevision of Whitman or Henley or Lanier, in the joyous jog-trot of his couplets.

Take larger movements — the Reformation, for example. This movement in its day filled the whole religious history of Europe. It filled the horizon from sea to sea. It transformed empires, and planted new colonies in the wilderness west. It dominated art, literature, architecture, laws, and yet it was but a phase of intellectual development. Its order was transitory; and had an evolutionist been born into that austere time, he would have predicted the reaction to enjoy-

ment of worldly things and the sure passing of the whole world as it was then colored and dominated by puritanic thought.

In art this narrowness and sincerity of faith in itself has been the principal source of power of every movement in the past. To question was to weaken. Had Spenser suspected the prosiness and hollow absurdity of his combats (wherein the hero always wins), had he suspected that there was something else in life better worth while than allegory and the endless recounting of tales of chivalry, he would have failed to embody as he does the glittering and caparisoned barbarism of his day. And the crown which Pope wore would have rested like a plat of thorns on his brow had he been visited by disturbing visions of a time when men would prefer their poetry in some other form than couplets or even quatrains, and would even question whether Pope wrote poetry at all!

Because Shakespeare and the group around him were feudalistic and did not believe in the common personality, because Dryden believed Shakespeare was a savage, because Wordsworth believed that God was in the round rim of ocean and in the wildling breeze, because each age believed in its art and in the world of thought around it, therefore has each real age of literature embodied more or less faithfully its own outlook upon life, and gone peacefully, if not arrogantly, to its grave at last, in blessed ignorance of the devastation the future held in store.

But while each age can be said in general terms to have had no prevision, it is probable that some few of its artists in each generic movement caught some glimpse of coming change, and that this power of prophecy grew slowly until there came upon the world the splendid light of the development theory uttered by Spencer and Darwin. I think it is not too much to say that, previous to the writing of these men, definite prevision, even on the broadest lines, was impossible.

Until men came to see system and progression, and endless but definite succession in art and literature as in geologic change, until the law of progress was enunciated, no conception of the future, and no reasonable history of the past, could be formulated. Once prove literature and art subject to social conditions, to environment and social conformation,

and dominance of the epic in one age and the drama in another became as easy to understand and to infer as any other fact of a people's history. It has made the present the most critical and self-analytical of all ages known to us.

Evolutionists explain the past by means of laws operative in the present, by survivals of change. In an analogous way, we may infer (broadly, of course) the future of society, and therefore its art, from embryonic changes just beginning to manifest themselves. The developed future is always prophesied in the struggling embryos of the present. In the mould of the present are the swelling acorns of future forests.

Fiction already commands the present in the form of the novel of life. It already out-ranks verse and the drama as a medium of expression. It is so flexible, admits of so many points of view, and comprehends so much, uniting painting, and rhythm to the drama and the pure narrative, that it has come to be the highest form of expression in Russia, Germany, Norway, and France. It occupies with easy tolerance the high seats in the synagogue, and felicitates the other arts on having got in, or rather stayed in at all. At its best it certainly is the most modern and unconventional of arts.

One of the questions most often asked the veritist is the question of his permanence. "Do you think you've reached the farther wall? Is your school final?"

Certainly not, the veritist replies. As students of comparative literature and of the development theory, we know perfectly well that the movement called realism, in so far as it expresses our characteristic outlook on life, will change, will become history like the Shakespearean literature, like the classic literature of Pope, like the romantic school of Scott and Hugo. If we are sincere and direct, we are making enduring literary history in precisely the same manner that Burns did in voicing the rising democracy of his age. All are links in an endless chain, forms in an endless procession. There is no farther wall; nothing but space before and after us.

All things are relative in literature and art as in science. We are relativists as a matter of fact, and not absolutists. We believe the phrase "writing for all time" is a figure of speech, for time is long, and art is fleeting; that is, in its special phases. We do not say Scott was greater than Shakespeare; we say he was *different*, and that his only justifica-

tion for being is that he contributes something to English literature which Shakespeare failed to perceive and utter.

The phrase "Shakespeare and Eschylus rise into the realms of the absolute in art," is excellent in an oration, but the relativists demand that phrases of this sort be boiled down to their solid residuum. Shakespeare was great among his fellows because he excelled them in work of the same time and place. He was valuable and interesting to all ages following because he embodied so well the life and thought of his time. Had he done his work with keener preception and with less regard for traditions, he would have been greater, because he would thus have embodied more of the loves and aspirations of his fellow-men and less of the intrigues and crimes of the crowned brigands, whose lives were crimes, whose deaths were public blessings, and he would have been greater, and his relationship to democratic America closer than it is.

This is said, not so much to cavil, as to illustrate the relativity of the schools of art. This question also involves the question of the immediate future of fiction. If the present novel is to change, what is it likely to be? If the development of literature involves the sloughing off of certain peculiarities, what will be carried forward from the present to the future? Is there anything permanent in a literature? These are the questions which pour in on the rash relativists who lay any claim to prophecy. Having entered in so far, the veritist might as well proceed boldly.

We are about to enter the dark. We need a light. This flaming thought from Whitman will do for the search-light of the profound deeps, "All the past was not, the future will be." If the past was bond, the future will be free.

If the past was feudalistic, the future will be democratic. If the past ignored and trampled upon women, the future will place them side by side with man. If the child of the past was ignored, the future will cherish him, and fiction will embody these facts.

If the past was dark and battleful and bloody and barbarous, the future will be peaceful and sunny. If the past celebrated lust and greed and love of power, the future will celebrate continence and humility and altruism. If the past was the history of a few titled personalities riding high on obscure waves of nameless suffering humanity, the future will be the day of high average personality, the abolition of all

privilege, the peaceful walking together of brethren, equals before nature and before the law. And fiction will celebrate this life.

If the past was gross and materialistic in its religion, worshipping idols of wood and stone, demanding sacrifices to appease God, using creed as a club to make men confirm to a single interpretation of man's relation to nature and his fellow, then the future will be high and pure and subtle in its religious interpretations; and there will be granted to individuals perfect freedom in the interpretation of nature's laws, a freedom in fact, as well as in name. And to fiction is the task of subtly embodying this splendid creed.

As we run swiftly over the development of literary history, we see certain elements being left behind while others are carried forward. Those that are carried forward are, however, extremely general and fundamental. They are the bones of art, not its curve of flesh, or flush of blood.

One of these central elements of unchanging power, always manifest in every really great literature, is sincerity in method. This produces contemporaneousness. Those great writers of the past did not write "for all time," not even for the future. They mainly were occupied in interesting some portion of their fellow-men. Shakespeare had no care and no thought of the eighteenth century in his writing; he was painfully anxious to please my Lord This or That, who could be of living and very material use to him, — or to the Queen, who could help him keep the wolf from his door. Witness his abject dedications.

He studied his time, and tried sincerely to state it in terms that would please those whom he considered his judicious friends. Thus he reflected (indirectly) the feudal age, for that was the dominant thought of his day. So Dryden and Pope, each at his best, portrayed his day, putting his sincere and original comment upon the life around him, flavoring every translation he made with the vice and lawlessness which he felt to be the prevailing elements of his immediate surroundings. In the main, they believed in themselves.

The romantic school of fiction, while it reigned, was self-justifiable, at least in great figures like Scott and Hugo. Because it was a sincere expression of their likings and dislikings, it reflected directly and indirectly their rebellion against the old, and put in evidence their conception of the

office of literature. They did their work. It will never be done so well again, because all that follows their model will be imitative; theirs was the genuine romanticism.

The fiction of the future will not be romantic in any such sense as Scott or Hugo was romantic, because to do that would be to re-live the past, which is impossible; to imitate models, which is fatal. Reader and writer will both be wanting. The element of originality follows from the power of the element of sincerity. "All original art," says Taine, "is self-regulative." It does not imitate. It does not follow models. It stands before life, and is accountant to life and self only. Therefore the fiction of the future must be original, and therefore self-regulative.

As fiction has come to deal more and more with men and less with abstractions, it will be safe to infer that this will continue. Eugène Véron covered the ground fully when he said, "We care no longer for gods or heroes; we care for men." This is true of the body of veritists, whose power and influence augments daily; even the romance writers feel its influence, and are abandoning their swiftly running love stories for studies of character. Like the romantic school of painting they are affected by the influence they fear.

It is safe to say that the fiction of the future will grow more democratic in outlook and more individualistic in method. Impressionism in its true sense means the statement of one's own individual perception of life and nature, guided by devotion to truth. Second to this great principle is the law that each impression must be worked out faithfully on separate canvasses, each work of art complete in itself. Literalism, the style that can be quoted in bits, is like a picture that can be cut into pieces. It lacks unity. The higher art would seem to be the art that perceives and states the relations of things, giving atmosphere and relative values as they appeal to the sight.

The fiction of the future will not be so obvious in its method as it has been in the past. It will put its lessons into general effect rather than into epigrams. Discussion will be in the relations of its characters, not on quotable lines or paragraphs. It will teach, as all earnest literature has done, by effect; but it will not be by direct expression, but by placing before the reader the facts of life as they stand related to the artist.

Destructive criticism is the most characteristic literary expression of the present and of the immediate future, because of this slow rising of the literary mind to prevision of change in life and literature. Because the fictionist of to-day sees a more beautiful and peaceful future social life, and in consequence a more beautiful and peaceful literary life, therefore he is encouraged to deal truthfully and at close grapple with the facts of his immediate present. His comment virtually amounts to satire or prophecy or both. Because he is sustained by love and faith in the future, he can be mercilessly true. He strikes at thistles because he knows the unrotted seed of loveliness and peace needs but sun and the air of freedom to rise to flower and fragrance.

The realist or veritist is really an optimist, a dreamer. He sees life in terms of what it might be, as well as in terms of what it is; but he writes of what is, and suggests what is to be, by contrast. He aims to be perfectly truthful in his delineation of his relation to life, but there is a tone, a color, which comes unconsciously into his utterance like the sobbing stir of the muted violins beneath the frank, clear song of the clarionet; and this tone is one of sorrow that the future halts so lamely in its approach. He aims to hasten the age of beauty and peace by delineating the ugliness and warfare of the present. But ever the converse of his picture rises in the mind of the reader. He sighs for a lovelier life.

This element of sad severity will change as conditions change for the common man, but the larger element of sincerity, with resulting contemporaneousness, will remain. Fiction, to be important and successful, must be original and suited to its time. As the times change, fiction will change. This must always be remembered.

The surest way to write for all time is to embody the present in the finest form with the highest sincerity and with the frankest truthfulness. The surest way to write for other lands is to be true to our own land and true to the scenes and people we love, and love in a human and direct way without being educated up to it or down to it.

Thus it will be seen that the fiction of the immediate future will be the working out of plans already in hand. There is small prophecy in it after all. We have but to examine the ground closely, and we see the green shoots of the coming harvest beneath our very feet. We have but to

examine closely the most naive and local of our novels, and the coming literature will be foreshadowed there. The local novelist seems to be the coming — woman! Local color is the royal robe.

The local novel seems to be the heir-apparent to the kingdom of poesy. It is already the most promising of all literary attempts to-day; certainly it is the most sincere. It seems but beginning its work. It is "hopelessly contemporaneous"; that is its strength. It is (at its best) unaffected, natural, emotional. It is sure to become all powerful. It will redeem American literature, as it has already redeemed the South from its conventional and highly wrought romanticism.

The fiction of the South has risen from the dead. It is now in the spring season of shooting wildling plants and timorous blades of sown grains. Its future is assured. Its soil is fertilized with the blood of true men. Its women are the repositories of great, vital, sincere, emotional experiences which will inevitably appear in their children, and at last in art, and especially in fiction. The Southern people are in the midst of a battle more momentous than the rebellion, because it is the result of the rebellion; that is, the battle of entrenched privilege against the swiftly spreading democratic idea of equality before the law and in the face of nature.

They have a terrible mightily dramatic race-problem on their hands. The South is the meeting-place of winds. It is the seat of swift and almost incalculable change; and this change, this battle, this strife of invisible powers, is about to enter their fiction; the negro has entered it. He has brought a musical speech to his masters, and to the new fiction. He has brought a strange and pleading song into music. The finest writers of the New South already find him a never-failing source of interest. He is not, of course, the only subject of Southern fiction, nor even the principal figure; but he is a necessary part, and a most absorbingly interesting part. The future of fiction in the South will also depict the unreconstructed rebel unreservedly, and the race-problem without hate or contempt or anger, for the highest art will be the most catholic in its sympathy. It will delineate vast contending forces, and it will be a great literature.

The negro will enter the fiction of the South first as subject, second as artist in his own right. His first attempts

will be imitative, but he will yet utter himself, as surely as he lives. He will contribute a poetry and a novel as peculiarly his own as the songs he sings. He may appear also in a strange half-song, half-chant, and possibly in a drama peculiar to himself; but in some form of fiction he will surely utter the sombre and darkly florid genius for emotional utterance which characterizes them.

In the North the novel will continue local for some time to come. It will delineate the intimate life and speech of every section of our enormous and disparate republic. It will catch and fix unchangeably the changing, assimilating races, delineating the pathos and humor and the infinite drama of their swift adjustment to new conditions. California, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah, Oregon, each wonderful locality in our Nation of Nations will yet find its native utterance. The superficial work of the tourist and outsider will not do. The real novelist of these sections is walking behind the plow or trudging to school in these splendid potential environments.

This local movement will include the cities as well, and St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, will be delineated by artists born of each city, whose work will be so true that it could not have been written by any one from the outside. The real utterance of a city or a locality can only come when a writer is born out of its intimate heart. To such an one nothing will be "strange" or "picturesque"; all will be familiar and full of significance and beauty. The novel of the slums must be written by one who has played there as a child, and taken part in all its amusements; not out of curiosity, but out of pleasure seeking. It cannot be done from above nor from the outside. It must be done out of a full heart and without seeking for effect.

The contrast of city and country everywhere growing sharper, will find its reflection in this local novel of the immediate future, the same tragedies and comedies, with the essential difference called local color, and taking place all over the land, wherever cities arise like Fungii, unhealthy, yet absorbing as subjects of fictional art.

The drama will join the novel in this study of local conditions. The indications are already to be seen in the dramas of strong local flavor, now being put upon the stage. New England, Kentucky, California, Alabama, Virginia, have

already received serious, if not altogether truthful representation. Others are to swiftly follow. They will be derived from fiction, and in many cases the dramatist and novelist will be the same person. In all cases the sincerity of the author's love for his scenes and characters will find expression in tender care for truth, and there will be made to pass before our eyes wonderfully suggestive pictures of other lives and landscapes. The drama will grow in dignity and importance along these lines.

Both drama and novel will be colloquial. This does not mean that they will be exclusively in the dialects, but the actual speech of the people of each locality will unquestionably be studied more closely than ever before. Dialect is the life of a language, precisely as the common people of the nation form the sustaining power of its social life and art.

And so in the novel, in the short story, and in the drama, — by the work of a multitude of loving artists, not by the work of an over-topping personality, will the intimate social individual life of the nation be depicted. Before this localism shall pass away, such a study will have been made of this land and people as has never been made by any other age or social group. A literature from the plain people, reflecting their unrestrained outlook on life. Subtle in speech and color, humane beyond precedent, humorous, varied, simple in means, lucid as water, searching as sunlight.

To one who believes each age to be its own best interpreter, the idea of "decay of fiction" never comes. That which its absolutist takes for decay is merely change. The conservative fears change, the radical welcomes it. The conservative tries to argue that fundamentals cannot change; that they are the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. If that were true, then a sorrowful outlook on the future would be natural. Such permanency would be death. Life means change.

As a matter of fact, the minute differentiations of literature which the conservative calls its non-essentials, are really its essentials. Vitality and growth are in these "non-essentials." It is the difference in characters, not their similarity, which is forever interesting. It is the subtle coloring which individuality gives, that vitalizes landscape art, and so it is the subtle differences in the interpretation of life which each age gives, that vitalizes its literature and makes it its own.

The business of the present is not to express fundamentals, but to sincerely present its own minute and characteristic interpretation of life. This point cannot be too often insisted upon. Unless a writer add something to the literature of his race, has he justification? Is there glory in imitation? Is the painter greatest who copies old masters, or paints with their mannerisms?

Youth disdains barriers. He bursts from the wig and cloak of his grandfathers. He repels, perhaps, a little too brusquely, the models which conservatism points to with awe. He respects them as history, he repels them as models, for has he not life, abounding, fresh, contiguous life? Life that stings and smothers and overwhelms and exalts, like the salt, green, snow-tipped ocean surf; life, with its terrors and triumphs right here and now; its infinite drama, its allurements, its battle, and its victories. Life is the model, truth is the master, the heart of the man himself his motive power. The desire to create in the image of nature is the artist's unfailing reward.

To him who sees that difference is the vitalizing quality, not similarity, there is no sorrow at change. The future will take care of itself. In the space of that word "difference" lies all the infinite range of future art. Some elements are comparatively unchanging. The snow will fall, spring will come, men and women love, the stars will rise and set, and grass return again and again in vast rhythms of green, but society will not be the same. The physical conformation of our nation will change. It will lose its wildness, its austerity. It will become a garden where now the elk and the mountain lions are. The physical and mental life of men and women will be changed, the relation of man to man, and man to woman will change in detail, and the fiction of the future will express these changes.

To the veritist, therefore, the present is the vital theme. The past is dead and the future can be trusted to look after itself. The young men and maidens of that time will find the stars of their present brighter than the stars of '92; the people around them more absorbing than books, and their own outlook on life more reasonable than that of dead men. Their writing and painting, in proportion to its vitality and importance, will reflect this their natural attitude toward life and history.

The fiction of the future will be great in its mass of its minutiae, humane in feeling, and hopeful in outlook. Above all else it will be sincere, this fiction of the future, and independent, but not disdainful of all past models. It will re-create, which is the office of all fiction. It will be self-cognizant, but not self-conscious, and it will be self-justifiable, as every really great literary expression has been and must ever be.

THE SOCIAL QUAGMIRE AND THE WAY OUT OF IT.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, LL. D. DUBL., D. C. L. OXON.

II. WAGE-WORKERS.

THE once familiar term "republican simplicity" is now an unmeaning one, since both in France and in America there is an amount of wealth and luxury not surpassed in any of the old monarchies. Yet it serves to show us the ideal which the founders of republics fondly hoped to attain. They aimed at abolishing forever, not only the rank and titles of hereditary nobility, but also those vast differences of wealth and social grade which were supposed to depend upon monarchical government. Their objects were to secure, not only political and religious freedom, but also an approximate equality of social conditions; or, at the very least, an adequate share of the comforts and enjoyments of life for every industrious citizen. Yet after a century of unprecedented growth, and the utilization of the natural riches of a great continent, we find to-day, in all the great cities of the United States, thousands and tens of thousands who by constant toil cannot secure necessities and comforts for their children or make any provision for an old age of peaceful repose. One great object of republican institutions has, it is clear, not been attained. Let us now endeavor to form some idea of the extent and nature of the disease of the social organism, so as more effectually to provide the true remedy.

In his "Social Problems" (written in 1883) Henry George thus refers to the condition of one of the richest states of the union, Illinois: "In their last report the Illinois Commissioners of Labor Statistics say that their tables of wages and cost of living are representative only of intelligent working men who make the most of their advantages,

and do not reach 'the confines of that world of helpless ignorance and destitution in which multitudes in all large cities continually live, and whose only statistics are those of epidemics, pauperism, and crime.' Nevertheless, they go on to say, an examination of these tables will demonstrate that one half of these intelligent working men of Illinois 'are not even able to earn enough for their daily bread, and have to depend upon the labor of women and children to eke out their miserable existence.'"

Dr. Edward Aveling, in his book on the "Working Class Movement in America," quotes from the same reports for other states as follows: "In Massachusetts a physician gives evidence as to the condition of Fall River: 'Every mill in the city is making money, . . . but the operatives travel in the same old path — sickness, suffering, and small pay.'"

In Pennsylvania the commissioners say, "The rich and poor are further apart than ever."

In New Jersey, "The struggle for existence is daily becoming keener, and the average wage laborer must practise the strictest economy, or he will find himself behind at the end of the season."

In Kansas, "The condition of the laboring classes is too bad for utterance. . . . It is useless to disguise the fact that out of this . . . enforced idleness grows much of the discontent and dissatisfaction now pervading the country, and which has obtained a strong footing now upon the soil of Kansas, where only the other day her pioneers were staking out homesteads almost within sight of her capital city."

In Michigan, "Labor to-day is poorer paid than ever before; more discontent exists, more men in despair; and if a change is not soon devised, trouble must come."

In the pages of THE ARENA, within the last two years, I find the following statements: —

"In the city of New York there are over one hundred and fifty thousand people who earn less than sixty cents a day. Thousands of this number are poor girls who work from eleven to sixteen hours a day. Last year there were over twenty-three thousand families forcibly evicted in that city owing to their inability to pay their rent." (ARENA, February, 1891, p. 375.)

"During the ten years which ended in 1889, the great metropolis of the western continent added to the assessed

value of its taxable property almost half a billion dollars. In all other essential respects save one, the decade was a period of retrogression for New York City. Crime, pauperism, insanity, and suicide increased; repression by brute force personified in an armed police was fostered, while the education of the children of the masses ebbed lower and lower. The standing army of the homeless swelled to twelve thousand nightly lodgers in a single precinct, and forty thousand children were forced to toil for scanty bread." (ARENA, August, 1891, p. 365.)

"When the compulsory education law went into effect (in Chicago), the inspectors found in the squalid region a great number of children so destitute that they were absolutely unfit to attend school on account of their far more than semi-nude condition; and although a number of noble-hearted ladies banded together and decently clothed three hundred of these almost naked boys and girls, they were compelled to admit the humiliating fact that they had only reached the outskirts, while the great mass of poverty had not been touched. . . . On one night last February, one hundred and twenty-four destitute men begged for shelter at the cells of one of the city police stations." (ARENA, November, 1891, p. 761.)

"Within cannon shot of Beacon Hill, where proudly rises the golden dome of the Capitol, are hundreds of families slowly starving and stifling; families who are bravely battling for life's barest necessities, while year by year the conditions are becoming more hopeless, the struggle for bread fiercer, the outlook more dismal." (ARENA, March, 1892, p. 524.)

The above extracts may serve to give an imperfect indication of the condition of those whose labor produces much of America's phenomenal wealth. Volumes would not suffice to picture a tithe of the misery, starvation, and degradation that pervades all the great cities, and to a less extent the smaller manufacturing towns and rural districts; and one of the latest writers on the subject gives it as his conclusion, "that there is in the heart of America's money centre a poverty as appalling, as hopeless, as degrading, as exists in any civilized community on earth." (ARENA, December, 1892, p. 49.)

Let it be clearly understood that I do not in any way

imply that republicanism is itself the cause of this state of things. It simply exists in spite of republicanism, and serves to demonstrate the great truth that systems of government are in themselves powerless to abolish poverty. The startling, and at first sight depressing, fact that grinding poverty dogs the footsteps of civilization under all forms of government alike, is really, from one point of view, a hopeful circumstance, since it assures us that the source of the evil is one that is common alike to republic, constitutional monarchy, and despotism, and we are thus taught where not to look for the remedy. We find it prevailing where militarism is at a maximum, as in France, Italy, and Germany, and where it is at a minimum, as in the United States. It is quite as bad in thinly as in thickly populated countries; but the one thing that it always accompanies is CAPITALISM. Wherever wealth accumulates most rapidly in the hands of private capitalists, there — notwithstanding the most favorable conditions, such as general education, free institutions, a fertile soil, and the fullest use of labor-saving machinery — poverty not only persists but increases. We must therefore look for the source of the evil in something that favors the accumulation of individual wealth.

Now, great wealth is obtained by individuals in two ways: either by speculation, which is but a form of gambling and perhaps the very worst form, since it impoverishes, not a few fellow-gamblers only, but the whole community; or by large industrial enterprises, and these depend for their success on the existence of great bodies of laborers who have no means of living except by wage labor, and are thus absolutely dependent on employment by capitalists in order to sustain life, and are compelled in the last resort to accept such wages as the capitalists choose to give. The result of these conditions is very low wages, or if nominally higher wages, then intermittent work; and thus we find in all great cities — in New York, Chicago, London, Vienna, for example, in this winter of 1892-93 — tens of thousands of men out of work, and either partially supported by charity or undergoing slow starvation. Now I propose to show that these terrible phenomena, pervading all modern civilizations alike — speculation, capitalism, compulsory idleness of those willing to labor, women and children starving or killed by overwork — all arise as the natural consequences and direct results of private

property, and consequent monopoly in land. This is the *one* identical feature in the social economy of modern civilizations, and it alone is an adequate cause for an identity of results when so many of the conditions of existence in the great civilized communities of to-day are not identical but altogether diverse.

We must always remember that the existence of large numbers of surplus laborers, which is at once the indication and the measure of poverty, is a purely artificial phenomenon. There is no surplus as regards land and natural products waiting to be transmuted by labor into various forms of wealth; there is no surplus as regards demand for this wealth by those in want of all the comforts and many of the barest necessities of life, and who only ask to be allowed to call those necessities into existence by their labor. The only surplus is a surplus as regards demand for laborers by capitalists, a surplus which owes its existence wholly to artificial conditions which are fundamentally wrong. It is not a natural but a man-created surplus, and all the want and misery and crime that spring from it is equally man-created, and altogether unnatural and unnecessary.*

In those early times to which I referred in my first article, wages were higher, food cheaper, and there were practically none unemployed. Why was this? The country was then far less rich; there was almost no labor-saving machinery; yet no one wanted food, clothing, or fire. The reason simply was that immediately around most of the smaller towns was land which could be had for little or nothing; and farther off was everywhere the forest or the prairie, where any one might build his log hut, grow his corn, or even hunt or fish to support life. Every one could then easily find land from which he could, by his own labor, support himself and his family. There was a charm in the free life, and men were continually drifting away from civilization to enjoy it. Therefore it was that wage labor was

* In his most admirable and thoughtful work, "Poverty and the State," Mr. Herbert V. Mills relates how he was led to study the subject by finding in three adjoining houses in Liverpool a baker, a tailor, and shoemaker, all out of work. They all wanted bread and clothes and shoes; all were anxious to work to supply their own and the others' wants. But the social system of which they formed a part did not permit of their so working for each other, the alleged reason being that there was already an overstocked market of all these commodities; therefore they must either remain starved and naked or be supported in idleness by their fellows. It is hardly possible to imagine a more complete failure of civilization than such a fact as this; and the failure is rendered more grotesque and horrible by the additional fact that no politician or legislator has any effectual remedy to suggest, while the majority maintain that no remedy is needed or is possible!

scarce and wages high, for no one would work for low wages when he had the alternative of working for himself. The laborer could then really make a "free contract" with the capitalist who required his services, because he would have an alternative; or, at all events, a sufficient number would have this alternative, and would avail themselves of it, to prevent there being any surplus labor vainly seeking employment.

Now the great majority of the unemployed have no such alternative. It is either work for the capitalist or starve. Hence "free contract" is a mockery; the wages of unskilled labor is the minimum that will support life in a working condition,—it cannot permanently be less,—and skilled labor obtains somewhat better terms just in proportion as it is plentiful or scarce. If, then, we really desire that laborers shall all be better paid, and none be unemployed (and the two things necessarily go together), we *must* enable a large proportion of all wage workers to have a sufficiency of land, by the cultivation of which they can obtain food for themselves and their families, and thus have an alternative to starvation wages. There is absolutely no other way, because it is from land alone that a man can, by his own labor, obtain food without the intervention of a capitalist employer. But in order to insure his doing this, he must have the land on a permanent tenure; he must be able to live on it, and must never be taxed on the improvements he himself makes on it; and though he may be allowed to sell or bequeath it, he must not be allowed to mortgage it, since what we want is to create as many secure and permanent *homes* as possible, as the only safe foundation for a prosperous and happy community.

But in order to do this—not here and there in certain localities, but everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the Union—the people must resume the land, which should never have been parted with, to be administered locally for the benefit of all, and to be held always for *use*, never for speculation. People are now beginning to see that land speculation is the curse of the country. Millionnaires have, in almost every case, grown by what is, fundamentally, land speculation. It is this which has enabled the few to acquire the bulk of the wealth created by the many toilers; and it is by the monopoly of land, whether in city lots, in railroads,

mines, bonanza farms, vast forests, or vaster cattle ranches, that the rich are ever growing richer, and the poor more numerous.

In an American town or city to-day, it is practically impossible for the worker to obtain land for cultivation, except at town-lot prices; while beyond the municipal limits the land is usually held in farms of one hundred and sixty acres or more, the owners of which are all holding for a rise in value when the town limits are extended so as to include some of their property. But so soon as the land becomes all municipal or township property, and it becomes recognized that on its proper use depends the well being of the workers, these workers, being everywhere in the majority, will see that beyond the central business part of the town, the land is let in lots of from one to five or ten acres at fair agricultural rents, and on a permanent tenure. Such small lots would be a twofold benefit to the community. In the first place they would constitute homesteads for workers, where they and their families could utilize every portion of spare time in the production of vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, pork, and other foodstuffs, which would supply their families with a considerable portion of their daily food. In the second place they would supply the town itself with fresh and wholesome vegetables, fruit, eggs, etc., and also, from the larger plots of five or ten acres, abundance of fresh milk and butter and other farm and garden produce. A little farther off, the regular farms, held in the same way, would provide the town with wheat, corn, hay, beef, mutton, and other necessities; and thus each town and the surrounding district would be to a large extent self-contained and self-supporting.

Now the very reverse of this is the case; most of the towns and cities drawing their supplies mainly from great distances, the country immediately around them being often but half cultivated. Certain districts grow cattle, others wheat, others vegetables, others again fruit, each kind having its special district where it is raised on an enormous scale and sent by rail for hundreds or even thousands of miles to where it is to be consumed. This is thought to be economy, but it is really waste from every point of view except that of the capitalist farmer. He chooses a place where land can be had cheaply (though probably not more suitable for the spe-

cial purpose than plenty of land within a few miles of every city), where communication is easy, and labor abundant, and therefore cheap; and by growing on a large scale, and employing the greatest amount of machinery and the least amount of labor, he obtains large profits. But this profit is derived, not from superior cultivation, but from the practical monopoly of a large area of land, and by the labor of hundreds of men and women who work hard and live poorly to make him rich. The same land, if cultivated *for themselves* by an equal or a larger number of workers, would produce far more per acre, and would keep them all in comfort, instead of making *one* man exceptionally well off while all the rest live in uncertainty and poverty. And besides this material difference, there is the moral effect of work on a man's own homestead, where every hour's extra labor increases the value of his property or the comfort of his home, as compared with wage work for a master who will discharge him as soon as he ceases to want him, and in whose work, therefore, he can take no interest. Experience in every part of the world shows that this moral effect is one of the greatest advantages of securing to the mass of the people homesteads of their very own. As this aspect of the question is hardly ever discussed in America, a few illustrative examples must be given.

And first as to the profits of small farms as compared with large ones. Lord Carrington has eight hundred tenants of small plots of land around the town of High Wycombe, Bucks., and he has recently stated that these tenants get a net produce of forty pounds an acre, while the most that the farmers can obtain from the same land by plough cultivation is seven pounds an acre. Here is a gain to the country of thirty-three pounds an acre by peasant cultivation; and it is all clear gain, for these men are wage laborers, and their little plots of land are cultivated by themselves and their families in time that would otherwise be wasted.

Another case is that of the Rev. Mr. Tuckwell of Stockton, Warwickshire, who has let two hundred acres of land to laborers in plots of from one to four acres, at fair rents, and with security for fourteen years. Most of the men with two acres grow enough wheat and potatoes to supply their families for the whole year, besides providing food for a pig, and all this by utilizing the spare time of the family. These men grow forty bushels of wheat to the acre, the farmer's

average being less than thirty; and their other crops are good in proportion.

Still more interesting is the Wellingborough Allotment Association in Northamptonshire, where two hundred and twenty-three men rent and occupy a farm of one hundred and eighty-four acres at three hundred pounds a year rent, though the land is rather poor. It is divided into plots from one eighth of an acre to six acres, the occupiers being various wage workers, small tradesmen, mechanics, and comparatively few farm laborers. The farm was visited by Mr. Impey, who states that it was excellently cultivated, and that the wheat averaged forty-eight bushels an acre, — nearly twice the average of Great Britain, — while one man got fifty-six bushels an acre from two and one-fourth acres. When this farm was let to a farmer, four men on the average were employed on it; now an amount of work equal to that of forty men is expended on it, and a considerable portion of the work is done during time that would otherwise be wasted.

The reports issued by the last Royal Commission on Agriculture in 1882 give numerous similar illustrations, showing that in periods of agricultural distress, when large farmers were being ruined, the small farmers who cultivated the land themselves were prosperous. Thus Mr. F. Winn Knight, M. P., of Exmoor, Devonshire, had sixteen tenants paying rents from thirteen pounds up to two hundred pounds a year, all being paid regularly to the last shilling, and every one of these men had been agricultural laborers. More remarkable is the case of Penstrasse Moor in Cornwall, a barren, sandy waste, which neither landlord nor tenant farmer thought worth cultivation. Yet five hundred acres of this waste have been enclosed and reclaimed by miners, mechanics, and other laborers, on the security of leases for three lives at a low rent. This land now carries more stock than any of the surrounding farms, and the total produce is estimated by the assistant commissioner, Mr. Little, at nearly twice the average of the county.

Remarks are then made both on the material and moral effects of this experiment. "The family have a much more comfortable home, and many advantages, such as milk, butter, eggs, which they would not otherwise enjoy. The man has a motive for saving his money and employing his spare time; he enjoys a position of independence; he is ele-

vated in the social scale; his self-respect is awakened and stimulated, and he acquires a stake and an interest in the country." And the same reporter again recurs to the subject in the following weighty remarks: "Interesting as this subject is in its relation to agriculture, as showing the capacity for improvement which some barren spots possess, and as a triumph of patience and industry, it is most valuable as an instance where the opportunity of investing surplus wages and spare hours in the acquirement of a home for the family, an independent position for the laborer, a provision for wife and children in the future, has been a great encouragement to thrift and providence. It is not only that the estate represents so much land reclaimed from the waste and put to a good use, it represents also so much time well spent, which would, without this incentive, have most probably been wasted, and wages, which would otherwise probably have been squandered, employed in securing a homestead and some support for the widow and family when the workman dies." The men who reclaimed this waste, it must be remembered, are all miners, hence the references to their "wages"; and all these good results are secured on an uncertain tenure dependent on the duration of the longest of three lives, after which it all reverts to the landlord, who has not spent a penny on it, but has, on the contrary, received rent the whole time for giving the tenants permission to reclaim it! Under an equitable system of permanent tenure, the interest of the laborer in improving the land would be greater, his position more secure, and the benefit to the nation in the creation of happy homes more certain to be brought about.

Another illustration of the moral effects of even a moderately good land system is given by the Honorable George C. Brodrick, in his interesting work "English Land and English Landlords." It occurred on the Annandale Estate in Dumfriesshire, where farm laborers were given leases for twenty-five years, at ordinary farm rents, of from two to six acres of land each, on which they built their own cottages with stone and timber supplied by the landlord. "All the work on these little farms was done at by-hours, and by members of the family, the cottager buying roots of the farmer, and producing milk, butter, and pork, besides rearing calves. Among such peasant farmers pauperism soon ceased to exist, and many of them became comparatively

well off. It was particularly observed that habits of marketing and the constant demands on thrift and forethought, brought out new virtues and powers in the wives. In fact, the moral effects of the system, in fostering industry, sobriety, and contentment, were described as no less satisfactory than its economical success."

These moral effects of the secure tenure of land in small farms or cottage homesteads have been observed by politicians, travellers, and moralists wherever the system prevails. Thus William Howitt, in his "Rural and Domestic Life of Germany," says: "The German peasants work hard, but they have no actual want. Every man has his house, his orchard, his roadside-trees, commonly so heavy with fruit that he is obliged to prop and secure them or they would be torn to pieces. He has his corn plot, his plots for mangold-wurzel, for hemp, and so forth. He is his own master, and he and every member of his family have the strongest motives to labour. You see the effects of this in that unremitting diligence which is beyond that of the whole world besides, and his economy, which is still greater. . . . The German bauer looks on the country as made for him and his fellow-men. He feels himself a man; he has a stake in the country as good as that of the bulk of his neighbours; no man can threaten him with ejection or the workhouse so long as he is active and economical. He walks, therefore, with a bold step; he looks you in the face with the air of a free man, but a respectful air."

That admirable historian and novelist, Mr. Baring Gould, confirms this. Writing at a much later period, he says in his "Germany Past and Present": "The artisan is restless and dissatisfied. He is mechanized. He finds no interest in his work, and his soul frets at the routine. He is miserable, and he knows not why. But the man who toils on his own plot of ground is morally and physically healthy. He is a freeman; the sense he has of independence gives him his upright carriage, his fearless brow, and his joyous laugh."*

We see, then, that the statements continually made by economical writers as to the advantages of large farms are either partially or wholly untrue. Large farms, as compared with smaller farms — one thousand acres with two hundred

* Fuller details of the results of permanent land tenure are given in "Mills' Political Economy," Book II., Chapter VI., and also in the present writer's "Land Nationalization," Chapter VI.

acres, for instance — may be more profitable, but partly because the larger farmer usually has more capital, and employs more machinery. His individual profits may also be much larger, even if he gets a smaller profit per acre, on account of his larger acreage; and for this reason landlords like large farmers because they can afford to pay a higher rent. But this has nothing whatever to do with the question of peasant or cottage farmers who do their own work, and capitalist farmers employing wage labor. In every case known, and in all parts of the world, the former raise a much larger produce from the land, and it is this question of the amount of *produce* that is the important question for the community.

It is often the case, perhaps even generally the case with capitalist farmers, that a larger profit is obtained from a small than from a large production. This is the reason that, during the last twenty years, about two million acres of English arable land have been converted into pasture. Now the average produce of arable land in Great Britain has been estimated by the best authorities as worth about ten pounds, while the average produce of pasture land does not exceed one pound ten shillings. Here is an enormous difference, yet the profit to the farmer is often larger per acre from the small than from the large produce. This is because the cost of raising the larger produce is much greater, labor of men and horses being the most important item of this great cost. When prices of wheat and other arable crops are low, it therefore pays both landlord and farmer to discharge their laborers, sow grass, and keep cattle or sheep, which require the minimum amount of labor per hundred acres. We have already seen in the case of the Wellingborough Allotment Association, that men working for themselves can profitably put ten times as much labor on the land as a tenant farmer usually employs; and this last number is again reduced to one fifth when the land is turned into grass. It follows that the two millions of acres recently thrown out of cultivation in Great Britain would support in comfort, at the lowest computation, more than a hundred thousand families in excess of those who are now employed there.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of this method of confounding *profit* with *produce* was seen when, in reply to the demand of the Highland crofters to be allowed to occupy and cultivate the valleys formerly cultivated by their ancestors, but

from which these were expelled to make room for deer, the Duke of Argyle replied that there was no unoccupied land available, since all the land in Scotland was applied to its best "economic use." By which he meant that the rental received by the landlords for their deer and grouse shootings was greater than they could obtain from the Highland cultivators. The difference in produce of food might be a hundred to one in favor of the Highlanders; but that, in the duke's opinion, had nothing to do with the matter. Political economists, as a rule, never allude to this most important point, of the essential difference between *production* and *profit*. Mill just mentions it while showing that peasant farms are the most productive; but he does not reason the thing out, and few other writers mention it at all. Hence political writers, in the face of the clearest and most abundant evidence, again and again deny that laborers can possibly grow wheat and other crops at a profit because capitalist farmers cannot do so. But the peasant gives that daily, minute, and loving attention to his small plot which the capitalist farmer cannot possibly give to his hundreds of acres; he works early and late at critical periods of the growth of each crop; and as a result he often obtains double the produce at less than half the cost.

There is yet another objection to peasant cultivators, repeated again and again with the greatest confidence, but which is shown to be equally unfounded by the inexorable logic of facts. Peasants and small farmers, it is said, cannot afford to have the best machinery, neither can they make those great improvements which require large expenditure of capital; therefore they should not be encouraged. Yet fifty years ago Mr. Laing, in his "Journal of a Residence in Norway," showed how far advanced were the peasant farmers of Scandinavia in co-operative works. The droughts of summer are very severe; and to prevent their evil consequences, the peasants have combined to carry out extensive irrigation works. The water is brought in wooden troughs from high up the valleys and then distributed to the several plots. In one case the main troughs extended along a valley for forty miles. Another writer, Mr. Kay, in his work on the "Social Condition of the People in Europe," shows that the countries where the most extensive irrigation works are carried on are always those where small proprietors prevail, such as Vau-

cluse and the Bouches-du-Rhone in France, Sienna Lucca and other portions of Italy, and also in parts of Germany.

Again, in the French Jura and in Switzerland, the peasants of each parish combine together for co-operative cheese-making, each receiving his share of the product when sold, in proportion to the quantity of milk he has contributed. This system is also at work in Australia, where, in the districts suited to dairying, co-operative butter and cheese factories are established, where the best machinery and the newest methods are used, the result being that some of the butter is so good that, after supplying the great cities, the surplus is exported to England. Of course it would be easy to apply the same principle to mowing machines, harvesters, or even flour mills, all of which might be obtained and worked by the co-operation of peasant farmers, each paying in proportion to the days or hours he made use of the machine. Neither is there anything in the superior education and intelligence often claimed for the large farmer. Mr. Kay tells us that in Saxony "the peasants endeavor to outstrip one another in the quantity and quality of the produce, in the preparation of the ground, and in the general cultivation of their respective portions. All the little proprietors are eager to find out how to farm so as to produce the greatest results; they diligently seek after improvements; they send their children to agricultural schools, in order to fit them to assist their fathers; and each proprietor soon adopts a new improvement introduced by any of his neighbors." Finally, under this system of small peasant cultivators, who reap all the fruits of their own labors, the land is improved in an almost incredible manner. The bare sands of Belgium and Flanders have been gradually converted into gardens, and Mr. Kay sums up his observations by saying: "The peasant farming of Prussia, Holland, Saxony, and Switzerland is the most perfect and economical farming I have ever witnessed in any country;" thus illustrating the famous axiom of Arthur Young a century ago, "Give a man secure possession of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden." It will hardly be said that the workers of America and of England to-day are *less* industrious, *less* intelligent, *less* influenced by the desire for an independent life and a home which shall be indeed each man's castle, than were the peasants of various parts of Europe half a century

ago. Give them, therefore, equal or even superior opportunities, and you will obtain at least equal, probably far superior, results.

The reason why we may expect better results is, that the system of peasant proprietors, from which most of our illustrations have necessarily been drawn, had in it the seeds of decay and failure from the very same causes as those which have led to the failure of the homestead system of the United States: unequal competition, owing to differences in quality and situation of farms, as well as to capitalist farmers, the influence of both having been greatly increased by railroads and other means of rapid communication, and by the growth of great cities offering a practically unlimited market. Added to this there has been the twofold influence of the millionaire and the speculator, ever seeking to buy land, and of the money lender, ever seeking to lend money on land mortgages. These combined influences have led to the almost complete extermination of the statesmen and other small land-owning farmers of England, and have greatly diminished the number and the prosperity of the peasant farmers in France, Germany, and Austria. The lawyers and money lenders have now absorbed many of the peasant properties of France and Belgium, whose former owners are now tenants, subject to the grinding pressure of rack rents; while many others are struggling in the meshes of the mortgages, as are so many of the farmers in the Western States of America.

The present inquiry has, I venture to think, led us to some definite and almost unassailable conclusions as to the fundamental causes which have led all civilized nations into the Social Quagmire in which they find themselves to-day; and in doing so it has furnished us with an answer to the vital question, What should be our next step towards better social conditions, such as will not render the term "civilization" the mockery it is now?

In the first place, we have demonstrated that a permanently successful agriculture, in which the food producer shall be sure of an adequate reward for his labor, is absolutely impossible without national or state ownership of the soil, so as to insure the farmer undisturbed occupation at a low but equitably graded rent.

It is equally clear, in the second place, that the condition

of the great body of industrial workers can only be improved permanently by giving them free access to land — the primary source of all food and all wealth — in the form of cottage homesteads around all cities, towns, and villages, by which they may be enabled to provide food for their families and to carry on such home industries as they may find convenient. Thus only will it be possible for them to enter into really "free contracts" with capitalists; thus only can we get rid of the great army of the unemployed, and insure to the worker a much larger proportion of the product of his labor.

When these two great radical reforms have been effected in every part of the country, the industrial classes of every kind will have before them a vista of permanent well being and progressive prosperity. Many industries now carried on in factories, for the benefit of the individual capitalist, can be just as well prosecuted in the home of the worker, if "power" to work his machine is supplied to him. And so soon as there is a demand for such power it will be supplied, either by compressed air or water, or by electricity. A hundred looms or knitting frames or spinning mules can be worked quite as well in separate houses as in one large building, with the enormous advantage to the worker that he could work at them during winter or in wet weather or at times when he would be otherwise idle, while carrying on another occupation out of doors in summer or in fine weather. At such machines different members of the family could work alternately, thus giving them all the relaxation derived from diversity of occupation, and the interest due to the fact that the whole product of their labor would be their own. In the case of those processes that require to be carried on in special buildings and on a larger scale, the workers could combine to erect such a building in their midst, and carry on the work themselves, just as they carry on co-operative cheese and butter making in so many parts of the world already. And gradually, as men came to enjoy the health and the profit derived from varied work, and especially the pleasure which every cultivator of the soil feels in the products he sees grow daily as the result of his own labor, there seems no reason to doubt that co-operation of the kind suggested would spread, till the greater part or the whole of the manufactures of the country were in the hands of associated workers.

At the present time all the boasted division of labor and economy of manufacture on a great scale, tends wholly to the benefit of the capitalist. It is advantageous for him to have a thousand men working in one huge building, or agglomeration of buildings, and all the workers are made to come there, though their homes may be a long way off. The gain is his, the loss theirs. It is better for him that each man should do one kind of work only all day long, and from year's end to year's end, because he thus does it quicker and with less supervision. But the man suffers in the monotony of his work and in the injury to his health; while doing one thing only, he is helpless when out of work. But in the future the arrangements will all be made in the interest of the worker. When possible, he will do his work at home, neither tied to special hours nor compelled to walk long distances, and thus lose precious time, besides adding so much unpaid labor to his daily toil. He will then be able to work some hours a day in his garden or farm, or in some occupation possessing more variety and interest than being a mere intelligent part of a vast machine. And when he works at his own machine he will not need to keep at it more than four or six hours a day. Being thus able to work, even as a manufacturer on his own account, in association with his fellow-townsmen, he will not be induced to work for a capitalist except for very high wages and for very moderate hours of labor. He will then soon compete successfully with the capitalist, and ultimately drive him out of the field altogether. For it must always be remembered that, once the workers get homes of their very own, with the means of obtaining a considerable portion of their food direct from the soil, they can save their own capital, and thereafter employ their own labor; whereas the capitalists, though possessing abundance of money and machinery, cannot make a single piece of calico or an ingot of steel, cannot raise a ton of coal or turn out a single watch, unless they can induce men to work for them.

The workers of America, like those of Great Britain, have their future in their own hands. They have the majority of votes, and can return representatives to do their bidding. Let them turn their whole attention to the one point—of rescuing the land from the hands of monopolists and speculators. In this direction only lies the way out of the terrible

Social Quagmire in which they are now floundering ; this is the next step forward towards a happier social condition and a truer civilization.

In conclusion, I should not have ventured to make these suggestions to Americans on matters which, it may be supposed, they are quite able to deal with themselves, were it not that the principles on which my proposals are founded are fundamental in their nature and of universal application. For many years I have advocated similar remedies for my own country, and these are at length being very widely adopted by the chief organizations of our workers. These remedies are equally applicable and equally needed in Australia and New Zealand; while every country in Europe, from Spain to Russia, is at this moment suffering the evils which necessarily result from a vicious land system. You Americans received this system from us, as you received slavery from us. To abolish the latter you incurred a fearful cost and made heroic sacrifices. The system which permits and even encourages land monopoly and land speculation inevitably brings about another form of slavery, more far-reaching, more terrible in its results, than the chattel slavery you have abolished. Let the tenement houses of New York and Chicago, with their thousands of families in hopeless misery, their crowds of half-naked and famishing children, bear witness ! These white slaves of our modern civilization everywhere cry out against the system of private ownership and monopoly of land, which is, from its very nature, the robbery of the poor and landless. This system needs no gigantic war to overthrow it; it can be destroyed without really injuring a single human being. Only you must not waste your time and strength in the advocacy of half-measures and petty palliatives, which will leave the system itself to produce ever a fresh crop of evil. The voice of the working and suffering millions must give out no uncertain sound, but must declare unmistakably to those who claim to represent them, "Our land system is the fundamental cause of the persistent misery and poverty of the workers; root and branch it is wholly evil; its fruits are deadly poison; cut it down; why cumbereth the ground?"

AUTHORITY IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY GEORGE C. LORIMER.

Two interesting ecclesiastical trials have recently closed in the United States. They were conducted by local and subordinate courts of the same denomination—the Presbyterian church; and what is remarkable about the proceedings is that the findings of these judicial bodies, on charges substantially alike, were radically different. Professor Briggs is acquitted by an eastern tribunal, while Professor Smith is condemned by a western court. These eminent “suspects” were called to account because of views they had expressed and taught, alleged to be contrary to the teachings of the Westminster Confession, and which to the general observer appear to be of the same color and complexion. Now, if it was right to exonerate one of the parties, why not the other? How could Professor Briggs be innocent if Professor Smith is guilty? Have we contradictory theologies authorized in the seminaries of one communion? Is there one indigenous to the West and one native to the East? Has language a different signification in Cincinnati from what it has in New York? Can eight hundred miles in a country like America cause such variation in the mental habits and in the use of the English tongue, as to make that heterodox in one latitude that is considered sound in the other? It does seem that there is a question, a kind of previous question, to be decided before any more ecclesiastical trials are undertaken: not whether the distinguished gentlemen we have named were innocent or guilty, but whether the Presbytery in the East or the Presbytery in the West is the one really free from taint of heresy. The public awaits an authoritative decision on this point. Until it is given there will probably obtain the impression that advance in theological thought and in the science of criticism, like the day itself, begins in the East and slowly moves to the West.

It is already inferred in various quarters that Professor Briggs was cleared in New York because the sun of intelli-

gence there had risen one hour earlier, and was one hour higher than it was at the same moment in Cincinnati. Is there any real basis for this opinion? And if there is adequate ground for such an explanation as this, what does it portend to evangelical faith? Is there more light to come to us from the East, the farther East? And if there is, what is its type and character? The answer is plain. It is a co-mingling of Buddhism and Transcendentalism, Theosophy and sentimental Socinianism. In spite of our protests to the contrary, and in the face of anti-Chinese enactments, Asian thought and mysticism are invading America. Unless adequate care is taken, India will yet conquer England intellectually and religiously, — as Greece, the slave of Rome, became her mistress, — and through England and Germany subdue the Great Republic. The *Bramo Somaj* will not hesitate to adopt the Christian name, if under it can be propagated the Indian philosophy; and thus while Christianity may seem to be triumphing over heathenism, it will actually be emasculated and destroyed, just as in the fourth century it proclaimed its victory over paganism, when in fact it had incorporated much of pagan rite and ceremony into its own life and worship. I know not any other light than this, that is emanating from the far-off East; and the question paramount is in what degree is it permeating American thought and influencing the trend of its theological development? This is the issue church courts ought promptly to meet. The trial of eminent professors will always seem farcical to the common-sense public, until the highest tribunals have decided what heresy is, and insist on inferior courts upholding and enforcing the same standard. Unless this is done, the impression will deepen that the accused in New York was acquitted because there advance views were in the ascendency; and the inference will be drawn that those views are most advanced which depart the farthest from the historical interpretation of Christianity, and obtain the height of advancement when they have eliminated everything distinctly evangelical from the system.

My own judgment is that trials for heresy are out of date, and that they do more harm than good; but if they are to be held, for the sake of our common faith the contradictory sentences pronounced by New York and Cincinnati ought, in the future, to be rendered impossible. If they are

repeated frequently, they will do more to discredit religion than all the alleged theological aberrations of illustrious professors thus far unduly magnified. Why not leave these teachers alone? Why not permit them freely to set forth their views? for if we could only believe it, error cannot proceed far without feeling the keen edge of truth, and the conflict between them will never and can never be decided by presbytery, synod, convention or ecclesiastical council, but by the honest battle of argument, and the test of practical utility in the broad, untrammelled arena of actual life. And perhaps it may tend to bring about this better method of correcting unsoundness in the faith, if we fix clearly in our mind where really resides the seat of authority in Christianity.

This subject has frequently been discussed, and it is worthy all the attention that has been given to it. The Catholic church claims herself to be the ultimate authority; Unitarians, as a rule, trace it to the reason or to the Christian consciousness; and Protestants usually ascribe it to the Bible — “the sufficient rule of faith and practice.” Professor Briggs unites the three, and regards the Bible, the reason, and the church as co-ordinate authorities. Why nature is not added to this trinity, I cannot understand, unless it may be that reason is considered as a part of nature. But then why discriminate between reason and the church? For how does the church arrive at her conclusions if not by intelligent processes; that is, by the action of reason? If these may legitimately be separated, then so may reason be considered as a factor apart from nature, and thus nature have a voice as well as revelation. There is also another question, How can there be *three* ultimate authorities? If one shall be at variance with the other, who shall decide between them? Must there not be some judge whose word shall be considered final? What if reason contradicts scripture, and the church ignores both? If the term is employed with anything like etymological exactness, there will be found only one *ultimate* authority, and in the nature of the case there can be no other. Let me illustrate.

In America we have three departments of government: the legislative, the judicial, and the executive. Where resides the supreme authority? Not in any one of these branches, but in the people as a whole. The legislature formulates, records, and enacts, in what are termed statutes, the will of the

people more or less clearly enunciated at the polls; the judiciary interprets and pronounces on the meaning and scope of these laws; while the executive sees to it that they are faithfully carried out. I do not defend this illustration, for all that is necessary is to state it. As in the Commonwealth supreme authority rests in the people, so in Christianity it resides wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ. He alone claims it, and to Him alone it is ascribed in the New Testament. The Bible never assumes it, the church as therein described never pretends to it, and reason is never recognized as qualified or empowered to exercise it. Unto Christ alone is "all authority given in heaven and in earth," and He alone is "head over all things to the church," and is "Himself the head of the church" as well. The New Testament sustains to Him the relation of a legislature; it records His decisions and formulates His ideas and requirements; reason is as the judiciary, — I mean reason illumined by the spirit of God, — for it expounds and interprets what has been enacted and engrossed; while the church is as the executive, appointed to put in force His holy will, to be His fulfilment on earth — as it is written, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." If the church were the supreme authority, she would have the right to say what men must believe, and the right to compel them so to believe, and the right of private judgment would be at an end; were reason supreme it would inevitably reject the scriptures altogether; and if the scriptures are entitled to this dignity, exclusively, they would constantly antagonize both the church and reason. But in their respective spheres, if the boundaries of their special functions are recognized, they give not rise to serious conflict. In this case, Christ being honored as the only and final authority, we may rest assured that He will enforce it in His own way, without the aid of ecclesiastical tribunal; and the more we meditate on this fact the less disposed will we be to invoke ecclesiastical machinery to define and defend what some of our venerable predecessors regarded as truth. If He is ultimate and supreme in authority, then the church has no right to usurp His throne; has no right to sit in judgment on His servants, and pretend to pronounce on the soundness of their views, when she herself is not definite, decided, and agreed as to her own. Let this position be duly and justly apprehended and appreciated, and church courts will not be

as ready as they have been lately to summon to their bar some of the noblest Christians in the land; and they will at least conclude that purity of doctrine in our day cannot be preserved by contradictory decisions, or, indeed, by any other process than by free discussion, unawed by threats of prosecution and unintimidated by cries of heresy.

THE INITIATIVE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY W. D. MCCRACKAN.

THE other day the Swiss people introduced the so-called right of the Initiative into their Federal Constitution. This act marks the greatest advance in the direction of pure democracy which has yet been made by any modern nation. Hereafter Switzerland will become more than ever the standard-bearer in all reforms which make for direct and efficient self-government, while we of the greater republic must acknowledge with humiliation that we have been completely distanced by her in the race for pure politics.

The Initiative may be defined as the right of a voter or a body of voters to *initiate* proposals for legislation.

By virtue of the amendment, incorporated into the Federal Constitution of the Swiss Confederation on the 7th of July 1891, this right of the Initiative shall be applicable :—

“ When fifty thousand voters demand the enactment, abolition, or alteration of special articles of the Federal Constitution.”*

A federal law to regulate the practical application of this principle was passed on the 27th of January, 1892.

It is to be noticed that, although the Initiative is made to apply only to constitutional amendments, the line of distinction between statute law and common law is so loosely drawn in Switzerland that the people will be able to initiate proposals for legislation upon almost any subject.

Now, the Initiative is the necessary corollary of the Referendum, by means of which laws framed by the representatives

* “ Proposals may be made in the form of general suggestions or of finished bills.

“ If such a proposal is made in the form of a general suggestion, and the Federal Houses are in favor of it, they must elaborate an amendment in the sense demanded by the initiators, and lay it before the people and the cantons for acceptance or rejection. If the Federal Houses are not in favor of the proposal, the question of whether there is to be an amendment at all must first be voted upon by the people; and if the majority of the Swiss citizens, who vote, pronounce in the affirmative, the Federal Houses must elaborate the amendment in the sense demanded by the people.

“ If the proposal is made in the form of a finished bill and the Federal Houses are in favor of it, the bill must be laid before the people and the cantons for acceptance or rejection. In case the Federal Houses are not in favor of it, they can prepare a bill of their own or move the rejection of the proposal, and then submit their own bill or motion of rejection along with the original bill to the vote of the people and the cantons.”

must be submitted to the people for final acceptance or rejection. Both institutions are mediums for the expression of the popular will, viewed from a different standpoint. The Referendum is a passive force : it says merely "aye" or "nay," and is essentially judicial in character. The Initiative, on the other hand, is an active, creative force ; it supplies the progressive element in the process of legislation, while the Referendum acts as a critical, controlling check upon the adoption of laws. Taken together, these two institutions form the most perfect contrivance, so far devised by a free people, for the conduct of self-government. They create a sort of political pendulum, which oscillates in a groove strictly marked by the constitution. They produce a steady sea-saw of legislation, a continual to and fro movement, which carries certain expressions of the public will directly from the people to the legislature, and back again to the people for their verdict.

Take any question in the United States in which a body of voters is interested, but which has not yet entered into practical politics, as we say. Under present circumstances how can such a question be brought into the channels of legislation ? The most obvious method is by electing a representative who is pledged to lay a bill before the House, incorporating the desired reform. But this is no easy matter, even with the backing of many votes, for our electoral system is so contrived that great numbers of voters are practically disfranchised at every election. In fact, until some form of proportional representation is adopted, which shall make every vote count for something, and destroy every attempt at gerrymandering, the various groups of earnest reformers can hardly hope to be directly represented. But suppose, for an instant, that a representative could be elected on such an issue, there is no certainty that his bill would be even noticed, much less discussed, or that, if it were discussed, it would not be promptly tabled as soon as its real merits became apparent.

Two other courses lie open in this country — petition and bribery. Of the second I need only say that, though it may seem a perfectly natural method to the agents of great corporations, it is not likely to commend itself to those who are striving for clean government. The expedient of a petition is frequently resorted to. It is at all events harmless. But

the signatures of the sovereign people are rarely treated seriously by politicians, when attached merely to requests for favors and unaccompanied by a direct command.

Nor must this privilege of petition be confounded with the right of the Initiative, although the latter is sometimes described as an Imperative Petition for purposes of illustration. The ordinary right of petition is enjoyed by the inhabitants of every state which makes any pretensions whatever to political liberty. It is merely a *request*, addressed to the authorities in power, by a number of more or less irresponsible persons; the authorities may or may not take it into consideration, as they see fit. But the Initiative is a *demand* made upon the government by a body of voters to discuss a certain project, and to return it to the people for final approval or disapproval. The authorities are obliged to take it into consideration, or to draw up a bill of their own incorporating the same principle.

In Switzerland, therefore, the introduction into practical politics of any question which has attracted public notice is accomplished in a simple and direct manner.

The historical origin of the Initiative is no less interesting than its actual working at the present day. In certain cantons there are still in existence annual open-air assemblies, known as *Landsgemeinden*, in which legislation is carried on in the most primitive possible manner. On a fixed day the voters of the canton meet upon some meadow to pass laws and elect officers. It is as simple and satisfactory a mode of procedure as could be devised for small rustic communities. It is the natural, spontaneous expression of a free people desirous of self-government. Its marvellous directness stamps it with the mark of a permanent ideal, and proclaims it a very classic among forms of government.

Now, the institutions of the Initiative and Referendum have always existed in the *Landsgemeinde* cantons, although not separately. Voters have always possessed the right to initiate proposals for legislation, and these proposals have always been submitted to the verdict of the assembled people. It is true that the right of the Initiative has at times been hedged in by more or less antiquated conditions. At present the six cantons and half-cantons, which still maintain their open-air assemblies, show considerable differences in this respect. Uri and Appenzell (Inner-Rhodes) leave it

practically free to every voter to submit proposals, after the cantonal Council has expressed an opinion upon them. Obwalden, Nidwalden, and Glarus require, amongst other conditions, that the proposals shall not contain anything contrary to the Federal or cantonal Constitutions; while in Appenzell (Outer-Rhodes) only a number of voters equal to that of the members in the cantonal Council may initiate proposals. These limitations to the right of the Initiative are, therefore, very slight; and as for the Referendum, its exercise is, from the very nature of government in these cantons, compulsory and universal.

Before the French revolution the *Landsgemeinde* cantons were alone in possession of these institutions, if we except Graubünden and the Valais, where the Referendum had existed for centuries, though only in a rudimentary form. Rousseau, however, and the philosophers of the Revolution gave a great impetus to the consideration of all questions connected with direct government. The Genevese sage wrote in his "Contrat Social" (Book III., Chap. xv): "The deputies of the people, therefore, neither are nor can be their representatives; they are mere commissioners, and cannot conclude definitely on anything." He even announces the underlying principle of the Referendum in these words: "Every law that is not confirmed by the people in person is null and void; it is not, in fact, a law at all."

After the fall of Robespierre a certain Gracchus Baboeuf advocated a project for France which contained the Initiative and Referendum, if in a somewhat impracticable shape. In Geneva, which was at that time still an independent republic and had not yet been admitted into the Swiss Confederation, a species of Initiative was actually adopted, but was not developed to its full capabilities. The introduction of the Initiative, as a full-fledged institution, was not accomplished until 1845, when the Canton of Vaud made the bold experiment of incorporating a very radical provision of this sort into its constitution. It must be owned that the first trial was not a success, because the Referendum was not put in force at the same time. In fact, the Initiative has proved a failure whenever it has been tried alone. The canton of Aargau a few years later went through the same experience, and both cantons have since found it necessary to adopt the Referendum also.

At present seventeen cantons out of twenty-two have in-

corporated the Initiative in some form into their constitutions; and as the federal government has now followed their example, it can only be a question of time when the whole confederation will be governed upon the same principle.

It will always remain one of the chief merits of Swiss statesmen, that they have thus discovered the solution of one of the great political problems of the ages: how to enable great masses of people to govern themselves directly. Ever keeping before them the system of the popular assembly, which is *ideally* perfect and is eternally grounded in the very nature of man, they were obliged to recognize that it was impracticable in the great centres of the world's endeavor under present industrial conditions. Legislative assemblies, in which all the voters are present, can in these days only flourish in small communities, and, we may add, in rural districts. But how make use of the representative system without sacrificing the directness of the popular assembly? In this predicament the Swiss people invented the Initiative and Referendum. They grafted them upon the representative system and rescued the essence, the vital principle of the popular assembly, from perishing miserably before the exigencies of modern life. For in its last analysis the process of the Initiative and Referendum is simply this: that a given number of voters propose legislation to the whole body of voters through the medium of the government, and the act is therefore identical with that of the voter who rises from the ring of the popular assembly to make a motion to his fellow-voters.

Beside the elementary simplicity of this method of legislation, the stateliness of a House of Commons, or the pomp of a House of Lords, the military displays of the Reichstag, or the oratorical wit of the Chamber of Deputies, seem tawdry and tricky makeshifts. The very smartness of our House of Representatives and the much-vaunted respectability of our Senate seem empty shams, unfit for freemen to acknowledge, much less to admire. For it is only in uncertain accents and with faltering purpose that the will of the sovereign people is made known in those imposing but deceptive bodies.

As for the introduction of the Initiative and Referendum into the United States, there are in reality no insurmountable obstacles to bar the way. Those who are interested in this question cannot do better than read what has been written

by Mr. J. M. Vincent in his recent work on "State and Federal Government in Switzerland." The author is one of the few Americans who take an intelligent interest in Swiss political institutions, and realize the tremendous possibilities which they unfold. On page 129 of that book he says: "For a country which calls itself democratic, the people of the United States have less to say about their own affairs than they are apt to imagine." With a happy stroke he characterizes the average legislature as "the biennial terror of its own constituents." In regard to the applicability of the Initiative to the institutions of this country, that is a matter which will be discussed in a later article.

In point of fact, the combination of the Initiative and Referendum is absolutely fatal to that political evil, the lobby. Bribery is too risky an investment when the people hold the deciding ballot. The Initiative tends to specialize, as well as to fortify, the work of lawmaking. Every school of thought has the opportunity to present its arguments; politics are redeemed from the sterile discussion of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and become an occupation for serious men, who care very little for the tricks of party bosses, and a great deal for the eternal principles of economic, social, and political justice.

One cannot suppress a feeling of regret, not to say impatience, whenever, from time to time, the announcement is made that another Massachusetts town has decided to give up the ancient system of the March meeting, and to transform itself into a municipality. If the Initiative and Referendum could be introduced into the new municipalities, there would be no loss of direct personal government as a result of this transformation. As it is, Massachusetts is gradually losing the last traces of the institutions in which her early patriots received their political education.

Even Napoleon, that arch-despot, could appreciate the value of direct government; for when a deputation of Swiss envoys asked his opinion in regard to certain constitutional changes which they had in view, he expressed himself as follows:—

You wish to abolish the *Landsgemeinden*, or, at all events, restrict them; good, but in that case you must no more talk about democracy and republic. Free nations have never allowed the direct exercise of their sovereign power to be taken from them. This new invention of the representative system destroys the essential basis of a republican commonwealth.

THE MODERN EXPRESSION OF THE OLDEST PHILOSOPHY.

BY KATHARINE COOLIDGE.

AN old truth has reappeared in our nineteenth century, — a truth so vital that it has been felt in all time, and was probably recognized by the people of earlier ages as the simple first principle of life. In our civilization, with its methods of reasoning from effect to cause, and its seeking of the answer to life's problems through the careful investigation of phenomena, it meets with opposition, and is considered mystical and unsound. Under one of its many names, that of Christian science, it is misunderstood and criticised; and yet this truth in itself is one without which the world would cease to be, and in ignorance of which it sins and suffers.

This vital truth is the unity of life. In it we know that one life fills all things; that there is not one principle of life for things spiritual, and another for things natural, but that the same principle acts throughout the world. Not spirit alone, but matter also, is instinct with divine life, and is thus fluid and reponsive to the creative thought. We, as products of this thought, are sharers in its boundless vitality. Our health, both moral and physical, depends upon the free influx of the life current. We should not, however, seek only for external results, and the present form of this eternal law has suffered wrong by being considered as first a cure for physical ills. This should be a secondary consideration. It is the inevitable result of being spiritually receptive, but the inner receptivity is the essential thing; health is sure to follow when we feel that all forms of life are in touch with life itself.

Now we divide our world into two parts, and act as though each part were governed by distinct and widely differing laws. We separate our spiritual from our natural world, and fail to see that the same stream flows through both.

There is but one source, and that cannot be found in material things, for it is beyond the realm of the senses. The forms of things have no life in themselves, but live in God, and therefore spiritual power is the only strength that can avail us in whatever direction we turn. When we feel this, the health of the body becomes one with the health of the soul; and the health of the soul is the very fulness of life, constantly flowing from a never failing source. The realization of our true being brings its fulfilment, and the more we lift our hearts to the Most High, the more life do we receive.

This truth has been taught both intellectually and religiously throughout the ages. The old Eastern writings glow with the expression of the all-pervading nature of Brahm, whose life is actually present in every smallest living thing. Plato suggests in the Charmides, that the health of the soul is the first necessity in the cure of the body, and in the seventh book of the Republic gives a wonderful picture of our blindness in imagining that a state of darkness and limitation is the only existence for us. He likens us to prisoners living in the dark, mistaking shadows for realities, and incredulously shutting our ears to the glad tidings of a world of light outside our prison walls. Many of the well-known philosophers of later date point to the same truth of unity, and the dependence of the outward appearance upon the underlying substance; also the dependence of our human conception of the world upon the breadth of our consciousness. Emerson tells us of the one soul filling our visible and invisible world; and not only does he speak of health as a sign of the free influx of the spirit, but in the last two chapters of "Nature" he makes the beauty and wholeness of the natural world as seen by us depend upon the degree of pure insight in mankind.

The intellectual study of past teachings is, however, very imperfect. It is one part of the whole, but it cannot contain the whole. Our highest perception of truth springs from something within us which transcends the intellect. This is the true self in each one of us, in which we are one with the universal self. It is that which knows love, and can know all things, for it is common to all things, and is present in all life. We may call its voice intuition, we may call it faith, or, better, we may call it love; but when we feel it there is no further need of words or philosophies, for we

have consciously entered the stream of life and become sharers in its very essence.

This true wisdom has found expression in many ways and in all ages, especially for us in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. There we are told that in God "we live and move and have our being," and that our faith shall make us whole. Plainly are we bidden to grow as the lilies of the field, nothing doubting, nothing fearing; with perfect trust in the eternal life within us. And yet, while we profess to believe all this as religion, we do not practise it in our every-day lives. We make a fetich of the opinions of men, and, instead of living fearlessly, strong in the knowledge that we are the children of God, we toil and spin, seeking to prop up our world with artificial supports, and largely ignoring its only true support, which is the life within itself. This divinity is hidden to the eye of sense, but revealed to the eye of the spirit. Faith sees it as the divine substance which lives in all created things, and by this sight opens the doors wide to its inflowing strength. No evil can resist it, for evil is but its negation. Thus may we seek life at its source, and thus it will penetrate and uplift every visible form.

We can find no living spring in the world of sense. We all desire a richer life in mind and body. Why do we not go to the fountain for the water of life? Is it not so simple that a child may understand that it is better to seek life at its centre than to seek it in its outward form, where, we know not why, it has, in our sight, become tainted with impurity? This impurity must appear to us while we remain blind to the presence of God in ourselves and in nature; but when, opening our eyes, we look within and beyond the world of sense, a flood of light pours in which transforms all that it touches.

Why we are blind, why we feebly grope our way in a world of infinite life, is beyond our human ken. It is the old question of why an all-loving and omnipotent God permits sin and suffering, even if they exist only in the darkness of our finite minds. We may at least be sure that we are not meant to remain in our ignorance, for as we seek we find that which is ever seeking us. We have the power to lift our eyes and fulfil our nature by becoming perfect as our Father is perfect.

When we turn straight to God, and feel his presence as

life itself, the question is no more: "The perfect stops the imperfect's argument," and the more passionately strong our spiritual desire, the more does it burn through the veil of sense, and, mingling with the flame of life, make us so one with nature that we see it as it really is in its divine strength and beauty. We can find the truth written, too, in every part of our every-day world. We need not mount skyward to search it out. If we but look at the face of a sleeping child we may receive from it an understanding of the serene courage and faith which, innocent of distrust and fear, feels the encircling touch of the everlasting arms. Now we doubt, and the doubt produces blindness; we fear, and the fear engenders pain. What we seek, that shall we find. If we seek life where it is not, we find its negation, and become the slave of external effects. If we follow where truth leads us, into the eternal being of God, we are filled with boundless vitality. Mind and body glow with a new life. Instead of two worlds of spirit and matter, one divine, the other strangely inharmonious, we see the true unity in which nature is the glorious expression of God.

Thus the essential truth to which Christian science and its fellow-movements point the way is so old that it holds time within itself; so new that it comes as a fresh awakening to those who are born of the spirit; so simple, that to understand it we must turn away from the wisdom of the world, and, becoming as little children, follow unquestioningly the voice of God within us. So shall we realize the meaning of the ninety-first Psalm:—

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day:

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. . . . Because thou hast made the Lord which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

The question for us now is how to make this truth our own; how to open a way for it in our every-day lives. If it is only an abstract truth, a distant dream of perfection, it is not practical for our daily living. We may say, "What has all this to do with our life on the earth, where certain hard facts meet us at every step; where we are torn by conflicting forces, and surrounded by crime and misery; where that which we feebly call life is at times so difficult and sad that

many of those who have experienced its pain, hope for the rest of utter annihilation rather than for the future continuance of activity?

These conditions exist not only within ourselves, but also in nature, where we human beings seem to have no responsibility for their existence. The world as we now see it is a strange mixture of light and darkness, good and evil. Looked at on one side, nature is the expression of an all-loving God. The infinite beauty everywhere visible and the persistence of life speak to us of the divine in the natural. On the other side appear suffering, cruelty, and death, as necessary factors in the growth of the material world. Instead of joyfully looking on a universe filled with the love of God, we seem to behold, side by side with the beauty, its negation: destruction, death, and decay; creatures devouring one another to sustain their own existence; an apparent law of greed and self, necessary to the survival of the fittest, and inherent in the nature of our material world. This world continues by preying upon itself, regardless of the agony of its parts. Unity and separation, harmony and discord, fill us with wonder at their perpetual strife; on one side the visible sign of an all-embracing love which begets faith; on the other an appearance of cruelty and wrath, which begets fear. Our present consciousness is divided between these two elements, love and fear; and the history of religion and philosophy shows the attempt of all people in all time to account for this seeming contradiction. The answer to the problem is also sought in the study of phenomena, in the march of our boasted civilization, and the wonderful progress of material science. "The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation;" and though we have freed ourselves from some of the dangers of earlier times, we are beset by subtle fears unknown to our primitive ancestors.

Neither science nor religion can help us much to break our prison bars, while each arbitrarily confines itself to a divided part of the world in which we live. Modern science earnestly classifies phenomena, and seeks to support the world from the outside; but if we remain in ignorance of the true life within the outward form, our world will seem to totter, and, the more we supply it with material crutches, the more will it appear to require them. The sense life is dark and empty if we fail to see its spirit. The analysis of dark-

ness does not show us the light. The study of moral and physical disease does not give us health. We try with our shifting wills to change the outer crust of things, but the change is vain unless it springs from the fuller life within.

Religion, on the other side, stands aloof and says, "I am concerned only with the souls of men. Do not drag me from my high estate by pretending that my truths can in any way change or affect the gross material. You must be resigned to the painful laws of the natural world through which you are passing. Those laws are quite outside of my domain."

Is the world then split in two? Is religion shut out from so great a part of our experience? Does it make religion material to bring God so near that we feel Him to be the very breath of life, the spring of vitality with which every tiniest speck of creation is instinct? Or does it transform our every-day world, making it fluid to the divine touch, and radiant with the presence of love? Christ taught us the divine power of faith to uplift and illumine the natural facts of existence. We have made arbitrary lines, and have said that the lesson applies only to the realm of spirit, and that what we call our material world, which is also our practical world, lies beyond the scope of its wisdom. How can any part of God's work be outside of his law of love? Why have we thought that to grow as the lilies, and to have faith as little children, is true only for the world of religious thought, and not for the world of daily living? We make it a duty to lay up treasures on earth, and to take elaborate thought for the morrow. We rely more in our need upon the half-truths of empirical science than upon prayer to Him who gives birth to and possesses all science.

Certainly the world's way of advancing does not give peace, does not lift the burden of sin and sorrow from the face of the earth. In our earnest attempts to lessen the evil in this life of ours, we have ignored the significance of two facts. The first is that each of us lives in the world which lies within his consciousness, and the other is our own power to expand that consciousness. Not only our inner life, but our visible world as well, depends upon our seeing power. All growth, from the human point of view, is the extension of the finite consciousness, that it may contain more and more of the infinite truth, which is ever seeking an entrance.

Creation is boundless; but just as the lower organizations are blind to the greater part of their environment, so man is blind to the infinity which surrounds him, and each individual is confined within the sphere of his own consciousness. He may constantly enlarge this sphere, and so realize a greater and truer world, or he may so narrow his vision that his world seems to contract and shut him in. This is equally true of humanity as a whole; we are joined together by invisible cords, and the parts cannot separate themselves from the whole. In spite of differences, the mass of mankind is in the same stage of consciousness, and experience teaches us all to believe in an external world which differs but little in individual minds. That we all think somewhat alike, and look upon the same picture, is because our minds are one underneath their seeming division. On the high plane of truth separation has no existence; all is unity, and even in this apparently fragmentary world our finite minds are united. No man stands alone, or can wholly make his own world. Each is bound up with all. No one can live his life to himself. He is responsible for every thought which, whether it crystallize into action or not, vibrates in proportion to its force through the whole body of mankind. His mind is part of the universal mind, and his rise or fall is that of all mankind.

Our phenomenal world corresponds to the stage of development and recognition of the aggregate human mind. With clearer vision we can behold God's true world. That which with dim sight we now see reflects back to us the image of our lower selves. Thus we look at a picture which is full of beauty wherever the light shines through us, but is blurred and distorted by taking on the form and color of our own density; and yet we mistake even the dark spots for the creation of God's light. As soon as we feel that we are nothing, and the light is all, the shadows vanish. We are no longer opaque, but transparent; and nature, seen in the full glow of truth which fills us, is wholly pure and spiritual. As in the old legends the ghosts and demons wither into nothingness before the sign of the cross, so now and always no unclean thing can continue to exist when the light of truth shines through it.

St. Paul says,* "I know, and am persuaded in the Lord

* Romans xiv. 14.

Jesus that nothing is unclean of itself: save that to him who accounteth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean." If man's world lies within the limits of his consciousness, and if he is free to enlarge the sweep of his vision, then man is in one sense the maker of his own world. As he puts forth his thought and desire, the effects corresponding to that thought and desire spring up within his mental vision. Whatever he sincerely looks for he is sure to find, and his inner life and even his outer world depend upon the direction of that search. This is but partly true of the individual, for he is largely dependent upon the whole humanity, with which he is bound up; but the expansion of all human consciousness must come through the individuals who form its parts, and each one who lifts his eyes to receive more light makes clearer the sight of all.

Underneath and through and above these temporal effects of the human mind is the eternal reality. No man can change that which is; but the strength and beauty of his existence depend upon his relation to life itself. He may be conscious of the all-pervading, all-uniting love of God, or of a world of fragments and separation. He may see unity or division. He may love God with all his strength and soul and mind, and his neighbor as himself; or he may seem to cut the cords that bind him to all that is, and live only for his own ends; and that which he lives within himself shall be for him reflected in the world without. There is no wholeness of the parts without the union of all. As one bodily organ cannot rightly fill its place unless in true relation to the whole organism, so no part of creation can be separate and whole. In truth, there is no separation, and the fulness of life breathes freely through all its forms, though we have not the faith and wisdom to feel it. In our blind self-consciousness, we seem to tear ourselves away from life, and declare that we have power of our own, separate and underived. Hence the apparent weakness in our present idea of the world.

We are not awake to the constant inpouring of the divine life. While we are so absorbed in our finite atoms of selfhood, our limitation produces an illusion in which the life stream appears to stagnate, and death enters into our vision; for having forged our own chains, we have to break them in order to gain freedom. Our prison is the absorption in this

lower self in which we seem to be bound. As this is the contradiction of love's law of life, we are oppressed by the nightmare of mortality in which the shadows come and go, and light and darkness, life and death, the real and the unreal, walk side by side.

For God made not death, neither has he pleasure in the destruction of the living. For he created all things, that they might have their being: and the generations of the world were healthful: and there is no poison of destruction in them, nor the kingdom of death upon earth. . . . For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity. Nevertheless, through envy of the devil came death into the world: and they that do hold of his side do find it.*

Not death only, but time itself, is a condition of our partial consciousness. Within and around us is the Eternal Now, making of all time one unity. Should the whole race cease to strive for petty ends, and look straight to God in full faith that the giver of all life is ever making himself known to us, the face of the earth would change to the purer vision of humanity. A higher knowledge, a deeper insight, calls forth an immediate response from nature, which unfolds its possibilities to us as we emerge from our limitation of sight. We even now behold the glory of God in the beauty of his visible world, in the light which, falling on mountain and sea and tiniest flower, expresses some part of the eternal life; but "the light that never was on sea or land" comes to us only in moments of inward illumination. Were it constant for us, we should see only beauty, and that far transcending our greatest human conception. We are not awake to it yet. Being one, we dream as one, and it is hard for the individual to rouse himself while all his brothers sleep. The individual can do much, however, and each upward step must lift the whole mass, for we are bound together, and cannot be divided if we would.

Here and there an awakened and therefore divine teacher has entered into our human vision, and striven to lift us from the seen to the unseen, showing us that we are the sport of passing shadows, and fail to know the fulness of the sunshine, although it is always with us. And like the freed prisoners of Plato's Republic, returning to tell of light and liberty, these bringers of good tidings have been scorned by the masses of men, who cling alike to their opinions and

* Wisdom of Solomon, I., 13, 14; II., 23, 24.

their prison bars, and will not recognize the gift of freedom when it is offered to them. Still, the truth they taught lives, and is for us. The light for which we vainly search in the uttermost parts of the earth shines within ourselves, and we need but to seek and to find. Not that we may claim its radiance as ours, to covet and to hoard, but that we may give it forth again to the world, rejoicing that our strength is of the Lord. To feel truly the life which is our birthright is to possess perfect spiritual health; and spiritual health includes the whole, for all life is of the spirit.

Now we think that we see two forces, and we believe in a separate and necessarily discordant state, in which we are liable to all forms of evil. The farther we, as a race, depart from the understanding of spiritual law, the more are our minds and bodies inharmonious, and deprived of their natural health. As we awake to the knowledge of our true selves, we draw even nearer to the wholeness of mind and body, until our vision so expands that the body is transformed to our sight into its natural and divine state. This does not mean that we should deny the material world, declaring it to be non-existent, for that would leave us in a maze of confusion. It does mean that we should know that nature is the living word of God, and that evil has no existence when we use our whole sight. So shall we not deny but transform the material world. This wholeness of view seems far off to our clouded vision; but as we work for it the horizon widens, and the deeper insight shows the nearer glory.

We are the branches of the true vine, and we put forth leaves and blossoms in full knowledge that the life manifesting itself through us is not ours, but the life of the vine ever circulating through the branches. It flows from the source in constant activity. We receive its vitality and send it forth again to creation, strong in the knowledge that we are open channels for eternal life, and are ever expressing God. We, as his children, possess his nature. We may even send forth our thought into form; but unless that thought is in harmony with God's thought, the form will have no reality, no substance; and yet if we believe it to be real, it will pursue and oppress us. We are nothing alone, and cannot create with our own power. The desire for supremacy in and of ourselves is but lack of love for all other selves. The

belief in personal power as something apart, which can receive and hold life for its own purpose, leads to death, for it denies the first principle of life. Our strength is but weakness. God's strength fills us always. We must rise to the consciousness of this truth.

Paracelsus says:—

Imagination is the cause of many diseases; faith is the cure for all. If we were but conscious of the power of God within us, we could never fail.

Natural man has no wisdom, but the wisdom of God may act through him as an instrument.

The kind of knowledge that man ought to possess is not derived from the earth, nor does it come from the stars; but it is derived from the highest, and therefore the man who possesses the highest may rule over the things of the earth and over the stars.

Only when man realizes the presence of God in him will he begin his infinite life, and step from the realm of evanescent illusions into that of permanent truth.

It is Paracelsus, too, who says that "True faith is spiritual consciousness," and that by it may all things be accomplished.

There is nothing miraculous in this power of spirit over matter. It is the most natural truth, if we will but see it. The only true view of nature is God's view. We live in his being and may share his vision. The change in appearance which follows this sight is no miracle, but is the acceptance of our birthright, the divinely natural. In the true vision lives the perfect whole. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . . For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." *

And still it may be said, "How can we know as we are known? It may be true that in a larger consciousness there is no place for evil, and that we may learn to enter that realm of truth. We may feel this in moments of exaltation, but what does it avail us in our pressing need? When the waters are closing over our heads and we cry out for instant help, an abstract truth is cold comfort. What if there is a perfect world about us now? It is not for us, if we cannot see it." We can see it. Perfect vision is ours if we will use it.

We can feel an actual Presence, infinitely nearer and more

* 1 Cor. xiii. 10, 12.

real than any tangible thing — a presence within and around us, which dispels fear and pain, and lifts us beyond their power. Its peace we may send forth on the wings of love to those who have need of its healing touch. All things are possible unto us when we know our true being in God. The way is before us if we will but walk in it. The only barrier is the intense self-consciousness, which turns us back upon our finite selves and holds us imprisoned there. Faith and love are the only talismans to open wide the prison doors and destroy this monster who guards the way. Only faith and love can pierce the clouds to the unseen, and cause the seen to glow with a new light; for the life of the seen is in the unseen; the life of matter is in spirit. All is spiritual, all is pervaded by one stream of living water, of which all may drink who will. When we know this, when, breathing with all life, we put forth our thought in harmony with the creative thought, our mortal picture of the heavens and earth shall pass away, and God's world shall become visible to us.

The sense of separateness belongs to the demon of self-consciousness. In moments of self-forgetfulness we feel our kinship with nature, and, throbbing with its pulse, have glimpses of the truth, in which we are united to all that lives and to all that gives life. There is no more room for the pride of self, no sense of degrees of great or small; only the perception that the life within us reaches out through space and time; is one with the nearest blade of grass and the most distant star in the heavens; is one with all that was, or is, or ever shall be; for in ourselves we feel the same life that fills the universe, and is without beginning and without end.

There are no barriers of time or space or bodily existence between soul and soul. To love is to mingle, to think is to be that which we think. We are not bound with chains and forced to long passionately for the unattainable, but are borne on the wings of the spirit whithersoever our desire attracts us, when our will is united to the one Will. Thus we come to the peace that passeth understanding, and the love on which hang all the law and the prophets. And yet the first conscious upward steps do not always bring peace, but a sword. We can no longer exist comfortably in our lower selves, and in a transition state are racked between apparently opposing forces. We are drawn irresistibly towards the heavens, and

yet cannot let go our hold of the earth. Neither should we let go our hold to soar indifferent in celestial regions. We must loosen the selfish grip, but not the grip of love. It may seem at first that we must be torn asunder between the upward force and the lower hold, but sufficient strength will be given to lift the earth with us as we go.

So when perforce our grasp is loosened, the dear old earth has a little more light, is a little nearer the knowledge of that which she really is. If we attempt to lift our burden with our finite strength alone, we are tortured and crushed. The only strength that can avail is that of faith and love, which must so fill us that the finite self, the restless thing that suffers and fights, is so transformed that we are not even conscious of a weight. Opposites blend in one. We no longer feel separate centres of gravity, but know that the only attraction for all things that have being, is the one light of the world, which shall surely draw us to itself; which, indeed, holds us now and forever.

We begin and end with God. There is nothing else. When we lose sight of him, we pass through strange shadow-lands, and are beset by phantoms of evil. Religion tells us, indeed, to look beyond, and yet leaves us victims to our present blindness. Science observes and classifies the pursuing phantoms, and tells us that by understanding their nature we may escape them. And still they hold us in their death-like clutch. Christ put them to instant flight by the spiritual power which brought light to our darkness; and he taught his disciples to use their healing power for the minds and bodies of men. We Christians have not followed in the path he showed us. We have this same power within us. Have we so little faith, so little love, that we cannot use it to help our brothers out of their pain?

Already a beginning has been made, and many are crossing the threshold of a new life. This life means deep consecration to one end, and perfect willingness to make any sacrifice. Above all, it means great love. Then comes a constantly growing power to receive and give forth life. Weak enough at first is our hold of this power in the face of the terrible need throughout the world, but still mighty to help, because it reaches the inner life of the spirit, from which all things spring. Sooner or later, here or elsewhere, we must all become conscious of life. Why do we neglect

it now, when humanity reaches out passionately for that peace which comes only of the fulness of life? Every one of us can find it; every one of us can give it forth, and receive more in the giving. The more intense our desire to help, the more does the message of life penetrate every seeming veil: strength of desire gives it wings, and carries it whithersoever our thought wills. The deeper our feeling of the actual presence of God in every breath, in every atom, the more nearly do we reach the fulfilment of all life. The greater our love, the stronger its power to fill and transform all that it touches. /

Sight, love, and passionate desire to give forth in the spirit to all who hunger must break our self-made bonds, and show us our birthright. So as we open our eyes the shadow-land disappears in the light of God's presence.

AUTOMATIC OR SPIRIT WRITING.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

BEFORE commenting further on what is called by some "automatic" and by others "spirit" writing, I will give several samples of such writing, selected from a large mass of manuscript "communications," written by Mrs. Underwood's hand, without conscious effort on her part in originating the thought, mentally selecting the words, or in the mechanical construction of the letters into words and the words into sentences. Mrs. Underwood, who is well acquainted with the facts and theories in regard to double consciousness, dual and multiple personality, is confident that this writing is not the product of her own thought or will, and that the explanation of it must be sought in some intelligence or intelligences foreign to her mind, as that mind is understood by herself and those who know her mental characteristics.

One evening was written the name of a person recently deceased. In reply to a question whether he could communicate, this was given: "Sensory ducts are born with mortals which are here useless, and at re-birth these must be eliminated. Changes must occur while the soul is unconscious, to make possible the realities of the new phase of being, and — left earth's sphere in so chaotic a state of intelligence that it may be long ere his friends can get connected messages from him."

From the notes of one evening the following is taken:—

Ques. — "Can you tell us in what consisted Christ's power?"

Ans. — "Sympathy with humanity."

Ques. — "Wherein lay Buddha's?"

Ans. — "The self-same spirit."

Ques. — "And Mohammed's?"

Ans. — "By reason of his desire to elevate his race."

Ques. — "And Confucius'?"

Ans. — "Sympathetic common sense and philanthropic anxiety."

Ques. — “And Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader?”

Ans. — “Physical sensibility, mixed with intense idealism of a sensuous character.”

At another sitting this was received: “Yonder comes a man who will do you honor by his desire to speak with you.”

Ques. — “Will he give his name?”

Ans. — “Charles Darwin.”

Ques. — “Well, if this is Mr. Darwin, we would be very glad to have him say a word as to his opinion of his new state of being. Did he expect anything of this sort before his change?”

Ans. — “When on earth, I worked conscientiously in certain grooves. I was often puzzled, but, being of a logical turn of mind, was obliged to accept such conclusions as my experiments led to. I did not then understand the limitation of sense perceptions, and sometimes I was gravely mistaken. I was not then aware of the reasonableness of another stage of being. I have, since changing my form, recognized my one-sidedness, but now perceive that in my then conditional state I was not to blame for the false conclusions I made from mortal premises. We here feel rejoiced that we can return through congenial mediumship.

“CHARLES DARWIN.”

Once noting a vase of flowers on the table, I asked, because at the moment I had nothing else in mind, “Why is Sara so exceedingly fond of flowers?” The answer was: “Flowers are the essence of sensuous spiritualism; and she and all who, like her, are in sympathy with the beautiful models given as symbols to human souls, are forced to recognize the divine atoms of being in whatever form manifested.”

Ques. — “What do you mean by atoms of being?”

Ans. — “By this term we desire to state as clearly as possible in your circumscribed voicing the relation your ephemeral state holds to the All of Being. Flowers are atoms of Being, sharing with all other atoms persistence toward the source whence they emanate.”

One time, when I was a little belligerent in my attitude toward the “spirit,” was written, “When Mars declares war all martial souls put on armor.”

One evening the name “Caroline” was written. Several persons named Caroline were mentioned, after which the name of one not thought of was written; viz., Caroline

Fox. Mrs. U. recalled having read her "Memoirs," and so remarked.

Questions and answers were as follows:—

Ans. — "Doubtless she (Mrs. U.) will be glad to meet a friend who is in sympathy with her friendships."

Ques. — "Will Caroline Fox say a word in regard to her friend and my hero, John Stuart Mill?"

Ans. — "John Stuart Mill sought to advance the social state of women because he was '*un chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

Ques. — "Do you meet the Carlyles on your present plane?"

Ans. — "Sometimes; but their sphere seems not exactly what I expected it to be."

Ques. — "Are you as happy in your present state as you were on our plane?"

Ans. — "Told as a wonderful dream of poet or seer, I should have thought this phase of existence a phantasm too beautiful for realization; but living this new, sweet, helpful life, I am constantly wondering whether I am a real part of this sphere."

Ques. — "What can you tell us as to the locality of your sphere?"

Ans. — "There are no words in your language which we can make useful. Verbal modes of expression are inadequate to express that of which there is no equivalent on your plane."

Ques. — "What constitutes your highest pleasure there?"

Ans. — "The society of loving and freed spirits."

Ques. — "You formed many beautiful friendships here — do you find new friends there?"

Ans. — "Doubtless my friends on earth were sources of much real pleasure and helpfulness, but the friends on this plane are fountains of everlasting joy."

Ques. — "In what way do you make the acquaintance of these new friends?"

Ans. — "Sara, all who are in sympathy here come to know one another as members of the same spiritual clan."

Here I asked, "What should you, who knew J. S. Mill so well, particularize as the weakest point in his strong intellect?"

Ans. — "The apparent weak point in that most lovely

character was his lack of human sympathy with the individual. The race he could partly understand, but the individual was to him a mystery."

Ques. — "Who are among the nearest and the dearest of your woman friends?"

Ans. — "Some my acquaintance with whom I did not emphasize in my memoirs and diary, but who really were, as they now are, my dearest and nearest friends."

To the question, "How far do the medium's own ideas color the thought given from the directing intelligence?" I received this answer: "Sharing largely what is perceived spiritually, there must ever be a large residuum of the percipient's marked atomism. Flaws are produced in our reflections as in your glass mirrors."

Ques. — "Is it true that spirits remember their earth life only when they come in contact with earthly mediums and conditions?"

Ans. — "So many souls come here wholly devoid of knowledge of the progressive steps to be taken in spirit evolution, that spirit return is absolutely necessary to bring them into soul knowledge of their deficiencies."

Ques. — "In spirit life is it generally necessary to come in contact with earth life in order to recall earthly experiences?"

Ans. — "That is true only when the returning spirit has been ignorant of advanced phases of spirit existence."

Ques. — "What are the most favorable conditions for those passed from earth to communicate with our plane?"

Ans. — "Conditions are here determined by so many laws which to you are unintelligible, that we are unable to answer your query. Change of environment is as sure to change relations here as with you."

Ques. — "Why are so many mediums controlled by Indian spirits? Is it possible for ignorant Indian spirits to get control of educated and refined persons?"

Ans. — "Yes. There are so many so-called cultured people, who are really on a savage plane, that Indians are the best interpreters of their over-estimated thought."

Ques. — "Were those who now write to us from your sphere once on earth, or did they formerly live on other planets?"

Ans. — "We lived as you now live; we were once in material form — where, it matters not."

Ques. — "Does the soul, once started in the individual man, always thereafter keep its individuality, or are all souls at last merged into one universal being?"

Ans. — "We perceive more distinctly than you can the relations between man and the universe, but we are not advanced enough to answer definitely the more abstract questions of universal being, which trouble us on this plane as greatly as they do you. We see a little more clearly what is possible in the way of still further advancement; that is all yet."

One evening, in fine large characters was written the name, "Wendell Phillips."

Ques. — "We would be glad of a word from one whom we so much admired."

Ans. — "Shall I quiver cravenly at such seemingly absurd and sense-confounding modes of coming in contact with those on a plane on which I once acted so sophomoric a part?" (I here called attention to some event in which I was brought into personal relations with Mr. Phillips.)

Ans. — "Place all reasonable faith as to your identity, and I will question you."

Ques. — "What do you wish to ask?"

Ans. — "Why was I called?"

Ques. — "Did you think you were called? We were not even thinking of you."

Ans. — "Voice said to me, 'Join a group who are now *en rapport* with sensitive parties with whom you will sympathize.' Trusting to the voice, I came, and am rather set back by the new sign of evolutionary existence elsewhere considered a foolish fraud. Theodore Parker's was the voice, so I trusted somewhat to his leadership; and though I feel a little as though this were humbug, I will try to test the matter in a scientific spirit." (Here the communication stopped, and what purported to be another intelligence assumed control, but answered no question in regard to Wendell Phillips.)

At another time this: —

Ques. — "Are your answers limited by our ignorances?"

Ans. — "Yes, we are obliged to answer according to your limitations. If we should state the simple truth of our lives here, you could not understand it."

Ques. — "Do you have your hours of sleep there?"

Ans. — "Sleep, as you understand it, is unknown to us."

Ques. — “From your point of view do you discern the why and wherefore of being?”

Ans. — “Yonder is the All of Being still so ghostly in affirmations; of it at this point we know no more than do you.”

At one sitting came this: “All are now waiting to get some of B. F. U.’s conundrums.” Among the questions I asked was this: “Does the mere fact of my giving attention facilitate your writing through Sara’s hand?”

Ans. — “Sara’s mediumship depends upon your sympathetic attention. You are as strong a factor in our reaching out to bring your spirit in harmony with our own as she is. You are both essential.”

At another time I asked, among other questions, “What does free will mean to you?”

Ans. — “Free will is the ignorant term by which poor mortality tries to define the great purpose which the prescience of Being shapes now and forever — purpose of Spirit.”

At one sitting a name was written, and the questions and replies were as follows:—

Ques. — “Have you any special thing you wish to say to us?”

Ans. — “So many things, but principally that we never die. I am more alive here than ever before. Doubt forever dispelled. Oh, if I could do ardent things by which I could reach all humanity, and assure it, as I am myself here assured, of soul life!”

Ques. — “How did you feel at the moment of death? Were you conscious or unconscious?”

Ans. — “Conscious of a change, but one so easily made that I felt puzzled whether, as Paul said, I was in the body or out. I saw what seemed to be me lying inert, senseless, while my real thinking, living self stood by unable to will that senseless body to make any movement; and I said, ‘Why, I am freed from that prison.’”

Ques. — “Were any of your spirit friends near you at that hour and perceptible to you?”

Ans. — “Looking around I was much surprised to see so many well-known friends.” (The names of several persons now dead were written.)

At a recent sitting answers in reply to questions were as follows:—

Ques. — “What spirit will now communicate?”

Ans. — “Wordsworth.”

Ques. — “Tell us what gave you the hope of immortality while yet on our plane.”

Ans. — “Laugh as you may, the Soul of the universe spoke to mine — a spark of it — and gave me those intimations which helped me to bear with life’s woes and absurdities; and through me many blinded mortals have caught glimpses of the great hope of poor suffering humanity, that the soul is all, but needs earth’s discipline.”

Ques. — “Upon what premises did you predicate your ‘Intimations of Immortality’?”

Ans. — “I based my hope, I received my intimations, I founded my expectations of immortal life upon the countless transformations seen in nature, or passing changes from one phase of existence to another — the chrysalis and butterfly, the acorn and oak, the embryo forms of life preceding humanity.”

Ques. (by S. A. U.) — “I hope you will not feel aggrieved by my expressed annoyance when your name was announced, for I felt doubtful.”

Ans. — “Born of woman, and free from earth’s contentious phases, I understand the passing irritability, and have nothing to forgive. Good night, and sometime we will come still nearer.”

Assuming that these messages which purport to come from extra-terrene minds are expressions of the sub-conscious or secondary self, why does that self claim to be a spirit apart from the primary self, a spirit that once lived in the flesh, but is now discarnate? Why does it represent itself at different times as different spirits of varying degrees of intelligence and moral character? Why does it control the hand to write messages, and ascribe them to hundreds of persons, distinguished and undistinguished, who are dead? Why does it thus, intentionally or unwittingly, deceive the principal self? If it possess sanity, knowledge, discrimination, and judgment necessary to write intelligently, to discuss philosophical questions, compose verses, and give detailed circumstantial statements respecting events and scenes, should it not be able to distinguish between this mundane state of being and another, real or imagined, which is supra-mundane, between itself and other personalities — Boehme,

Emerson, Lincoln, Bryant, and many unknown to fame? If the lower self has the power to make these distinctions, why is their writing purported to be directed by many spirits? Why is this lower self thus untruthful and given to deception, when the upper self is, as to veracity and trustworthiness, beyond suspicion? If the sub-conscious self really imagines that it is, at different times, all the personalities it claims to be, that its thoughts and feelings and its expressions of them are those of persons as unlike in intellect and character as a John Stuart Mill and a digger Indian, how shall we reconcile this fact with the average intelligence and reasoning power which it exhibits in the communications given? If the sub-conscious self is half asleep, dreaming, or undisciplined in thought, or if, as Mr. F. M. H. Myers imagines, it has "an undifferentiated perceptivity which antecedes sensory specialization, and which the specialization of the nerve stimuli, to which terrestrial evolution conducts us, may restrict as well as clarify," or if, from any other cause, it is subject to illusion and hallucination, still the question remains unanswered, How can thoughtful, discriminating statements and reasoned thought come from such a mental source?

There are many persons, whose character and *bona fides* are beyond doubt, who are moved to write, as it seems to them, by an entirely extraneous intelligence; and it is not surprising that so many who are acquainted with this phenomenon believe that the thought comes from, and that the writing is directed by, spirits. The handwriting; the variety in the style of writing; the views advanced; statements sometimes made, showing knowledge super-normally acquired, or at least forming no part of the conscious knowledge of the medium or others present; the general agreement in the description of spirit life, and the persistence with which the controlling intelligence declares that the messages are from spirits, combine to strengthen the conviction of thousands that the writing, if not always by those whose names are signed to the communications, is at least done by the agency of invisible beings.

On the other hand the frequent assumption of great names, and giving communications as from those who bore these names, which indicate but very ordinary intelligence; the impossibility of obtaining generally any test statements per-

taining to the personality or thought of those whose names are given, beyond the knowledge and grasp of the medium; the impossibility, at least except rarely, of getting a statement of facts and circumstances to identify the communicating intelligence; the disinclination to give names when the investigator shows a disposition to ask searching questions; the indefinite and commonplace character of most of the messages, even from the "advanced" spirits, and the undoubted inferiority of what purports to come from great minds compared with their acknowledged works, written when they were alive on earth; the certainty that in the writing are usually, sometimes more than others, indications of the medium's thought and peculiarities, though produced without his or her conscious effort; — these are among the facts which make careful thinkers, even those who see no *a priori* reasons against spirit intercourse, doubtful of the agency of spirits in producing the writing.

That there are communications written as from spirits, to which few if any of these objections apply, must in fairness be admitted — those in which the handwriting, characteristic style, including peculiarities of expression of the person whose name is given, all unknown to the medium, are reproduced; those in which detailed statements unknown to the medium and all others present are made, disbelieved, and afterwards learned to be substantially correct, statement of a personal character apparently sufficient to prove the identity of the intelligence from which the messages purport to come. What is the explanation of these facts? Do double consciousness and telepathy give it?

That there is a secondary consciousness is, I presume, beyond reasonable doubt. It crops up sometimes into the principal consciousness, and even replaces it, taking the initiative in conduct. There are cases on record in which there was not only an abrupt break in memory, but a complete change in character. In the *Scotch Medical Journal* an instance was reported of a man who every other day was a melancholic maniac, and every other day an active, shrewd business man. On the days he was in his normal state he could not be made to understand that he had days of insanity, and on his insane days he could not be made to believe that he had bright days. Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," gives an account of a young woman who, on waking

from a deep sleep several hours beyond her usual term, had lost every trace of her acquired knowledge, which was considerable. She had to learn again even how to spell, read, and write, and she slowly became acquainted with her surroundings, "like a being for the first time brought into the world." In a few months she had another fit of somnolency, on arousing from which she was restored to her primary state, with no memory of what had occurred during the period of secondary consciousness. In what she called her old state she possessed the knowledge acquired in that state; in her new state only what she learned in it. These periodical transitions lasted four years. The two consciousnesses seemed independent of each other. Numerous illustrations are familiar to all who have made double consciousness a subject of study. But I doubt whether the facts of temporary periodic or permanent amnesia help to explain so-called automatic writing; for while this writing is going on the medium may be in as normal a condition, as alert, reflective, discriminating, and judicial as he or she is at any time; may be unconscious of, and observers may be unable to see indications of, any mental alienation or disturbance; may discuss theories and speculations as to the cause of the writing as any other individual might, and show no impairment of ordinary mental power. There is no trance, no hypnotization, no mental aberration, but a movement of the hand, impelled and guided apparently by a foreign intelligent force and a construction of sentences in which the medium takes no part consciously, even the words of which are unanticipated before they are written, and the language and thought of which are criticised and discussed as freely by the medium as by any other person present.

Professor Pierre Janet and other French writers say that there are patients in whom secondary consciousness speaks when the patient is awake. M. Binet says: "I have seen three patients who, when we slightly pricked their insensible members, suddenly would complain in a loud voice, crying: 'You hurt me!' It was the second personality that spoke; for if we addressed the patient directly and called her by name, she would invariably declare that she had said nothing." Binet regards this fact and a few other similar facts as evidence that "there may exist in hysterical patients two rational faculties that are mutually ignorant of each other."

This writer admits that double consciousness, of which he thinks automatic writing a form, is not confined to hysterical persons, but may exist in persons apparently sound in mind and body. If the secondary consciousness may exist, unacquainted with the primary consciousness, and if the former can under certain circumstances speak, while the latter, although awake, takes no note of the fact, the phenomenon suggests that one of the so-called personalities might also write without the other personality's cognizance of it.

According to the reports of French experimenters, this is done. Readers who are familiar with experiments in hypnotism will readily recall those of Professors Janet and Richet with the peasant woman, Mme. B. (Léonie, Léontine, and Léonore), which revealed in the subject latent personalities in addition to the normal self, or it is probably more correct to say, different phases or strata of the same personality. Among the acts which the ordinary self was made to do while awake, by the secondary personality, was writing letters of which Mme. B. knew nothing until she discovered them, when she tore them up. Sometimes she sent them off as addressed without knowing it. Once Professor Janet received a letter from Mme. B., which was written in her usual respectful style, with her true name signed. On the opposite side of the sheet was a letter which read as follows: "My dear good sir, I must tell you that B. really, really makes me suffer very much; she cannot sleep, she spits blood, she hurts me. I am going to demolish her; she bores me. I am ill also. This from your devoted Léontine." Mme. B. remembered distinctly writing the first letter, but nothing of the second. These letters by Léontine were quite numerous. Professor Janet was able to watch Mme. B. when some of them were written. The woman was not in a cataleptic condition, but awake, though absent minded and sometimes "humming a rustic air; her right hand wrote quickly, and as it were surreptitiously."

When the automatic writing by Mrs. U.'s hand is going on, her ordinary consciousness notes it, questions the directing intelligence, hears all the verbal questions, and reads and discusses the answers. There is no insensible member, no break in the chain of memories which constitute her ordinary consciousness, no distraction, no absent mindedness, no disturbance of the normal self.

It has been suggested that the thought of an individual, without the aid of external signs, is transmissible to another individual placed near him or distant from him; that this is possible in different degrees in different persons, and subject to great variableness in the same person, and that the transmission acts on the unconscious intelligence, and not on the conscious activity, of the individuals who transmit or perceive the thought. This hypothesis has been mentioned as a possible explanation of the dominance of certain ideas, tendencies, and movements simultaneously in countries far apart; but it is merely a conjecture, and if established as a fact it would not explain the writing of sentences by the hand of a person entirely normal, who is unconscious of any mental or physical effort, either in the composition or in the formation of the letters.

There is much repeated after the French physiological psychologists, in regard to double consciousness, which has not been verified and is of doubtful scientific value; whether the actual facts among their speculations, together with the phenomenon of telepathy and kindred phenomena, will suffice to clear up what is now obscure in regard to "spirit writing," is a question which requires more knowledge than I possess to determine. But the most scornful opponents of spiritism, in discussing the subject, would do well to remember that the hypothesis they combat has among its adherents, with many credulous and gullible people, careful observers and discriminating, painstaking investigators, whose opinions are entitled to as much respect as are those who are trying to solve the problem on other lines. Automatic writing belongs to a class of phenomena the cause of which is not now understood, but the explanation of which I believe is possible by the observation and study of all the facts according to the scientific method which has been so successfully applied to the study of physical phenomena. Dr. Edward von Hartmann, in his work, "*Der Spiritismus*," says: "What we possess to-day in the way of evidences in history and among contemporaries suffices to convince me that the human organism contains more faculties than exact science has discovered and analyzed; I consider this fact a sufficient warrant to engage science earnestly in directing its attention and experimentation on this (occult) domain."

THE TENEMENT HOUSE PROBLEM IN NEW YORK.

BY EVA McDONALD VALESH.

THE tenement district of New York has long held the unenviable reputation of being the most densely populated quarter of any civilized city. Its population is estimated from eighty to two hundred thousand to the square mile. From such crowding and the intensified struggle for existence abnormal industrial conditions spring up. The peculiar character of the population makes possible a substitute for the cheapest factory work. The houses in this section shelter and encourage many industries which utilize the sewing machine and hand work.

This plan of having work done in the houses and by the combined efforts of whole families, leads to such a condition of degradation and misery that it is appropriately called the "sweating system." While it has spread to other large cities, yet it exists to a greater degree in New York and flourishes there with little restriction.

A stranger naturally asks, "What sort of people are these who passively submit to such a system and from whence do they come?" Stand on the docks at New York and watch the human freight being unloaded from an incoming ocean steamer. Hundreds of the lowest class of immigrants are among them. Whether assisted by philanthropy or coming of their own accord, America is the Mecca of their hopes. Here they expect that, in some vague way, all that was wrong in their lives will be made right. Landing ignorant and penniless, they are drawn, as by a magnet, across Battery Park, past the City Hall, through Five Points, to be forever swallowed up by that tenement district which should have posted across its portals the ominous warning, "Who enters here leaves hope behind."

Here they toil, under a cunningly devised slavery, until death mercifully sets them free. Thousands live and die in the tenement quarter as oblivious to the civilization typified

by Broadway and Fifth Avenue as if they had remained in some Russian village. The very dregs of foreign immigration always settle in New York, and the recent importation of the Baron Hirsch Jews can hardly be viewed in the light of philanthropy by this country. Their passage here is paid. They are taught the tailoring art in trade schools at twenty dollars per head. On leaving the trade school the sweat shop is the avenue of employment offered them. It is probably a cheap and expeditious method of disposing of this class, so far as Europe is concerned, but it is an additional burden to this country in a quarter where conditions were already well-nigh hopeless. Every industrial evil typical of the tenement quarter is aggravated by this new class of immigration.

If these things concerned New York alone, the rest of the country might view the matter quite philosophically, and even watch with impartial interest the working out of this strange problem.

But clothing made in these sweat shops is scattered broadcast over the country, carrying germs of disease to wearers, who never dream of the awful conditions under which such goods are made.

Various obstacles confront the investigator desirous of studying the sweating quarter. The police department and similar authorities apparently believe in the *laissez faire* policy, and have no inclination to aid students of economics in search of object lessons. Then the cleaning up at the time of the cholera scare and some intermittent attempts to enforce a clumsy law against sweaters, has caused an exodus from the old haunts to even worse quarters. No reliable list of sweat shops is obtainable, and many people would fain believe that the system is abolished. In truth, it is only burrowing deeper in the tenement quarter, and is the more dangerous because partially hidden.

The boss sweater, long accustomed to tyrannize over his helpless victims and fearful of interference, sometimes roughly attacks casual visitors. So the dangers of the quarter are greater than formerly.

Having the good fortune to obtain a guide who spoke the dialect of the quarter, and was thoroughly familiar with the locality, our party penetrated places seldom visited. The guide adopted the pretext of searching for a missing "Schneider" (tailor), and in this way avoided all danger, except

that from contagious disease and occasionally stumbling on some haunt of criminals.

On our way to the sweat shops we stood, one bleak December morning, in Mulberry Bend, watching the seething mass of humanity. The grim rows of tenements seem to wall in the street with all its foul odors. Heaps of rags and clothing hanging from the fire escapes are eloquent of the poverty that despairs. Along the edges of the pavement venders of decaying and frost-bitten vegetables vie with the dim and musty basement shops, where a grotesque semblance of trading goes on. From cellars and beneath the very pavement gaunt figures now and then emerge, showing that the inhabitants even burrow in the ground in their frantic effort to find shelter. All, even to the babies, have that pallid, haggard expression, characteristic of the quarter. Not one of the multitude exceeded the average height, and many fell below it. Not a clear eye or elastic step to indicate that health ever existed. Only the children laugh, and they do not yet know the pathos of their lives. The whole scene had a desolate weirdness, as if these were the shades of departed victims of poverty condemned to wander up and down, carrying on a ghastly semblance of the transactions of ordinary life. Alas! they were not even shades, but flesh and blood, out of which a profit could yet be wrung. The scene stamped on the heart of the observer an indelible image of what an earthly inferno can be.

There are scores of sweat shops in the area of Essex, Baxter, Ludlow, Mulberry, Market, and East Broadway streets.

It would be almost impossible to exaggerate the bad conditions under which the sweater population exists. But in this paper I desire only to dwell on these things in so far as they affect the health and well being of the whole country.

The tenement quarter is constructed on a plan which economizes space wonderfully. None of the buildings are new. The sanitary provisions are primitive, and often noticeable by their absence. The matter of securing ventilation seems never to have occurred to the builders. Usually the first row of tenements stands four stories high, and faces the street on all sides of the block. The hollow square inside would form a courtyard ordinarily; but here is a second row inside the first, the rear walls separated only by a few

inches. Thus two rows of tenements stand back to back, one facing the street, the other the courtyard. Then in the middle of the court is frequently found an old, dilapidated frame building. These three sets of buildings are known as the "outer court," "inner court," and "centre court." A number, as, for instance, 40 Essex Street, may refer to any portion of any floor of the three buildings on the space designated.

Understanding this construction, it no longer appears impossible that there are tenements, in the inner and central buildings, where daylight never penetrates. The people live by lamplight or otherwise sit in darkness. They are as really in a dungeon as convicts in the "solitary." Their hours of labor forbid them even going to the narrow street for light and air. I saw a family in a dark tenement, where a baby and a child two years old had never seen the sunlight or felt the open air.

The usual sweat shop consists of a two-room flat. The outer room, nine by twelve feet, has two windows; the inner, six by nine feet, has neither light nor air except that from the outer room. In these rooms intended for two persons, from twelve to eighteen men, women, and children are often found at work. The air is stifling. Heaps of clothing lie about on the floor, mixed with rubbish and scraps of food. The clothing on which the family work often serves as covering at night. Many of the workers are dying by inches from consumption and skin disorders. The foul air and filthy conditions of living can hardly fail to render fruitful the germs of these diseases. It is a matter of common knowledge that many disease germs are absorbed by clothing. They may remain dormant and wake to activity months after.

Contagious disease also runs riot. Often physicians are not called, and the general overcrowding makes it impossible for the health department to do efficient work. The cholera scare caused the most thorough cleansing the quarter has ever known. Yet the whitewash is already getting grimy; refuse is accumulating between walls and in courts. We found whole houses where the health department had failed to penetrate at all.

An epidemic of cholera breaking out in this quarter would be beyond control. It would not only rage in the quarter,

but filter out in the clothing to all parts of the country. I venture to doubt if any quarantine could suppress the contractors who manage the sweating system. Conscientious scruples are not a part of their moral endowment. In all probability sweat shops would exist during a cholera epidemic, just as they do now, when diphtheria, scarlet fever, and nameless contagious diseases claim their regular percentage every month, and leave their germs in the clothing manufactured in their midst.

The large manufacturers and landlords reap the profits of the sweating system. It is true that some wholesale clothiers do not allow their goods to be made in the sweating quarter; and it is equally true that many profit by the system *sub rosa*, while professing to shun it. The advantages to them are tempting. The work can be left to contractors who handle all disagreeable details. Under the sweating system there is no rent to pay for factories. Insurance, machinery, light, heat, and superintendence are also eliminated. The services of a whole family, working early and late, are obtained at about the wages paid per week to a single operative in the factory.

The sweaters come here with an inherited low standard of living. It is a sad fact that, as a rule, they are not dissatisfied with their condition. Always inured to toil, they accept it as a matter of course, so that it is hopeless to expect them to initiate reforms for themselves. Coming from country villages, and without the faintest conception of sanitation, they fail to estimate the influence of the tenement environment. Accustomed to the simple habits of country villages and plenty of fresh air, they endured many hardships and still maintained their health. In the New York tenement quarter, however, their slovenly habits, overcrowding, vitiated air, lack of good food, long hours of labor, and low wages reduce them to a condition which one shrinks from contemplating.

Leaving aside these things, the question remains of how to protect the public from the products of this quarter.

The sweating system ten years ago flourished in cigar-making just as it does now in clothing. The cigar-makers working in factories and receiving fair wages, formed associations throughout the country, and adopted a label to distinguish their goods from those made in the tenement quarter.

By calling public attention to the danger of tenement-house cigars and explaining the significance of the label, they have succeeded in completely uprooting the tenement-house trade in cigars. Garment workers in factories are adopting the same plan, and their label gives the public an opportunity to avoid the products of sweat shops.

Still, the fact remains that so long as the tenement quarter *exists*, some industry will be carried on there, under practically the same conditions that now exist in the clothing trade. We saw candy, neckties, toys, suspenders, and similar articles being made there. These industries could be easily substituted for the clothing.

The unlimited sources have much to do with perpetuating the sweating system. Let this pauper and ignorant immigration be excluded for the future. The present tenement-house race would die out in a few years. Their children are bright, and under proper training would make good citizens.

Our system of land tenures and taxation certainly gives the owners of these quarters special privileges. A house-keeper of one of the buildings which had an inner and central court adjunct, told me that it yields a rental of six hundred dollars a month, or more than seven thousand dollars a year. A well-known rental agent truly said: "Enough rent has been collected from every house in that quarter to rebuild it in brownstone and marble, and still pay a high rate of interest on the capital invested."

As the least concession, public health and safety demand that the state or municipality interfere and compel the owners of these buildings to make them conform with modern sanitary and hygienic conditions, even if it were necessary to tear down the whole quarter, and rebuild it, as was recently done with a similar district in Naples. Regulations could be enforced in regard to overcrowding, and the quarter put in such a condition that the proper authorities could easily inspect and regulate employment. All this would not restrain the landlords from reaping an immense profit. It would not relieve poverty nor solve the future of these people.

But the use of the labels distinguishing the garments made outside of sweatshops will give the public an opportunity to avoid the goods.

The restriction of immigration will cut off a class of im-

migrants which tends only to lower the American standard of living.

The rebuilding of the tenement quarter will largely remove the present menace to the general health.

These measures are far from utopian; in fact, they only alleviate certain extreme conditions; but it will need a shock of some sort, possibly a visitation of Providence in the shape of cholera, to arouse public opinion to study these conditions and enforce the remedies.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION: A REPLY.

BY CHESTER A. REED.

THE purpose of a compulsory arbitration enactment is to substitute, or attempt to substitute, for demand and supply, and the other non-moral causes now operating to regulate wages, considerations of justice. Such a law assumes that there is a right, superior to mere contract, possessed by a laborer to receive *just* wages, and a corresponding obligation on the side of the employer, enforceable against him at law, to pay such wages. Its purpose is, in short, to restrict the right of contract to a greater extent than has yet been attempted.

The question is not adequately presented by the illustration of two boys fighting in the streets for the possession of property; or of two states in this Union involved in a difference which they desire to settle by force. Here, if there is anything for the courts to pass upon, the parties must submit to the courts, or be treated as criminals. But suppose there has been no violation, nor claim of a violation of any legal duty on one side. Suppose a person, passing along the street, to be assaulted by another, who attempts to take his property from him: if a disturbance ensues, it cannot be said that the assaulted person is in the wrong for not settling the question in the courts. There is nothing to be settled there except the degree of punishment adapted to the violent conduct of the person making the assault. There is no question for the law to adjudge between the parties, but simply a question between the state, as the guardian of the peace, and the party who has broken the peace. It must be borne in mind that the two parties in an industrial dispute on a large scale have the same privilege that other disputants have of an appeal to the courts. The strikers at Homestead and at Buffalo had this privilege. If their employers had violated their contracts, they might have been made to respond suitably in damages. But it was not con-

tended, I believe, that any contract had been violated. The trouble arose from the fact that the Carnegie Company and the New York Central Railroad attempted to exercise their power to employ whom they liked, and at what wages they liked, provided they broke no previous contract by so doing; and this course, causing greater or less hardship to the men, either in the amount of wages lost by the reduction, or by threatening the power and solidity of their organizations, they refused to work. Now, if this had happened on a small scale, we should have heard no more about it. If it had been the case of some shopkeeper, who, having engaged his clerk for a year, at the end of that time proposed to reduce his salary, what would be the proper course of the clerk if he objects? His only remedy now is to seek some other occupation; and if he assaults his employer, or other clerks who come to take his place, he is treated as a criminal. But, say those who advocate compulsory arbitration, the law which allows the employer to reduce those wages, if they were reasonable before, is a bad law. The employer's money is not his to that absolute extent. He has obtained it by his clerk's assistance; and as long as the clerk behaves himself, and does the same amount of work, he is entitled to the same amount of salary. It belongs to him, and he has a right to it which the law should enforce; and in a case of this sort the question of the proper amount of salary for that clerk should be submitted to the impartial judgment of third parties, and their decree enforced as the decrees of other courts are enforced.

I am aware that most advocates of compulsory arbitration do not go this length. They would, for the present, they say, restrict the application of the law to certain corporations only, on the ground that a corporation, being an artificial person, created by the state, the state can restrict its powers as it sees fit. This, of course, is true to a certain extent. But assuming it to be true for the purposes of this case, — that there would be no constitutional objection, that is, to a compulsory arbitration law applied to certain corporations, — it seems unfortunate that so important and fundamental a change in our system should be made to rest on a merely technical ground. Surely, its advocates are not supporting it on such narrow considerations, but on the larger one of justice and humanity. Might not all the Homestead dis-

turbances have taken place if Mr. Carnegie had owned those works as an individual, instead of as the principal stockholder, and president of a corporation? Yet, in the former case, he would not be within the reach of the law proposed by Dr. Abbott. If compulsory arbitration is necessary at all, it is quite as necessary where individuals employ large numbers of men as where corporations do. And, further, there seems to be no good reason why, if it be just to invoke its protection in cases involving many, a single individual should be denied its beneficial effect. It is not possible to distinguish in principle the case of the shopkeeper and his clerk from that of the great corporation and its employees.

It is true that in the latter case the bad effects of a disagreement are far more widespread and disastrous; and, in truth, it is the extent rather than the nature of great labor disturbances which draws attention to them, and which moves advocates of compulsory arbitration to call for extraordinary remedies. Without doubt, the industrial situation is very far from satisfactory. The power of capital over the lives and destinies of wage workers is portentous; and the possession of this power has brought to its owners no adequate sense of moral responsibility and obligation. There is an absence of sympathy between rich and poor, a gulf separating their interests and ambitions, which is altogether to be regretted, and which is accountable for the hard and uncharitable attitude of one class towards the other. The root of the matter, perhaps, is the vulgar Philistine standards of attainment in life which at present prevail among all classes; the exclusive attention given to the acquirement of material objects of comfort and luxury as the only serious occupation, and as an effect thereof the zeal for industrial development, on which the world has run mad. These are influences which contribute much to the general feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest which are characteristics of the present time. It is not here, however, a question of the disease, but of the remedy. Things may be bad, and yet by unwise legislation be made worse. The community should not rush to a radical change like compulsory arbitration without some knowledge of the principles on which it rests, and without attempting to foresee the consequences which it implies.

Compulsory arbitration is governmental interference to a

very considerable extent more than at present tolerated. It is an application of the ideas of socialism, collectivism, or nationalism (whichever name one prefers). I am aware that those who advocate compulsory arbitration do not avow this — sometimes, apparently, are not conscious of it. What they believe passes under the name of the “new theory of labor.” The Boston *Evening Transcript*, under date of July 16, after editorially advocating compulsory arbitration, adds: “This implies the *new theory of labor* — that one for which Mr. Palmer recently stood sponsor on the floor of the Senate. It assumes, on the one hand, that the workman is not a tool, differing from the rest of the machinery chiefly in degree of unreliability, but a human being, *entitled*, not only to his daily livelihood, but to a chance for development.” (All italics mine.) This theory is, to judge from examination of Senator Palmer’s speech and the utterances of numerous labor leaders on the Homestead disturbances and the labor outlook in general, that the present industrial system is not simply unwise and unfortunate, but unjust; that the laborer has rights, positive rights, which are now denied him; that, being himself the creator of all or most of the wealth in existence, he should receive a much greater share of it than at present; that the capitalist’s wealth is not to be regarded as precisely his own, but as held by him, as it were, on an implied trust that he shall use it in ways which are beneficial to the community. The capitalist is enabled to lead the wholly selfish life that he does, to aggrandize himself, and to exploit, or rob his workmen, through the agency of *laissez-faire* and competition, by which the latter are compelled to bid among themselves for the privilege of employment. These agencies, therefore, are bad. Laws which check them are just, and cannot fail to be in the right direction; and such a law would be a compulsory arbitration enactment, which would not leave the amount of wages to be regulated by competition, but by justice. This I understand to be the line of argument by those who favor this measure, and this is the line of argument of socialism. It may be seen in the works of Ferdinand Lassalle, or of Karl Marx, to mention recent expositors. The absence of the name “socialism” is rather singular. There is no doubt that socialistic doctrines are making much progress among our people, but it is under

other names. The Socialist Labor Party and the Nationalist Party are weak and derided; yet Senator Palmer talks about the new theory of labor, and it is hailed as a discovery, and finds many adherents. Interviews with labor leaders are being constantly published, which are no more than *résumés* of socialistic handbooks with the word "socialism" left out. A reason for this undoubtedly is the distaste felt by the most influential part of the community for a word which has been unfortunately associated with the use of dynamite for political assassination, which certain socialists have advocated and occasionally practised.

One should, however, free one's self from prejudice on this account, and determine to judge great movements by essential, not by accidental, features. If socialism or collectivism is right, let us adopt it; but let us first understand its fundamental propositions. One of the most prominent of English socialists is Mr. J. Belfort Bax; and in the pages of his various works is set out, more clearly than I have seen it elsewhere, the principles of the socialistic theory. Mr. Bax says that man, being inherently incomplete in himself, is continually needing and receiving the help of others. This has been going on since the foundation of society, and there has thus accrued a very large debt due to society from each individual, which simple justice, the bare appreciation of the binding nature of a debt, requires each to pay. To this end he should, to the neglect of personal interests, live for the social whole, striving to develop the virtues like integrity, generosity, and sincerity, which are objective, which affect others, rather than the subjective virtues, which more exclusively affect himself. To regard the welfare of society, and to do nothing opposed to it, is the first and greatest duty of man; and infringements of this duty the law may properly restrain and punish. This social duty, Mr. Bax explains, is the origin of the whole sense of the moral obligation in man. "The meaning of the *ought* of conscience is nothing more nor less than the explicit or implicit consciousness of the inadequacy of the individual and his interests as an end to himself."

Mr. Bax is an agnostic, or, as I believe he prefers to be called, an atheist, so that his suggestion concerning the origin of the moral sense can hardly be satisfactory to those who accept the current creed. But this is not material.

The main point in the theory is the doctrine of the *social debt*, the obligation of the individual to society, based on past benefits received at the hands of society by the individual or his progenitors, which debt the law may enforce. This is the keystone of socialism; it is the categorical imperative, the *ought*, the *must*, of the system; and if it is untrue, the structure is apparently deprived of logical foundation.

Yet this doctrine, when carefully examined, seems to be little better than a rhetorical figure. The inherited debt which was spoken of was discharged contemporaneously by the individual's ancestors. Persons forming a government for mutual defence and interest contribute each his share to the common whole. What each receives he pays for; pays for in taxes or in whatever form his share of the burden of maintaining the government may take. It is true, the beneficial effect of the union is far greater than could be obtained by all the individuals working separately, else it would not have been formed. But whatever any individual owes for that to the society, a compensating amount is owed to him in infinitesimal fractions by all the other members of the society for what he has done. His account with society is therefore balanced. If two individuals, A and B, owe one another ten dollars each for goods which each has sold to the other, the obligation of each is cancelled. They do not continue to owe one another, yet no doubt each may feel a sense of gratitude — or a debt of gratitude, as we say — to the other for the advantage or pleasure derived from the use of the other's goods. And this is the nature of the so-called debt of the individual to society. It is a feeling of kindness arising from occupations and pursuits conducted side by side, by the division of labor which renders each man's work worthless without that of his fellows. Conceivably, one might feel this sense of gratitude for a large portion of the human race; but in the present undeveloped state of altruistic feeling it is confined, among most persons, to those with whom the mutual offices of kindness are frequent and important; that is, to their family or friends.

Those who hold that governments should to-day restrict their action rather than enlarge it, are seeking the same general results as their opponents: the extension of benevolence, sympathy, and other altruistic feelings among the members of the community. But they differ diametrically as

to the means. To them it seems that these feelings cannot arise under the pressure of coercion; that to have any strength or real permanency they must be spontaneous; and that the attempt to legislate sympathy into employers will fail of its object, but, worse yet, will have a reactionary effect in diminishing the self-reliance and self-respect of the workman; that, furthermore, for the law to diminish the control of a person over his property to the extent proposed by socialism, is unwarrantable tyranny, and is based on a proposition concerning the social debt which is no more than a superficial fallacy. They hold that the primary duty of a man is his own development, and that his duty to society, though great, is of a secondary nature, and one which he can best fit himself to perform by arduous attention to self-improvement. In short, to use a convenient phrase, that the ideal society must be sought through the ideal individual, not conversely. This doctrine they support by the evidences displayed in the history of all organic life, wherefrom it is demonstrable that progress has been accompanied by increase of separation from the environment, of individuation, of self-dependence; that these, in short, are the characteristic phenomena of progress. To cultivate originality and independence of thought among its members should therefore be the great purpose of a state, and this it can best accomplish by leaving to each the greatest possible amount of liberty, by interfering with each one's life at the fewest possible points. A person's own nature and thoughts can best be known to himself, and he must, in the long run, be his own teacher. It is in the hard school of experience that he must learn, if he learn at all. It is to himself principally that he must owe his happiness or unhappiness.

The cause of the present unsatisfactory social condition is traced by Individualists rather to too much interference by the government than to too little. I agree with Dr. Abbott that a great impending danger, in this country at least, is the power of corporations. And whence did this originate? On what plea have they been tolerated? On the plea of the public convenience. On socialistic grounds their great powers were given to them; and now these Titans, which were designed to be the servants of the public, have become its masters. The advantages derived from their existence, are often too dearly paid for, and it would be better if much

of their power were taken away so far as it can in justice be done. The ideal condition is surely that where to the minimum number of individuals, fictitious or otherwise, are given powers greater than those bestowed on other men. But it seems an ill-chosen policy to offset the present bad laws by others equally bad, to counteract the effects of governmental interference by additional interference.

Of course, with any measure to-day the question is partly a practical one. There are few thoughtful individualists who would desire to repeal all laws which to-day are socialistic in tendency. The question is one of degree. In the present state of feeling on the question, certainly a measure of state interference must be expected, nor do individualists contend that the time has yet come, or is likely soon to come, for its entire removal. But the proposed law of compulsory arbitration is monstrous in practice as well as in theory. If the employee's wages are to be regulated by outsiders, with the alternative to employers of going out of business, this must, without fail, constitute a new danger to business enterprise. Often the large profits of one year are but an offset to the losses of a previous year, and the impossibility of knowing what wages one is to pay, must render the price of the manufactured article uncertain, and make competition with places where such a law does not prevail, or where the adjusting parties have not the same idea of reasonable wages, very difficult; and to be anywhere near perfect, the adjustment should be often repeated, in order to meet the altered conditions of the market. What could result from such a law but increased want of sympathy, bitterness and hatred between employers and employed, accompanied by a relaxation of prudence and self-control on the part of the workmen, as the necessity for these qualities was diminished by the paternal supervision of a government, the authority of which could be helpful only to those who were and continued to be children.

ANARCHISM: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

BY VICTOR YARROS.

It was an observation of John Stuart Mill's that to *know* a thing it is necessary to realize, not only what it is, but also what it is not. Applying this definition or test to that passage of Mr. Thomas B. Preston's paper on "Are We Socialists?" (ARENA, December) in which he states and criticises the principles of anarchism, we find ourselves entitled to affirm that Mr. Preston scarcely possesses such familiarity with, and comprehension of, the essential doctrines of anarchism as would justify confident criticism of that school.

What is anarchism, and who are the anarchists? Loosely speaking, there are two schools of anarchism, two species of anarchists. There is the school of communist anarchism. This school rigorously adheres to the economic and political teachings of Michael Bakounin. It insists on the "expropriation of the expropriators" — capitalists and men who live on rent, interest, or profit — and the total abolition of private property in capital, or the means and instruments of production. It favors the use of physical force, and is openly revolutionary. In short, most of Mr. Preston's statements concerning anarchists certainly may be accepted as tolerably exact with reference to this school. The school to which Mr. Preston's predications do not apply is that of individualist anarchism. Strictly speaking, this school is the only one in the field which possesses the right to the term "anarchist," since, as will presently be established, it is the only school which logically and consistently follows out the principle of non-interference with personal liberty. Whether it carries out the principle specified "to an exaggerated absurdity," is, of course, a matter of opinion; but before delivering any judgment, let us ascertain the precise significance of the principle of "personal liberty" espoused by the individualist anarchists.

Few are aware that the anarchistic principle of "personal liberty" is absolutely coincident with the famous Spencerian

"first principle of human happiness," — the principle of "equal freedom," — to which precise expression is given in the following formula: Every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man. This principle of equal freedom the individualist anarchists accept without reservation or qualification, recognizing no exceptions to scientific *ethical* laws, any more than to physical laws. By accepting the principle is naturally meant the acceptance of all its corollaries or logical deductions; and these corollaries are: the right to physical integrity, which negatives murder, assault, and minor trespasses; the rights to free motion and locomotion, which imply the freedom to move from place to place without hindrance; the right to the uses of natural media — land, light, air; the right to property, in products as well as in means of production, which negatives any species of robbery and any system of compulsory "nationalism" or communism; the rights of gift and bequests; the rights of free exchange and free contract; the right of free industry; the rights of free belief and worship; and the rights of free speech and publication. These rights are natural *social* rights, and no society can be stable and harmonious which tolerates their infringement. The test of social progress is observance and respect of these personal rights, and not any form of government. "Crime" can mean nothing else than the violation of one or more of these positive rights; no individual who refrains from aggression or invasion of rights can possibly be criminal.

Now, from this point of view let us examine the ethical character of our present political practices. It is admitted without hesitation that no *individual* can rationally or justly claim the right to trench upon the freedom of any one of his fellows; but it is generally assumed that a government — that is, a body representing a *majority* of the individuals — is entitled to traverse and violate many of the rights of the individual. If the government should attempt to murder a citizen against whom no crime was alleged, it would certainly cause a revolution, it being universally felt that murder does not cease to be a crime when committed by public authorities. Yet when government breaks the law of equal freedom by taxing men against their consent, and thus denying the right to property; or when it imposes a "duty" on imports, and prohibits men from exchanging

freely with people of other lands, and thereby tramples upon the right of free exchange; or when it passes laws in restriction of banking and the issuing of circulating notes, in distinct contradiction of the rights to free industry, free exchange, and free contract; or when it compels the observance of religious holidays in spite of the right to free belief; or when it monopolizes the letter-carrying industry regardless of the prohibition of such actions by the rightful freedom of industry, the great majority of men do not dream of interposing any objection or raising the question of the ethical propriety of such conduct. In other words, the great majority of people act upon the tacit or avowed belief that there are two ethical standards, not one, and that governments are not to be judged in the same manner as individuals. That which is a crime, a punishable act, when committed by a private citizen, may be a legitimate and even praiseworthy act when done in the name of the government. Is this belief rational?

No, answers the individualist anarchist. That which the ethical law interdicts is a crime when proceeding from the government no less than when proceeding from the private citizen. This answer clearly implies more than is embraced in the position of Spencerian individualists. According to these, it is wrong for the government to assume any function save that of protecting the rights of individuals, of enforcing the corollaries of the law of equal freedom. But it is claimed that there is an ethical warrant for *compelling* men to support a government organized for such a purpose; that there is an ethical warrant for compulsory taxation and for government *not* based on individual consent. On the other hand, the individualist anarchists maintain that a government not based on actual consent of the governed is pure tyranny, and that compulsory taxation is robbery. To interfere with a man who acts within the limits of equal freedom, who invades no one's proper sphere, is a crime, and hence all governments resting on compulsory taxation are unethical. It is undoubtedly true that men are confronted with the necessity of providing for systematic and organized protection of their rights or freedoms; still, he who declines to accept the protection of government and to contribute toward its support, can only be said to be guilty of folly, and of folly which by no means necessarily involves the

injury of his fellows; therefore there is no warrant for any interference with him.

In view of these elucidations, is it correct to assert that individualist anarchists contemplate the utter abolition of "all law and government"? The answer is, yes and no. It is important to distinguish and to bear in mind the anarchistic definitions of the terms used. If by "government" be understood voluntary co-operation for purposes of defence against aggression, then the anarchists are emphatically in favor of it. As long as anti-social feelings and tendencies exist, co-operation against invaders is a necessity. If by "law" be understood *ethical* law, the law of social life, then the anarchists strenuously insist on its faithful observance. But if by government be meant the coercion of the non-aggressive individual, then anarchism wages eternal war upon it; if by law be meant the statutes enacted by men both ignorant and reckless of the essential conditions of social happiness, then anarchism posits "no law." Those who imagine that "the abolition of all law and government" is equivalent, in intention and fact, to the deliberate abandonment of all attempts to *enforce* justice and punish aggression, are betrayed into error by their definitions of the terms "law" and "government." In proclaiming the sovereignty of the individual, the anarchist demands for him the full enjoyment of every liberty *except* the liberty to trespass. In other words, the anarchist contends for *equal* liberty, and wants every individual to count for one and no more than one. Invasion of rights he would punish, and he would co-operate voluntarily with his fellows for this as for numerous other purposes. But he would not coerce non-invasive citizens into co-operation of any kind. While, if left free, men's self-interest, as well as their love of fair play, will prompt them to co-operate in the organization of protection against crime, there is no ethical warrant for compelling men to belong to any defensive or insurance associations. The anarchist thus upholds the right of the non-aggressive individual to "ignore the state."

Two considerations have to be emphasized before proceeding to review and meet Mr. Preston's criticisms *seriatim*. In the first place, the anarchists do not expect to obtain golden conduct out of leaden instincts, and to realize the perfect political system under conditions so unfavorable as

those of to-day. The fundamental question of voluntary taxation is not with them at present a question of *practical* politics, but one of scientific politics, or rather of ethical and social science. They believe, with Spencer, that "an ideal, far in advance of practicability though it may be, is always needful for right guidance." They are not impatient, and are satisfied with slow and gradual progress; but they insist on moving *towards* the ideal, not away from it. Anarchists gladly work with other reformers whenever the demand is really for an enlargement of liberty and opportunity, and for a restriction of governmental activity, but they do not mistake one plank for the entire platform, a part for the whole. Free trade is a step in advance, and the anarchists would aid in securing it. Free banking and free credit they deem one of the most vital of economic reforms, and they are ready to devote themselves to its furtherance. Land reform they regard as of great importance, and any movement tending to make occupation and use the title to land will command their warm approval. And so on. But they never permit themselves to forget that the goal, the ideal, is the abolition of all forms of compulsory co-operation, and that the progress of society has been from the principle of militarism to that of industrialism, from status to contract, "from a condition in which agreement results from authority (to use the words of G. H. Lewes) to a condition where authority results from agreement."

The second fact requiring explicit and emphatic asseveration is that the individualist anarchists are not revolutionists, and do not rely on physical force. They do, however, favor *passive* resistance to despotism and governmental invasion. A refusal of the Irish tenants to pay rent would be applauded by them, as would also an attempt to disregard any law not sanctioned by equity and reason. Disregard of tariff laws or banking laws or Sunday laws meets with their indorsement, but the methods of the so-called "anarchist communists" they reject as suicidal. As far as possible they would go with Carlyle in endeavoring "to do justice justly." Dissemination of true conceptions of economic and political justice is their chief task and method.

And now descending to the specific and particular, let us deal with Mr. Preston. Anarchism, he avers, "would abolish all government, and leave individuals subject only

to natural laws." This is true, though not in the sense intended. Anarchism would insist on obedience to all natural *social* laws, and would abolish all laws and all government not in harmony with the real laws of social life. "In a perfect state of society, the anarchists claim, men would do right without any laws. Education and self-control would rule the individual," etc. Yes, anarchists do claim all this, but their claim is not original. Philosophical Christians and evolutionists are in accord with them in this matter. But an anarchist society may be far from perfect, and hence stand in need of penal institutions and defensive organizations; and these are wholly compatible with anarchist principles. Anarchism does not tolerate crime; it merely insists on the right of the non-criminal to ignore the defensive bodies, as we are allowed to-day to ignore insurance companies. Crime would be punished by anarchism, since courts and juries and prisons would remain. "Communities would be formed of individuals attracted to each other by a similarity of tastes and desires. If a member of one of these groups became dissatisfied, he would leave it, and join some other group, more congenial to his tastes." Communist anarchists will recognize in these descriptions a more or less faithful outline of their system; but to individualist anarchists they have a queer, unfamiliar, and unpleasant sound. Individualist anarchists scout the notion that to work for wages is degrading, and that the wage system necessarily involves exploitation of labor. Under a system of equality of opportunity, the laborer would receive the full product of his labor in the form of wages, and the capitalist would receive nothing but proper compensation for *his* services as organizer and captain of industry. Really *free* competition (which does not exist to-day) would bring about this condition of things. The trouble with us is, not that workmen are forced to work for others for wages, but that monopoly and law-created privilege place capital in a position to dictate terms to the laborer. The supply of labor exceeds the demand for it, and therefore wages are below their natural level — the total product of the laborer. Under a system of free land — or occupying ownership — and free credit, the demand for labor would exceed the supply, and wages would rise. Still, the individualist anarchists believe, with Mill and Cairnes, that association is to be the watchword of the

future, and that future industrial relations will be prevailingly based on the co-operative principle. The talk about "communities" and "similarity of tastes," however, is as irrelevant to the industrial ideal of the individualists as it is to that of the economists named. "Theoretical anarchy may thus be defined as a state of society in which every one does as he pleases without doing wrong." No; theoretical anarchy is to be defined as a state of society in which every one is allowed to do as he pleases *so long* as he does not please to break the law of *equal* freedom. "As long as men are subject to the physical necessities of the body, . . . there will be a clash of material interests which requires regulation; and such regulation requires government." Defining "government" as the coercion of *non-invasive*, "such regulation" does *not* require government in the opinion of the anarchists. To assert that it does, is to beg the very question at issue. Institutions to protect rights and restrain aggression are not to be confounded with government. If the institutions are formed on the voluntary principle, they are not "government." Is a fire insurance company "government"? That which is based on actual consent is not government. "The trouble with many anarchists is that they wish to bring about their system by violence," etc. This is true of the so-called communistic anarchists, who are not really entitled to the name they usurp, since they believe in compulsory communism and violate the law of equal freedom; but it is not true of the real anarchists, — the individualist anarchists, who abjure violent methods. "In theory they simply carry out to an exaggerated absurdity the doctrine of non-interference with personal liberty." It is manifest that this was written on the assumption that anarchists would not resist crime and would not undertake to enforce the law of justice or equal freedom. Since, however, as has been explained, only the inoffensive are to be allowed to ignore the defensive organizations, while aggressors are to be punished and coerced, the charge of exaggerated absurdity falls to the ground.

But perhaps Mr. Preston holds that it is absurd to favor voluntary taxation, "government by actual consent," and that the attempt to carry out the law of equal freedom would be fatal to society. If so, I can only say that anarchists differ with him.

MASTERS.

BY MABEL HAYDEN.

IN every Age is inspiration given
To noble souls who faithfully, alone,
Have in the cause of some grand purpose striven
To lead the van of truth and progress on;

No matter; when the woof and web of time
Are gathered as the years weave slowly on,
These ideal hopes and purposes sublime
Will bring fruition in a clearer dawn.

And thus, like stars resplendent in the night,
These radiant souls flash out from age to age,
And leave the inspiration of their light,
Their rôles unfinished on the shifting stage.

THE SO-CALLED "FAD" IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY HELEN E. STARRETT.

THE public schools in many of our large cities, notably those of Chicago, have recently been made the object of bitter newspaper and other attacks on account of the presence in their curriculum of several so-called "fads." These "fads" are the teaching of vocal music, drawing, modelling in clay, color work, and German. According to some, the attack on these is also intended to help forestall the incorporation into the public-school system of another fad, the kindergarten. In these attacks many men and women identified with the labor movement have joined with the vigor which usually characterizes their movements. That in so doing they, as well as other assailants, are making a fatal mistake will, we hope, be apparent after a thoughtful consideration or rather reconsideration of the value of these so-called "fads" to children in the public schools, especially to the children of the laboring classes and of the poor.

The question of the propriety of teaching a foreign language in the public schools of this country need not be argued in this paper. While such teaching is classed among the fads that have been so vigorously attacked, it has, comparatively speaking, small interest compared with the teaching of other studies proposed to be thrown out of our public schools; viz., music, drawing, modelling in clay, and color work, to say nothing of the intent to forestall the adoption of the fad of the kindergarten.

The value and importance of teaching the arts of beauty and refinement, such as music, drawing, and literature, in the public schools may perhaps best be shown by an illustration.

A large employer of labor in the department of building and contracting in one of our large cities was recently asked about the rates of wages paid to different classes of workmen in his employ, and the effect of particularly high wages upon the laborers who received them. His reply was that a certain class of laborers, on account of a thoroughly organized union, were able to command the highest wages paid to mechanics.

This particular class did not do specially skilled work, and its members were among the most uneducated to be found in the ranks of labor. He said that they save no more money and provided no better for their families than laborers who received lower wages. The reason for this he believed to be their entire lack of intellectual development or education. Many of them seemed but little removed in their instincts and desires above the most ignorant and brutal of foreign immigrants. They had no appreciation of comfort and beauty in their homes, hence had no desire to improve them. A place to sleep and to eat was their only idea of home, and dirt and disorder there did not trouble them. Their higher wages were spent in the gratification of the sensuous appetites, in liquor and tobacco. As for the time gained by the shortening of the hours of labor, they did not know how to use it, except in gathering in crowds in saloons or beer halls, in ignorant gossiping, smoking, quarrelling and beer drinking. There was no development of the intellectual or higher nature that would enable them to enjoy reading or the companionship of their families, or the beautifying or improving of their homes. His opinion, therefore, was that shorter hours and higher wages were of no particular benefit to uneducated labor.

Now for laborers or others who have attained the age of manhood or womanhood without the implanting of any of those uplifting tastes that tend to elevate man above the brute, nothing can be done; it is too late. The man or woman who cares to provide only for food and shelter is but little higher in the scale of being than the animal that grunts its comfort from its well-fed stall. But "man does not live by bread alone." His higher nature must be developed and fed and nourished, and that higher nature is the one that appreciates and loves beauty, refinement, harmony, music — in short, art. How easy it is to see where the fundamental remedy lies that shall prevent the children of these laborers from following in the footsteps, and living the sluggish, debasing life of their parents. It is wholly in the hands of the teachers in the public schools, to whom is intrusted the responsibilities of educating their children. If these laborers had any intellectual resources; if they cared to read; if they appreciated even neatness and order, to say nothing of beauty, what changes would at once

be wrought in their lives. The wages that now go for beer and tobacco would be spent in securing comforts, and even adornments, for their homes and for their wives and children. Books, magazines, and papers would have some place in the enjoyment of their leisure. If they loved music, the practice of that art in social organizations and for entertainment would take the place of coarse stories and ribald jokes. The opportunity for implanting these higher tastes in their children is one that must be seized by the patriotic and philanthropic teachers in our public schools, or there is no hope for the elevation in the social and intellectual scale of these their fellow-creatures.

Here is the truest, the deepest reason why the elements of all the arts should form a part of the public-school curriculum. The teacher who can implant in the children of the debased and ignorant even the germs of a love for music, for poetry, for literature, for beauty; who can teach them to love the simple songs of true music, or the simple poems of the true poet; who can awaken in them a love for flowers, or beauty in any form; who can draw them away from the belief that the only end and aim of life is to be fed and clothed and housed — that teacher will prove the evangelist who shall help to elevate the laboring classes of the future into habits of life that will make higher wages and short hours of labor of some permanent value.

This much by way of argument as to the value of teaching the elements of art in the public schools as related to the grown-up man or woman. But how is it as related to the happiness and well being of children themselves? One of the arguments used against the teaching of any of these arts in the public schools is that the children have no time for them. This is utterly untrue. No child who attends the public school in any large city spends less than three hours in the school room. Now, the first necessity for a healthful and happy development of the child is variety of occupation, change, opportunity for expression. As one of the wise women superintendents of the Chicago public schools said in effect in regard to the work of modelling in clay, no child can be kept for three hours at the work of reading and writing and numbers, without great fatigue. The little brain needs change, refreshment, interest, and this is precisely what is furnished by the introduction of singing, drawing,

clay modelling, and color work. And at the same time that the child is thus allowed its inalienable birthright of that happiness which comes from the exercise of its faculties, in activities that correspond to those faculties, its embryotic tastes for the beautiful are being cultivated and afforded opportunity for development. The incessant and necessary activity of the child is rightly directed, and results in happiness and content. The child that is taught to use its little fingers in modelling in clay, in copying geometrical or other symmetrical and beautiful forms, in drawing the flowers or birds or other objects that it sees, in carving forms and figures of grace and beauty in wood — that child will not be tempted — will have no desire to cut disfiguring notches or senseless figures into its desk. It will not need to find an outlet for its nervous force and irrepressible activity in kicking its heels against the desk, or pulling its seat-mate's hair. The true teacher of to-day has learned that the fundamental secret of rightly educating a child is to direct its activities, bodily and mental, into beautiful, useful, and rewarding work. This is the secret of the kindergarten, and it is one of the strongest reasons why this "fad" also should be engrafted upon, incorporated in, our public-school system.

There is great danger that in the reaction against a system or systems of education that fail properly to prepare the student to "earn a living," as the phrase goes, we shall swing to the other extreme, and cut off many of those studies which, if they do not directly tend to aid in the work of "earning a living," at least tend to make life worth living, after food and shelter have been earned. The material needs of man must be provided for first, as the basis upon which the spiritual life shall be built up and sustained. "First that which is natural; afterwards that which is spiritual," is the dictum of philosophy as well as of grace. But let us beware of laying too great stress upon the foundation and forgetting the superstructure. Houses and homes have a true and high value only as they shelter human beings who love, who live, who enjoy, who value something beside food three times a day, and a place to sleep. In the arts of beauty, of music, of literature, are found the opening doors into those infinite worlds of thought and feeling and high intellectual and spiritual enjoyment, which alone can make life worth living, or the thought of immortality an inspiring hope.

A POET OF THE PEOPLE.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

IN the present paper I wish to give a brief outline of the life and work of the poet, composer, and singer, James G. Clark, whose fine lyrical and reformatory verses have been an inspiration to thousands of lives.

Mr. Clark was born in Constantia, N. Y., in 1830. His father was a man of influence in his community, being recognized as intelligent and honorable, and possessing that cool, dispassionate judgment which always commands respect. The mother gave to her son his poetical gift and his intense love for humanity, his all-absorbing devotion to justice and liberty, and a nature at once refined yet brave. When but three years old, the little poet had learned from his mother "The Star of Bethlehem," sung to the air of "Bonny Doon," and could sing the entire piece without missing a word or note. When twenty-one years of age he was well known in his community as a concert singer of rare ability. At this time Mr. Clark attracted the attention of Mr. Ossian E. Dodge, who, in addition to publishing a literary journal in Boston, had under his management the most popular concert quartette in New England. Mr. Dodge was a man of quick perception; he readily saw that the young poet and singer would prove a valuable acquisition to his already famous troupe, and promptly appointed him musical composer for his company. Into this work Mr. Clark threw all the enthusiasm of youth, composing such universally popular songs as "The Old Mountain Tree," "The Rover's Grave," "Meet Me by the Running Brook," and "The Rock of Liberty." "The Old Mountain Tree" was for some time a reigning favorite through the land, it being sung for months in theatres and concerts. At the Boston Museum, then the leading theatre of Boston, it was no unusual thing for it to be called for as many as three times in a single evening.

One day during this period of popularity, his mother, who was a very religious woman, said to him, "James, why cannot you write a hymn?" He loved his mother devotedly. There was between them more than the strong ties of mother and son. She had fostered and encouraged his every poetical and musical aspiration, and it was his most earnest desire to gratify her wish, but

thought along this line came slowly, and almost a year elapsed before the young man placed a pencilled copy of his hymn, "The Evergreen Mountains of Life," in his mother's hand. She read it through silently, too much overcome to speak, while great tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks. At this period he composed several songs and hymns which have been universally popular, such as "Where the Roses Never Wither," "The Beautiful Hills," and "The Isles of the By and By." Of these poems Dr. A. P. Miller of San Francisco, himself a poet of more than ordinary power and an admirable critic, writes: "These songs have for thirty years been received by all classes as forming a group of original and perfect lyrics adapted to every platform and hall, whether sacred or secular. To say this," continues Dr. Miller, "detracts nothing from his songs of love and freedom. It is only saying that they are the St. Elias, the Tacoma, the Hood, and the Shasta, which out-tower all other song peaks and reach those heights where the sunshine is eternal and the view universal."

It may be well to note at this time the singular fact that in his poetical life Mr. Clark has appeared in three distinct roles, although he has always been the poet of the people. During his youth and early manhood the popular lyric and ballad claimed his power. It was the work of this period which won for him the name of the Tom Moore of America; and had he not taken the other upward steps, the appellation would not have been so palpably inadequate to describe the man who for thirty years has been the poet of reform and the prophet of the new day. When the sixties dawned, the first song epoch of his life was drawing to a close, and the mutterings of the Rebellion were oppressing age and stimulating youth throughout the North. Mr. Clark had given his country a collection of songs and ballads destined to live long after his body had returned to dust, and he had sung his melody into the hearts of thousands who had listened to the poet composer and singer with that rapt attention which is the tribute of manhood and womanhood to genuine merit. The clouds of rebellion were gathering around the horizon; but ere the shock of arms thrilled the nation, Mr. Clark was summoned to the death bed of his mother. Sitting at her side as the spirit was poising for flight, and catching inspiration from her words, there came to him that exceedingly popular and touching poem, "Leona," which was first published in the *Home Journal* of New York, then edited by George Morris and N. P. Willis. This poem, Mr. Morris afterwards declared, had been more widely copied, admired, and committed to memory than any other composition of its class ever published in America. As "Leona" affords an admirable illustration of Mr. Clark's work at this time,

and because it belongs to a class of poems always treasured by the people, I will give several stanzas.*

Leona, the hour draws nigh —
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break through its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
That borders the River of Death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walk on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart;
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That death is but action begun;
In the strength of this hope I have struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold:
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold;
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

* The selection from "Leona," "Fremont's Battle Hymn," and "The Voice of the People," as well as the poems "Minnie Minturn" and "The Infinite Mother," are from Mr. Clark's volume "Poetry and Song." Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
 Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
 Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
 On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
 I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh, come not in tears to my tomb,
 Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
 There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
 And life where the lilies eternally bloom,
 In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

II.

The divine afflatus which fills the poet brain, and weaves itself into words which thrill and move the profound depths of human emotions, was next manifested in Mr. Clark's soul-awakening songs of freedom. The sweet ballads and lyrics of love and home disappeared before stern Duty's voice. While Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell were firing the heart of New England, Mr. Clark sent forth "Fremont's Battle Hymn," one of the most noteworthy poems of war-times, and a song which produced great enthusiasm wherever sung. Some idea of the influence which these stirring lines produced on an already awakened conscience may be imagined by perusal of the following lines:—

Oh, spirits of Washington, Warren, and Wayne!
 Oh, shades of the heroes and patriots slain!
 Come down from your mountains of emerald and gold,
 And smile on the banner ye cherished of old;
 Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
 Like legions sent forth from the armies of life;
 Let us feel your deep presence as waves feel the breeze
 When white fleets like snowflakes are drowned in the seas.

As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged cloud,
 Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind-woven shroud,
 So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore,
 Ere the conflict shall startle the land with its roar;
 As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is riven
 When clouds strike together, by warring winds driven,
 So the blood of the race must be offered like rain,
 Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

The hounds of Oppression were howling the knell
 Of martyrs and prophets at gibbet and cell,
 While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years
 When her harpstrings no more shall be rusted with tears;
 But God never ceases to strike for the right,
 And the ring of his anvil came down through the night,
 Though the world was asleep and the Nation seemed dead,
 And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled,
When the day-king arises to quicken the world?
Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast,
Or turn him aside from his goal in the west?
Ah! sons of the plains where the orange tree blooms,
Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for tombs,
But the light ye would smother was kindled by One
Who gave to the universe planet and sun.

There is present in this poem much of the fire of the old prophets of Israel, blended with that lofty faith in the power and favor of God which gave peculiar force to many of the most striking of Whittier's anti-slavery verses.

During the early days of the war the poet travelled from town to town, singing the spirit of freedom into the hearts of the people, and arousing to action scores and hundreds of persons in every community visited, who had heretofore taken little interest in the pending struggle. In this way he raised many thousands of dollars for the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Aid societies. In addition to "Fremont's Battle Hymn," this period called from his pen a number of war songs and poems, such as "Let Me Die with My Face to the Foe," "When You and I Were Soldier Boys," "The Children of the Battle-field," and "Minnie Minturn." The history of this last-mentioned poem is peculiarly interesting, and reveals the fact that at times coming events have been flashed with singular vividness on the sensitive mind of our poet. The pathetic facts connected with the poem are as follows: Mr. Clark was visiting a family by the name of Minturn. In the home circle was a young lady named Maria, who had a lover in the army. One day Mr. Clark said, "If your name were Minnie, it would make a musical combination for a poem." The young lady blushed and replied that her friends often called her Minnie, and doubtless at this moment her thoughts went out to the soldier boy for whom she daily prayed. Some months passed, when one night, while the poet was riding in a sleeping-car, the words of the ballad "Minnie Minturn" forced themselves upon his brain, so haunting his mind that he could get no sleep until he had transferred them to paper. This was done by drawing aside the curtain of his berth, and writing in the faint glimmer of the lamps, which had been turned low for the night. It is probable that the poet did not dream, as he pencilled the following lines, that he was writing a prophecy which a year later was to become history. Yet such was in fact the case.

Minnie Minturn, in the shadow
I have waited here alone, —
On the battle's gory meadow,
Which the scythe of death has mown,
I have listened for your coming,
Till the dreary dawn of day,

But I only hear the drumming,
As the armies march away.

O Minnie, dear Minnie,
I have heard the angel's warning,
I have seen the golden shore;
I will meet you in the morning
Where the shadows come no more."

III.

We come now to the third epoch in the history of Mr. Clark's poetry. The war was over. His thoughts turned to the toiling millions of our land, for from early manhood his heart had ever kept rhythmic pace with the hopes, aspirations, and sorrows of the masses. Now, however, the ballad singer who in the nation's crisis became the poet reformer, becomes the prophet poet of the dawning day. And with advancing years came added power; for it is a notable fact that with the silver of age has come a depth of thought, coupled with strength and finish in style not found in his earlier work. Take, for example, the following stanzas from "A Vision of the Old and New."

'Twas in the slumber of the night —
That solemn time, that mystic state —
When, from its loftiest signal height,
My soul o'erlooked the realm of Fate,
And read the writing on the wall,
That prophesies of things to be,
And heard strange voices rise and fall
Like murmurs from a distant sea.

The world below me throbb'd and rolled
In all its glory, pride, and shame,
Its lust for power, its greed for gold,
Its flitting lights that man calls fame, —
And from their long and deep repose,
In memory and page sublime,
The ancient races round me rose
Like phantoms from the tombs of Time.

I saw the Alpine torrents press
To Tiber with their snow-white foam,
And prowling in the wilderness
The wolf that suckled infant Rome.
But wilder than the mountain flood
That plunged upon its downward way,
And fiercer than the she-wolf's brood,
The soul of man went forth to slay.

Kingdoms to quick existence sprang,
Each thirsting for another's gore,
The din of wars incessant rang,
And signs of hate each forehead wore.

All nations bore the mark of Cain,
 And only knew the law of might:
 They lived and strove for selfish gain
 And perished like the dreams of night.

* * * * *

I woke; and slept, and dreamed once more, —
 And from a continent's white crest,
 I heard two oceans seethe and roar,
 Along vast lands by nature blest:
 All races mingled at my feet,
 With noise and strange confusion rife,
 And Old World projects — incomplete —
 Seemed maddened with a new-found life.

The thirst for human blood had waned;
 But boldly seated on the throne,
 The grasping god of Mammon reigned,
 And claimed Earth's product for his own.
 He gathered all that toilers made,
 To fill his vaults with wealth untold.
 The sunlight, water, air, and shade
 Paid tribute to his greed for gold.

He humbly paid his vows to God,
 While agents gathered rents and dues.
 He ruled the nation with a nod,
 And bribed the pulpit with the pews;
 Yet, over all the regal form
 Of Freedom towered, unseen by him,
 And eagles poised above the storm
 That draped the far horizon's rim.
 At length, the distant thunder spoke
 In deep and threatening accents; then
 The long roll of the earthquake woke
 From sleep a hundred million men.

* * * * *

I woke: and slept and dreamed again:
 A softened glory filled the air,
 The morning flooded land and main,
 And Peace was brooding everywhere;
 From sea to sea the song was known
 That only God's own children know,
 Whose notes, by angel voices sown,
 Took root two thousand years ago.

No more the wandering feet had need
 Of priestly guides to Paradise,
 And banished was the iron creed
 That measured God by man's devise;
 No more the high cathedral dome
 Was reared to tell His honors by,
 For Christ was throned in every home,
 And shone from every human eye.

No longer did the beast control
 And make the spirit desolate;
 No more the poor man's struggling soul
 Sank down before the wheel of Fate;

And pestilence could not draw near,
 Nor war and crime be felt or seen —
 As flames, that lap the withered spear,
 Expire before the living green.

And all of this shall come to pass —
 For God is Love, and Love shall reign,
 Though nations first dissolve like grass
 Before the fire that sweeps the plain;
 And men shall cease to lift their gaze
 To seek Him in the far-off blue,
 But live the Truth their lips now praise
 And in their lives His life renew.

This poem was founded on a vivid dream which came to the poet and so impressed him that he found no peace until he committed the verses to paper. In the following stanzas from the "Voice of the People" we also find the clear note of the prophet.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
 Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
 For the soul of the people is moving
 And rising from slumber at last;
 The black forms of night are retreating,
 The white peaks have signalled the day,
 And Freedom her long roll is beating,
 And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
 And trod down the wounded and slain,
 While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
 And men poured their life-tide in vain;
 The day of its triumph is ending,
 The evening draws near with its doom,
 And the star of its strength is descending,
 To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
 The seasons their bounties display,
 And the flowers lift their faces in glory
 To catch the warm kisses of day;
 While our fellows are treated as cattle
 That are muzzled when treading the corn,
 And millions sink down in life's battle
 With a sigh for the day they were born.

Ah, woe to the robbers who gather
 In fields where they never have sown,
 Who have stolen the jewels from labor
 And builded to Mammon a throne;
 For the snow-king, asleep by the fountains,
 Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
 And descend in his rage from the mountains,
 Bearing terror, destruction, and death.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
 Whose lips never uttered a lie,
 And his prophets and poets have read it
 In symbols of earth and of sky:

That to him who has revelled in plunder
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
The shock of the earthquake and thunder
And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
Swing outward, ye doors of the past!
A giant is waking from slumber
And rending his fetters at last;
From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
And rule in the realm he has made.

The poet's loyalty to the toilers is voiced in most of his latest poems and songs. "The People's Battle Hymn,"* published last autumn, was sung with great effect at the industrial gatherings throughout the West. Of this song General J. B. Weaver, the candidate of the People's Party for president in 1892, said: "It is the song we have been waiting for. It is an Iliad of itself."

The following stanzas from this song will give an idea of the exaltation of thought which, when accompanied by Mr. Clark's soul-stirring music, arouses an almost indescribable enthusiasm among the people wherever it is sung:—

There's a sound of swelling waters, there's a voice from out the blue,
Where the Master his arm is revealing,—
Lo! the glory of the morning lights the forehead of the New,
And the towers of the Old Time are reeling.

CHORUS.

Lift high the banner, break from the chain,
Wake from the thralldom of story;
Like the torrent to the river, the river to the main,
Forward to liberty and glory!

There is tramping in the cities where the people march along,
And the trumpet of Justice is calling;
There's a crashing of the helmet on the forehead of the Wrong,
And the battlements of Babylon are falling.

He shall gather in the homeless, he shall set the people free,
He shall walk hand in hand with the toiler,—
He shall render back to labor, from the mountains to the sea,
The lands that are bound by the spoiler.

There is doubt within the temples where the gods are bought and sold,
They are leaving the false for the true way;
There's a cry of consternation where the idols made of gold
Are melting in the glance of the New Day.

O! the Master of the morning, how we waited for his light
In the old days of doubting and fearing!

* "The People's Battle Hymn." Words and music by J. G. Clark. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

How we watched among the shadows of the long and weary night
For his feet upon the mountains appearing.

Let the lightning tell the story to the sea's remotest bands,
Let the campfires of Freedom be flaming;
While the voices of the heavens join the chorus of the land,
Which the children of men are proclaiming.

In another recent poem, entitled "A Song for the Period," we catch a glimpse of the deep sympathy ever felt by this poet for the people. I have only space for two stanzas.

I cannot join with the old-time friends
In their merry games and sports
While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
To the Judge of the Upper Courts;
And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
That the world around me sings,
While my fellows move in cringing throngs
At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low from the open skies,—
That have weighed them, one and all,—
And the fiery letters gleam and rise
O'er the feast in the palace hall;
But my lighter lays shall slumber on
The boughs of the willow tree
Till the king is slain in Babylon,
And the captive hosts go free.

Mr. Clark was married early in life to a lady of his native home. Three children came to bless this union. One, however, was recalled by the infinite Father. In memory of this child the stricken father composed a touching little gem entitled "Beautiful Annie."

Mr. Clark is not only a poet, musical composer, and singer of rare ability, he is a scholarly essayist, and, during recent years, has contributed many papers of power and literary value to the leading dailies of the Pacific coast. A fair specimen of his work in this line will be found in the following criticism on Robert Burns, which I take from a recent contribution to one of the most influential dailies in Southern California. In speaking of Robert Burns, Mr. Clark says:—

True, he was not compelled to affect the peculiar dialect in which was written his most characteristic and enduring verse, because it was the dialect in which he was born and reared; but, nevertheless, in and through it he has made not only all Scotland love him as no other poet is loved to-day, but he won the homage of lovers of humanity, democracy, and religious freedom wherever the English language is spoken.

It was through his songs and poems, written in the homely Scotch dialect of his times, that the common Scotch people became a nation of poets. It was through Burns, who found poetry in the most common and lowly objects,—even the little "mouse," whose nest had been

wrecked by the poet's plow, — that the most unlettered Scotchman discovered the poetry lying latent in his own heart and mind; and at a period when "poetic art," so called, was claimed as the exclusive inheritance of the self-elected and cultured few, he restored to the uneducated peasant and cotter his lawful birthright.

There is no such thing as estimating the extent to which the better and higher qualities of Scotch character have been quickened, developed, and refined through the lyrics of Robert Burns, more especially those lyrics that appeal directly to the hearts and every-day life of his countrymen. This is why the true Scotchman, while admiring Scott, loves and worships Burns.

The wealth of poetic imagery, strength, and deep penetration which characterizes the recent work of Mr. Clark is very noticeable in some of his later poems, and reaches altitudes of sublimity in thought rare among modern poets. This characteristic is well illustrated in "The Infinite Mother," which I give below. It is considered by many critics as Mr. Clark's masterpiece.

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

I am mother of Life and companion of God!
 I move in each mote from the suns to the sod,
 I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
 I fathom all depth, and I crown every hight;
 Within me the globes of the universe roll,
 And through me all matter takes impress and soul.
 Without me all forms into chaos would fall;
 I was under, within, and around, over all,
 Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
 Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O earth! in those cycles profound,
 When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
 And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
 Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind;
 I nursed you, O earth! ere your oceans were born,
 Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
 When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
 Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
 And all that appeared of your form or your face
 Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms
 I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms.
 I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
 Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
 And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast
 As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
 When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
 And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow and flower,
 Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
 In garments of purple, of gold, and of green,
 From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
 For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
 And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
 And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
 As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair,
 Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
 Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless moons:
 And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown,
 Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
 And held you secure in your young mother days,
 And sung to your offspring their lullaby lays,
 While races and nations came forth from your breast,
 Lived, struggled, and died, and returned to their rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
 Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws;
 I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
 Combine them for effort, disperse them in death;
 No form is too great or minute for my care,
 No place so remote but my presence is there.
 I bend in the grasses that whisper of spring,
 I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
 I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
 I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee;
 From the centre of suns to the flowers of the sod
 I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
 The ladder of action all spirit must climb
 To the clear hights of Love from the lowlands of Time.

'Tis mine to protect you, fair bride of the sun,
 Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done;
 Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
 And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay;
 Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray,
 And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day;
 Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
 And your forms are absorbed in my currents again —
 But your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
 Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life
 While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
 And bright constellations to vapor return,
 And new ones shall rise from the graves of the old,
 Shine, fade, and dissolve like a tale that is told.

Like Victor Hugo, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Browning, and, indeed, a large proportion of the most profoundly spiritual natures of the nineteenth century, Mr. Clark, while deeply religious, is unfettered by creeds and untrammelled by dogmas. In bold contrast to the narrow-minded religionists who, like the Pharisees of Jesus' time, worship the letter, which kills, and who are to-day persecuting men for conscience' sake, and seeking to unite church and state, Mr. Clark's whole life has been a protest against intolerance, persecution, and bigotry. Living in a purely spiritual realm, HE LOVES, and that renders it impossible to cherish the spirit of bigotry and persecution manifested by the Ameri-

can Sabbath Union and other persecuting and unchristian bodies, whose leaders have never caught a glimpse of the real spirit or character of Jesus. He is a follower of the great Nazarene in the truest sense of the word, and thus cannot understand how professed Christians can so prostitute religion and ignore their Master's injunctions as to persecute their fellow-men for opinion's sake. On this and kindred subjects he has written very thoughtfully and with great power.

The light of another world has already silvered and glorified the brow of this poet of the dawn; and as I have before observed, with advancing years comes intellectual and spiritual strength rather than a diminution of power. Such men as Mr. Clark wield a subtle influence for good in the world. Their lives and thoughts are alike an inspiration to thousands; their names live enshrined in the love of the earnest, toiling, struggling people — the nation's real nobility.

CELESTIAL GOTHAM.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

THE average New Yorker knows comparatively little of his own city. He is in a vague way proud of the fact that New York is, year by year, becoming more and more cosmopolitan. He sees the Italian organ grinder at his curbstone, and prates glibly enough of the Neapolitan lazzaroni of the Mulberry Bend, though, in point of fact, these, his fellow-voters, who have an equal voice with him in the administration of national and municipal affairs, and who have brought the vice, the squalor, the ignorance, the superstition of the lowest class of European beggars to his door, concern him much more than their picturesque prototypes four thousand miles away.

The lower east side of the city is as much of a *terra incognita* to the banker or merchant as the interior of Africa. Yet it is here the cosmopolitan element of New York really exists. Here you see Spaniard, Italian, Pole, Russian, Turk, Chinese, Hindu, Lascar, all living within a dozen blocks of each other; but they do not fuse to any extent. They keep apart in their own quarters, and live as nearly as possible in the manner of their fatherland. To be sure, our Chinese fellow-citizens have developed a fancy for taking unto themselves Irish wives, and a vigorous brood of youngsters is coming up, rejoicing in such names as Bridget Wun Lung, or Paddy Hof Hi, and chattering pigeon English with a brogue. There is a fruitful field for ethnological investigation in this admixture of apparently opposite races, and the fusion of the Caucasian and Mongolian types is interesting and amusing to the casual observer. The Chinese father is, in most cases, well-to-do, often rich, for they are a provident race, and these young aristocrats hold themselves aloof from the Italian and Irish children of the gutters. They look with the utmost contempt upon their Irish cousins, and, in fact, seem thoroughly imbued with the Chinese race prejudice, which pronounces all foreigners barbarians, and in dress and manner they are a marked contrast to most of the children of the neighborhood; neatness and courtesy seem to be inborn in the Chinese people, and they insist upon these virtues in their children.

New York Chinatown is situated on that block of Mott Street

between Chatham Square and Pell Street. It extends around into the Bowery on one side, and down Park Street on the other, but the heart of the Chinese community is Mott Street; and, very appropriately, at its centre are the rooms of the Chinese Masonic Lodge, or benevolent social club, an organization which illustrates a peculiar phase of Chinese civilization, and really, to a great extent, represents law, as well as social enjoyment and charity, to the Americanized Celestial. The religion of Confucius, as practised by the average Chinaman in this country, is largely sentimental. As the excellent old priest who has charge of the Joss House at 16 Mott Street explained to me, "The Chinaman come here when he busy, and thank Joss for good luck. When he no busy he hunt for work." In connection with the Temple, is the club that occupies the place which is filled in our own social systems by the Young Men's Christian Associations. It is, however, to a certain extent Masonic in its methods, and it is therefore difficult for an American to get a very thorough insight of its government. What is apparent on the surface is an earnest of the beneficent character of its work. It furnishes, in the first place, a pleasant meeting-room, in which to while away a leisure hour. Chess and other more thoroughly Chinese games are played. The Chinese orchestra practise here; and the poetical contests, which are a feature of Chinese amusements, are held in its large meeting-rooms. These contests deserve a word of passing explanation. The Chinese are essentially a literary people. The poorest workman can read, keep accounts, and write poetry. My old friend, the priest, tells me that this is owing to a most excellent compulsory education law, repealed some years ago, but the effects of which are still felt in the Flowery Kingdom. When a boy reached a certain age, he was obliged to pass an examination, prescribed by the government. If he failed the first time, he was given a year to study up in; failing in the second examination, they chopped off his head. As an incentive to study, it was found most effective. The result is that the Chinese are, as a people, a race of educated men. It is not comforting to one's vanity to feel that the bland heathen, who hands you your neatly polished collars and cuffs at the laundry, is inwardly despising you as an uncultured barbarian, who finds more enjoyment in a base-ball match, a horse race, or a regatta than in a trial of intellect. It is at these poetical contests that this literary tendency finds relief and expression. Subjects are chosen, and poems are written, according to the strictest rules of Chinese prosody. Prizes are awarded, and the evening closes with music and supper. When we remember that these contests are among laundrymen, cooks, restaurant waiters, and others of that class,

and then contrast them with the recreations indulged in by the corresponding class of our own people, we are tempted to ask with Truthful James:—

Is our civilization a failure?
Or is the Caucasian played out?

This same club employs a permanent secretary, whose duty it is to visit the sick and distribute charity to the needy; to keep account of men out of work, and of positions vacant, and to act as a sort of judge, or referee, in disputes between members. It has on its roll of membership nearly all the Chinamen of the district, numbering some six thousand; it has a large charity fund, and is undoubtedly a great power for good in the Chinese community.

The Chinese are, as a race, the most courteous people I have ever come in contact with. When it is taken into consideration that the majority of the Chinamen who come to this country belong to the lower or lowest class, their gentle manners are truly surprising. I have seen parties of well-dressed Americans go into one of their stores, poke about among the goods, or wander into their clubroom, watch the games, handle the instruments of the orchestra, and ask all sorts of questions concerning them. The intruders were treated as welcome guests, their questions answered, and tea, confections, and cigarettes offered them on departure. Fancy the reception which would be accorded to a party of unidentified Chinamen who attempted to take a look through one of our own fashionable clubs!

In the restaurants their conduct is the same. I imagine that if three or four Chinamen were to take it into their heads to dine at one of our up-town restaurants, they would be subjected to many unpleasant remarks, probably some insolence from the waiters, and, if they should prove as awkward in handling the knife and fork as the average American is with the chopsticks, would cause considerable merriment among the other guests. But in Mott Street the practice of good breeding is different. Time and again I have seen some good-natured Chinaman let his own dinner grow cold, that he might show some clumsy American stranger who was struggling with the chopsticks, how to use those elusive but useful implements. It is a very simple trick after it is learned, and one which I have often found useful at other places than at a table in a Chinese restaurant. Once mastered, with a couple of pencils one can improvise a very serviceable pair of tongs to pick up a bee or struggling worm, a bit of hot metal, or any such small object which one does not care to touch with one's fingers. The first stick should be held rigidly, about three inches from the lower end, between the ball of the second

finger, the first joint of the thumb and the hand, just below the knuckle joint of the first finger, very much, in fact, as a clumsy schoolboy holds his pen. The second stick should be held almost exactly as a good penman holds his pen, lightly, between the ball of the thumb and of the first finger, slightly resting along and steadied by that finger, to just between the second and knuckle joints. Chinese meats are all served cut into small pieces, so as to be readily eaten with chopsticks, thus materially reducing the labor of dining.

There is a popular notion, so false that it is surprising that it should obtain among people with any pretensions to culture or education, that in matters of cooking the Chinese are unclean, and, more absurd still, that rats, cats, and mice enter into their ordinary bill of fare. It is quite possible that in overcrowded China, where there is almost a chronic famine among the very poor, rats and mice are preferred to starvation, and as a matter of fact the Chinese seldom eat beef. The cow is too valuable, as a draught animal, in the eyes of a Chinaman, to be sacrificed upon the culinary altar. Pork is their staple meat, all kinds of fish and fowls enter into their cuisine, and vegetables without number fill out the list. I refer particularly to the ordinary bill of fare of the average Chinaman; for the accounts of Chinese dinners which we sometimes see printed, are no more typical of Chinese cooking than the bill of fare of a state dinner at the White House would represent the ordinary meal of a well-to-do American. *Chow chop suey* is, next to rice, the Chinese national dish. Rice is of course on every table. The Chinese eat it instead of bread, and no one can cook rice like a Chinaman. Every grain is distinct, yet perfectly soft, and it is piled up in the bowls like mounds of snow. It is boiled, or rather steamed, without seasoning, and the condiments are supplied by the *seow*, the immediate progenitor of the soy of the English East Indies, and the gastronomic father of Worcestershire sauce. *Chow chop suey* is to the Chinaman what the *olla podrida* is to the Spaniard, or pork and beans to our own Bostonians. It is a delicious stew composed of chickens' livers and gizzards, small bits of tripe, bamboo sprouts, celery, beans, dried dragon fish, tree mushrooms, and slices of duck and chicken, the whole flavored with just a suspicion of onion or garlic. The Chinese epicure pours the gravy of his *chow chop suey* over his bowl of rice, and has a dish, the delicacy of which can only be appreciated by those who have eaten it. *Chop saow* is cold roast pork, prepared in a peculiar manner, by being hung in the smoke of various fragrant herbs, thus imparting an aromatic flavor to the meat. They prepare fish in a variety of ways, and are unexcelled in cooking duck and chicken. Chinese macaroni, *men*, as it is called, resem-

bles the spaghetti of the Neapolitan, but is more delicate, and is charmingly served with boiled chicken. Following these are a long list of dumplings, stuffed with finely chopped meats or jams, made from *li chee* nuts and other fruits. The Chinaman is an expert pastry cook, and all of these dumplings are delicious. They look like large new base balls, but they are marvellously light, and, unlike our own pastry, are non-dyspeptic. The Chinese are very fond of culinary surprises. The egg shells filled with blanc manges of different colors and flavors, which are seen on our own tables, are purely a Chinese invention. With a very sharp knife, the expert Chinese cook will remove the skin of a fish, then fill it with a finely chopped stuffing of meat, and serve it so daintily that the most careful diner would think it was a plain baked fish, until he began to eat it. Sausages of pork, duck, tongue, and chicken hold a high position in the Chinese cuisine, and in the line of confections their skill seems fairly inexhaustible. Sugared pineapples, watermelons, and preserved *li chee* nuts are among the most common. Various kinds of sea-weed and palm sprouts are done up in honey and ginger, and these are only a few samples out of a list for which the English language has no equivalents, and of the composition of which the Caucasian is in profound ignorance. *Bing-long*, for example, is a small nut which grows in China, and is wrapped in edible lily leaves, and preserved in honey and ginger. *Gut Beung* is another mysterious but exceedingly palatable preserve.

Their drinks are as various, and in many cases as unknowable, as their sweets. It goes without saying that the Chinaman is the most fastidious tea drinker in the world. He looks with contempt upon the untutored barbarian, who disguises the flavor of the herb with milk and sugar. In Chinese restaurants tea is free. Confucius said, years before the establishment of the Christian religion, "Whosoever gives a cup of tea to him who asks, surely shall have his reward"; and to-day, in the barber shop, in the grocery stores, in the temples, and even in the gambling-houses and the opium dens, there stand pots of tea for whoever chooses to drink. In the restaurants the tea is made on the table fresh for each customer. The tea service for each individual consists of a rather large and deep teacup, a shallow saucer to cover it, and a deeper saucer to drink out of. The dry leaves, about a teaspoonful, are put in the larger cup, boiling water is poured on, and, covering it with the shallow saucer, it is allowed to "draw." When it has gained sufficient strength it is strained into the deep saucer, — an operation requiring some little knack, — and it is, as I have said, drunk without flavoring of any kind. The Chinaman does not make his tea as strong as the American; and I have noticed that, once the taste is formed, the

American takes very kindly to Chinese tea without milk or sugar. As a rule the Chinaman is a very temperate person; and though his "wine list" presents a great variety, they are for the most part more of the character of *liquers*, and are drunk out of exceedingly small cups. *Moy gway-teon* is a white brandy, that looks and tastes not unlike Maraschino. *Ung ka-pet* is something like Benedictine. *No-ma-deo* is the most popular drink, and is nearer in flavor like Hungarian prune brandy than any Caucasian beverage with which I am familiar, though I am told it is made of rice brandy, poured over tamarinds, dates, and *li chee* nuts. *Sam Shuey* is simply arrack masquerading under a Chinese name, and *Bag-no-ma-dak* is a juniper rum, so strong and powerful that the Chinaman who indulges in it is looked upon as a most depraved and hopeless case by his more temperate compatriots. Besides these they have almond wine, rose wine, tea wine, ginger wine, and orange wine, *liquers* pure and simple, the French duplicates of which can be found in almost any first-class French restaurant.

The kitchen of the Chinese restaurant would delight the New England housewife. Everything is scrupulously clean. Most of the cooking utensils are globular in form, because the Chinese cook objects to the creases in our pans, as being difficult to keep clean. Where we boil, the Chinese cook steams; the steamer being a huge tin affair, suspended by a rope from the ceiling over the range, which, by the way, is of brick and not fitted to burn coal, the Chinese cook using only hickory wood.

Not the least interesting feature of a Chinese dinner, is listening to the Mongolian waiter shout the order to the cook. The Chinese language is largely a language of inflections; and as he goes down the room repeating the order in a sing-song voice, almost like a chant, it sounds as if he were intoning a service to some mysterious Joss in the kitchen. One great difficulty of learning to speak Chinese lies in the fact that a word with a rising inflection may mean one thing, while with a falling inflection it means quite another. Here in New York the Chinese residents are from different districts in China, and their dialects vary in a way that is very confusing to the beginner. I do not know of over half a dozen white men in the city who can converse in Chinese with any degree of fluency. If one desires to learn to talk in "tea-chest characters," perhaps the best way is to take a class in one of the Chinese missions, and learn Chinese, teach English, and do good at the same time.

The Chinaman is a very industrious and temperate citizen; out of the eight or nine thousand in New York and vicinity, there is but one professional beggar and chronic drunkard, and, strangely enough, he never associates with his fellow-Celestials, but seeks

the more congenial society of the offscourings of Italy, Ireland, and Germany, who congregate in Mulberry Bend. Two vices are characteristic of the Chinaman — opium and gambling. Stories of opium smoking have been greatly exaggerated by sensational writers. As a matter of fact there are now no “opium joints” in Chinatown, and those that used to exist were largely owned and supported by Caucasians. Almost every Chinaman owns his opium pipe, and inhales a pipeful or two during the day and evening. Opium seems to occupy much the same position among the Chinese as beer does among our German fellow-citizens. The Germans use beer, and the Chinaman uses opium, the American abuses both. The opium pipe and the method of smoking the drug is so little known, that I may be pardoned for giving some description of it here. The small-bowled pipes which are frequently seen in American houses, as curiosities, are tobacco pipes pure and simple. Opium could not be smoked in them. The Chinese tobacco is a peculiar variety, not unlike our fine-cut chewing tobacco; and whether it is smoked in the small metal and bamboo pipes, or in the Chinese water pipe, the bowls are so small as to only contain tobacco enough for one or two puffs. Opium smoking is a much more complicated operation. The pipe is a stick of bamboo about the length and diameter of an ordinary flute; there is no mouthpiece, as the pipe is not placed between but against the lips. About three inches from the butt-end is the bowl, shaped like a teacup, but with only a small hole in the middle, not larger than a pin’s head. An alcohol lamp, and a long sharp knitting needle called the *yen-hoc* go with the “lay out.” The smoker curls himself up on the couch, lying on his left side, with the tray containing his lamp and *hop-toi*, or “little box” of opium, within easy reach of his left hand. He rolls the needle around in the opium, which is about the consistency of thick molasses. After he has secured a globule about the size of a five-grain pill on the end of the needle, he holds it over the flame of the lamp, twirling it the while, and “cooks” it until it is about the consistency of caramel. When properly cooked, he rolls it on the bowl of the pipe until it takes the shape of a small cone, the point of which he carefully inserts in the pin-hole in the bowl of the pipe. He then gently disengages the knitting needle, leaving a small hole through the centre of the cone. He presses the pipe to his lips, holds the bowl over the flame, and, if he is an expert, exhausts the “pill,” as it is called, with one inhalation, filling his lungs with a sickish smoke which smells remarkably like burnt peanut shells. By actual experiment I have found that it takes a Chinaman six minutes to prepare his pipe of opium, and seven seconds to smoke it. The use of the drug does not seem to hurt the Chinaman to any

extent; and from a purely selfish standpoint, an opium drunkard is less harm in the community than a whiskey drunkard. A Chinaman on an opium spree breaks no windows, beats no women, murders no companions; while it must be confessed that Caucasians, on whiskey sprees, sometimes indulge in such little amusements.

Gambling is a vice which exerts a far worse influence over our Celestial fellow-citizen than does the juice of the poppy. It might almost be said that they all gamble. "*Fan tan*," which is a very simple game, consisting in betting upon the numbers of coins under a copper bowl, and the *Hop-pay-on* lottery, which is conducted on principles not unlike our own lotteries, are the most popular, though there are various other games not so simple to the uninitiated, and which it is very difficult for the American to understand; for the Chinese gambler is very superstitious, and believes that a white man brings bad luck. Under the present police regulations, the Chinese gambler is often justified in this suspicion.

There are many points of interest in our New York Chinatown which it is impossible to touch upon in the brief space of a magazine article. The barber's shop where the artist lathers the customer with a tooth brush, and shaves the ears and nose, using six sizes of razors, from one with a blade about an inch long and two broad, set in a handle like a small hatchet, to a long flexible blade no larger than a hoopskirt wire; the boarding-houses where seventy Chinamen live in a room which would be thought crowded by ten Americans; the groceries, the club-rooms, the orchestra, are all strange features to the average American.

Viewed from the standpoint of ¹⁰⁴₁₃₂ criminal records, the Chinese are less trouble to the police than the people of any other nationality living in our metropolis. They are peaceable, and fights among them are of rare occurrence. Their method of fighting consists in grasping the enemy's pigtail firmly in the left hand, and clawing his face with the right. When a Chinaman attempts to fight with a white man, he grabs for the pigtail, and, not finding it there, is disconcerted and loses his courage. Among themselves the Chinese in New York are kindly, courteous, garrulous, even jolly; with strangers they are reserved and solemn to the verge of melancholy. They feel, with some cause, that the hand of every Caucasian is against them, and it is not until they are convinced that the stranger is *Ho-pang-yow*, which is the Celestial equivalent to "a thoroughly good fellow," that they admit him into their confidence. Then he finds them to be amiable in disposition, courtly in manner, shrewd in business matters, generous, and hospitable. There are a number of

very rich Chinamen in New York, four or five, at least, who can draw their checks for from two to three hundred thousand dollars each. Most of our Chinese citizens are well-to-do. If one of them has a streak of bad luck, his countrymen help to put him on his feet again. If they were better understood as a people by our community at large, the prejudice which exists against them would quickly vanish, and would be replaced by a genuine respect commanded by their many admirable characteristics.

Adamu Lie Tel

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I SAW the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful, and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire,
And I heard a low voice calling,
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowlands and the mire,
From the mist of earth-desire,
From the vain pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self,
Come up higher, come up higher, —
Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Think not that we are old,
Though the ages die around us;
Underneath our breasts of snow
Silver fountains sing and flow;
We reflect the young day's bloom
While the valleys sleep in gloom;
We receive the new-born storms
On our rugged, rock-mailed forms,
And restore the hungry lands
With our rivers and our sands.

"He who conquers inward foes
All the pain of battle knows,
And has earned his calm repose.
Countless æons ere the races
In the cycles took their places
We were groaning to be free
From our chains below the sea
Till we heard the sun — our sire —
Calling, calling, "Come up higher,"
And we burst our prison bars,
And from out the mist and fire
And the ocean's wild embraces
And the elemental wars
We arose and bathed our faces
In the sunlight and the stars."

THE BURNING OF NEGROES IN THE SOUTH: A PROTEST AND A WARNING.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE PAST.

SINCE the war the freedmen of the South have been from time to time subject to outbursts of violence from their white brethren, characterized by a ferocity rarely paralleled in the annals of a nation which claims to be civilized. Before the war the black man's life was probably far more secure than since his freedom, as when in slavery he was exceedingly valuable property. During the reconstruction period, and, indeed, for several years after the administration of President Johnson, his fate was pitiable in the extreme, being the victim of foolish friends on the one side, and on the other being subject to frequent outbursts of frenzy from his former masters, who looked upon him as the prime cause of devastated homes and despoiled commonwealths.

The immediate granting of franchise to a race while it was yet thoroughly ignorant, and, in the nature of the case, incompetent to vote intelligently, was a cruel blow to the negro no less than a crime against the Republic. It was one of those sad exhibitions of the triumph of sentimentality over judgment, which so often marks the thought and action of enthusiasts and extreme reformers.

Had Lincoln lived, the issue would doubtless have been different, for it was said that he favored prohibiting negro suffrage, on the one hand, and the suffrage of all who had shouldered arms against the national government, on the other, for a period of twelve years, during which time he felt that the nation could deal with the difficult problem of negro suffrage in a wise and dispassionate manner, while it would give time for the education of the negroes who might be sufficiently interested in self-government to seek to qualify themselves by learning to read, write, and in a measure think independently upon subjects of political nature. Thus for the South, as well as for the Republic, the tragic death of Lincoln was, in my judgment, peculiarly unfortunate.

Of the long and terrible night which marked the bloody era

following his death, little need be said. It is one of the saddest and most gloomy pages in the history of modern times. The South felt that she was not only vanquished, but the rule of the despised slaves was about to be inaugurated in such a way as to be rendered perpetual; and beyond this she felt that the Republic was practically overthrown by a military dictatorship. The government of her loved commonwealths by negroes and aliens was upheld by Federal troops, and all of the time-honored and revered traditions of Jefferson and Calhoun had been thrown to the wind. This led to reckless deeds which would never have been enacted had not the horrors of the war and the popular sense of injustice, coupled with a belief that the negro, the alien, and the soldier stood for tyranny, caused soul-shrivelling hate to course as ink through the veins and arteries of the white population of the South. The ferocity of the impulsive Southern nature expressed itself in deeds deemed justifiable by the exasperated public sentiment of that almost ruined land.

At length the alien and the soldier disappeared, but the negro remained, the victim of a hatred which had been fanned to white heat by the devastation of war and the domination of an alien and a negro government upheld by the military power. After the disappearance of the Federal troops the South continued that masterful but remorseless policy which has so often characterized the Anglo-Saxon race in hours of conquest. The fine sentiments of justice, of humanity, of love, and the far-sighted wisdom which peers into the future and recognizes the fact that wrongs perpetrated to-day will call for a reckoning to-morrow — all these went down before the aroused passions of the white people; and as they had become accustomed to human slaughter through the war and during the days of reconstruction, the sanctity of human life came to mean far less than before the war. It is a fact in history that the shedding of blood brutalizes a people. He who, being vested with power, wantonly takes life, soon advances from a murderer to a torturer, while the appetite for blood becomes insatiable; and what is true of the individual is also true of a nation or a people. Witness Nero and Rome under the Cæsars. Witness the Spanish Inquisition; the struggle with Spain in the Netherlands, and the French Revolution.

No domination no longer menaces the white population of the South. The fires of hate kindled by the war, fanned by the granting of franchise to the black man and the presence of Federal troops in time of peace, have been removed; but the savagery of remote ages latent in the civilized mind, which *these conditions awakened*, in many cases failed to die out with the removal of the promoting causes. Hence, since the era of reconstruction, at fre-

quent intervals, when a negro has committed a brutal crime, he has been denied a trial, armed posses choosing to summarily deal with him. Not that there was the slightest danger of his escape, in the event of his being proved guilty, but the already aroused spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, at once arrogant and remorseless, expressed itself in the lawless abandon which has so often disgraced newly settled localities in the North and West, and which occasionally finds expression in the older communities of the East. To one who is acquainted with the impulsive and imperious nature of the Southern people, and who also understands and feels the terrible afflictions they have borne, the course which has too frequently marked their treatment of negroes is not difficult to understand, although I believe all far-seeing and thoughtful Southerners will agree with me that it has been peculiarly unfortunate for the South, and fraught with great peril for her future; for aside from expressing lawlessness in the most flagrant manner, it has been essentially unjust; and anything committed by a man, people, or nation which injures others through injustice, sooner or later, with relentless and unforgetful impartiality, is avenged, if not on the doers, on their blood in succeeding generations. This stupendous fact is voiced on almost every page of history. *It is the law of life.*

Love is the expression of the highest wisdom, as well as the unfailing evidence of the highest sanity; and had the South, after the disappearance of the Federal troops, been great enough to have manifested toward the untutored, untrained, half-savage negro a spirit of kindness and humanity, had she encouraged his education, and sought to develop in him a sense of right and wrong, of self-government, of justice, integrity, and love, the wonderful Southland, with her genial clime and fertile soil, would have become a different world; for hate would have given place to mutual confidence, and old sores would have been healed, and a united population would have fostered a prosperity and happiness only possible under the rule of higher thoughts and united efforts. But this broad and withal wise policy could not be expected of the South in the present stage of our civilization. It would have been the expression of the highest wisdom and sanity, the manifestation of the divine triumphing in man; but it would have been more than we could expect from any people under such circumstances. She should, however, have proved herself just. When crimes were committed the law alone should have dealt with the offender, and no color line should have been drawn, and no partiality should have been shown. This would have been wisdom, true expediency, and justice, according to the present-day accepted standard. I do not say that this treatment would have been the expression of the highest justice, for the child who never learned the difference between right and wrong

should not be held as culpable as a full-statured man who has had every opportunity to be developed. *But at the present stage of civilization* I recognize the fact that all we can demand is equal punishment for criminals, whether white or black. Surely, to discriminate in favor of the white man, with generations and perhaps centuries of civilization behind him, by according him more consideration than the black man, so lately a savage, would be criminally inhuman, and would naturally arouse in the heart of the negro a hatred liable at some future day to break forth in one of those frightful scenes of carnage which at times have blackened the pages of history. And yet this manifestly unjust and short-sighted policy of discriminating against the black man, as seen in numerous lynchings in the South, has too frequently prevailed without any serious protest. Do not understand me as charging the South with this wrong, for that would be unjust. But public sentiment in *many communities* has for years tolerated lynch law and the cruel death of defenceless negro criminals *before* they had had an opportunity to be heard in their own defence, and this lawlessness has tended to further brutalize the negro, while its baleful effects upon those who live on a plane of thought which approves this injustice have been manifest. Hence, while for a time negro criminals were hanged and riddled with bullets, the lawlessness and license thus permitted has further intoxicated the class of individuals who applaud such reckless deeds. From lawlessness, how easy it was to proceed to torture. Less than two years ago the daily press of the country contained the details of a sickening tragedy perpetrated by a large gathering of men in Louisiana. The victim, a half-drunken negro, had committed a fiendish crime, and by way of revenge the self-constituted guardians of the peace deliberately skinned him alive. Some months ago, at Texarkana, in Northern Texas, a negro criminal was wrapped in combustibles, and, in the presence of a vast multitude, burned to death. How naturally this spirit of lawlessness, when once encouraged, becomes a spirit of insane cruelty! From hanging without trial, to burning and skinning alive, was but one step, even in communities which claim to be Christian. And this brings me to notice the recent frightful outrage which has thrilled a nation with horror.

II.

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

I shall notice this case at length — first, because it is the legitimate culmination of a series of lawless outrages committed against defenceless negroes; secondly, because I love the South and long to see the higher expression of justice prevail; and thirdly, because it is the

duty of every true man and woman to stand for that impartial justice which alone possesses the power of bearing humanity upward with the onward movement of time.

The story of this crime is briefly as follows: On the 26th of January, a negro by the name of Henry Smith brutally ravished and killed the little three-year-old child of Henry Vance, a citizen of Paris, a town in Northern Texas. Smith was intoxicated at the time of the crime. Liquor, the father of more crime than aught else, had dethroned reason, while it fired to insane fury the passion of this savage. Of the deed he seemed to have only a confused recollection; and his subsequent action, according to a detailed statement of the case furnished by a friend who was born and raised in the South,* was extraordinary in the extreme. I quote my correspondent's words:—

This remarkable journey—remarkable because he took the most public roads, with no sense of the necessity for secrecy, and that, too, in face of the fact that nearly two thousand men were searching every part of the country for him—this journey, consuming four days, certainly proves that either his condition from drink or his natural low order of intelligence prevented him from having any realization of the enormity of his crime.

At last the brutal creature was arrested and taken to Paris. The *St. Louis Daily Republic* thus describes the reception and subsequent torture of Smith:—

When the train bearing the condemned negro arrived, not only every member of the community was in waiting at the depot to receive him and attend his execution, but there were thousands gathered from all towns within a radius of a hundred miles from Paris. Smith's appearance was greeted with wild cheers. A slow, lingering death awaited him, which for downright torture finds few parallels in the history of the martyrs. After being placed in a wagon, Smith, trembling and livid with fear, was driven to the place where death in awful form awaited him. On a large cotton float a box had been placed, and on top of that a chair. Here Smith was placed and securely bound. He was driven slowly to the public square, around it, and out to the place of his death. As the wagon approached, Henry Vance, the father of Smith's victim, appeared on the platform and asked the crowd, now densely packing for hundreds of yards away and numbering ten thousand people, to be quiet; that he wanted for awhile to get his revenge, and then he would turn the prisoner over to any one that wanted him. Here came the wagon, and Smith was carried up on the platform. His legs, arms, and body were securely corded to a stake, and he was delivered over to Vance's vengeance to expiate his crime. A tinner's furnace was brought on filled with irons heated white. Taking one, Vance thrust it under first one and then the other side of his victim's feet, who, helpless, writhed, and the flesh seared and peeled from the bones. . . . By turns Smith screamed, prayed, begged, and cursed his torturer. When his face was reached, his tongue was silenced by fire,

* This friend is a cultured person who belongs to the hundreds of thousands of high-minded, justice-loving Southerners who recoil in horror from such barbarous deeds as I am about to relate.

and henceforth he only moaned, or gave a cry that echoed over the prairie like the wail of a wild animal. Then his eyes were put out, and, not a finger's breadth of his body being unscathed, his executioners gave way.

They were Vance, his brothers-in-law, and Vance's son, *a boy fifteen years of age*. When they gave over punishing Smith, they left the platform.

Smith, and the clothing about his lower limbs were then saturated with oil, as was the platform. The space beneath was filled with combustibles, and the whole was covered with oil, and fire simultaneously set to his feet and the stack below.

To the above statement by the *Republic* my friend adds :—

Fathers, men of social and business standing, took their children to teach them how to dispose of negro criminals. Mothers were there too, even women whose culture entitles them to be among the social and intellectual leaders of the town.

Such is the story of the crime as given by the greatest daily reflector of Southern thought in St. Louis, and by a native Southerner of culture and refinement, living in Texas. It is needless to dwell upon the heart-rending details. Indeed, some of the most terrible facts as given by the St. Louis daily and by my correspondent, I have purposely omitted, only wishing to convey in an adequate way the essential inhumanity which characterized this deed, and which glutted the vengeance and depraved the souls of thousands of men, women, and children.

III.

THE CRIME VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF SIMPLE JUSTICE.

I now wish to view the deed, first, in the light of simple justice; secondly, from the standpoint of expediency; thirdly, in relation to its influence on the young and the unborn. I wish to be perfectly just. This latest popular crime finds few parallels in the history of mankind, savage or civilized. On the other hand, we must remember that the incentive cause which led to the burning of Smith was very great. The crime was one of the most atrocious which a drunken brute could commit. I do not wish to minimize its enormity. It was as heinous as the crimes committed by many members of the aristocracy of Great Britain, so vividly unmasked by Mr. Stead—crimes committed with impunity against little girls, despite shrieks, screams, and piteous entreaties—with this important difference: In the case of the negro, he had behind him a few generations of slavery stretching from savagery, and he had been rendered an insane brute by liquor, while behind the aristocratic *roués* of Great Britain were generations of culture and Christian civilization. They were surrounded by all that could be desired in the way of purely legitimate pleasures, and, furthermore, they deliberately planned the destruction of their innocent victims, paying depraved persons to

entrap innocent little girls that their bestial appetites might be gratified. Between the crimes committed by the two there is small choice; between the culpability of the criminals, after taking into consideration all extenuating circumstances, the crime of the negro, terrible as it was, dwarfs before the unpunished crimes of London's ignoble nobles.

If we weighed this crime from the standpoint of that higher justice, which, I believe, will some day be recognized by man, it would be seen that this poor brute was at best only a few degrees removed from the gorilla or the lion of his native Africa. Some of his ancestors probably belonged to the most brutal and degraded tribes of the dark continent. Since freedom, it is probable that the white man had never concerned himself about his proper education; certain it is that our Christian civilization tempted him by licensing the sale of that poison which all men know dethrones sanity, silences reason, fires the blood, and inflames the brute passions. Now the higher justice would take all these things into account, before passing upon the degree of culpability. *She would punish, but not for revenge.* First, the prisoner would be so treated as to forever render it impossible for him to repeat his crime. Next, he would be confined and compelled to work. But here no brutal savagery would enter into his punishment. On the contrary, he would be taught the horrible enormity of his crime. He would have his mind and soul educated while he worked: what he made within his prison walls would be sold, and all above his cost of living would go toward educating and supporting his family. This would be the punishment of the higher justice, which, when once recognized, will balance all things, and take into consideration the ameliorating circumstances, which will punish in such a way as to protect society and redeem the criminal, instead of brutalize society, inflame a recently emancipated race, and glut the savage vengeance of half-civilized men and women. But here, again, I grant that our civilization is not ready to accept what, to me, is clearly the only true justice.

Hence, let us notice the case from the plane of *conventional justice*. If the brute (for this wretched drunken creature was more a brute than a man) had been a white man, would he have been burned, much less tortured? Most certainly not. It was because he was a negro — the child of a race ruthlessly torn from home and native land through the avarice of the white man; the child of a slave, perhaps at one time a slave himself; an unschooled, undeveloped savage, made mad by rum. Now, throwing aside for the moment all thought of expediency, or of administering a terrible example to others of his race, I submit that no sane, thoughtful man, from the standpoint of simple jus-

tice, will claim that the uneducated, rum-crazed negro, who had no generation of civilization behind him, should have been treated worse than a white man guilty of a similar crime. Moreover, there is something fatally demoralizing in the lawlessness which sneers at law and oversteps all bounds of common decency and humanity in order to glut an insane frenzy. It is the calling to the surface of the ancient wild beast in man, the deadening of regard for justice and order which holds together the fabric of society. If guilty negroes were accustomed to be cleared by Southern courts, there might be some shadow of excuse for lynch law, although nothing could justify the monstrous inhumanity of the torture which the negro Smith underwent by his white brethren who claim to be civilized. On the ground of simple justice, then, there can be no defence made for the atrocity committed in Paris, Texas. If it is to be defended or condoned, it must be on grounds other than those which are supposed to govern enlightened society.

IV.

FROM THE POINT OF
EXPEDIENCY.

But it will be argued that some such terrible example was needed to terrify the negroes so as to protect the white girls and women of the South. The fallacy of this excuse will be quickly recognized by any analytical mind. Let us take, for example, Smith. When in his proper mind he knew full well that *some months ago a member of his own race, not more than a hundred miles from his home, had been burned to death for a similar crime.* He knew that only one county lay between his county and the one in which the negro was burned to death, and that retribution swift and terrible would overtake him if he committed any such crime. Smith knew all this when sober, but when he committed the crime he was not in his right mind. The horrors of the burning negro a few months before, less than one hundred miles away, had no more effect on his brain than if it had happened in Africa. He was insane through drink; and here let me state a fact which I believe some day society will come to realize: Man does not commit crimes when sober if he believes he will be found out, and when insane through rum "the terrible example" excuse has no weight, as this instance vividly illustrates. In England, up to the reign of Elizabeth, poisoners were slowly boiled in oil until life was literally boiled from them. The last case but one on record where this punishment was administered was widely discussed; the agony of the death was vividly and dramatically dwelt upon, and yet, within two weeks from the time of the awful execution, a girl, said to be fully cognizant of the fate of the convicted man, deliberately administered poison to another, only to meet a sim-

ilar fate. But poisoning continued, and public sentiment after the death of Henry VIII. compelled the ineffective law to be repealed. When men were drawn and quartered in England for comparatively trivial crimes, the crimes continued to be committed. It has frequently been noted that almost immediately after some executions have taken place which have been widely discussed, an epidemic of murders has followed. Few sober men commit crimes while harboring the remotest expectation of being caught, while a large proportion of the violent crimes are committed, as in this case, when man's reason is overthrown by drink. Furthermore, it is well to note the fact that the wanton lawlessness which has occurred with such alarming frequency in the treatment of the blacks of the South, not only fails to lessen the frequency of the crime, but is apparently producing the opposite effect. It is brutalizing the negro, and is kindling the fire of unquenchable hate in his soul, which as yet only smoulders.

And this brings me to a very serious consideration under the "expediency" view of the question. We are told that these inhuman atrocities are enacted in order to protect the women and children of the whites from the blacks, and in the same breath that these outrages are growing more frequent all the time. I can easily understand how the latter may be true; but in reply to the first statement I venture the opinion that expressions of lawlessness or exhibitions of savage inhumanity have never yet proved an effective breastwork for protecting the sanctity of home. Indeed, there is no more eloquent lesson taught by history than that injustice, lawlessness, and cruelty, or any phase of inhumanity, sooner or later returns to the source from whence it came with added power, although it may express itself upon the blood and brain of the offender's progeny. Now, the negro is peculiarly an imitative race. Every act of lawlessness, every dereliction of duty on the part of his white brother, consciously or unconsciously affects his mind, while every crime committed in a lawless manner adds to the smouldering hate already kindled by a sense of injustice. The horrible tortures which have recently disgraced two Southern States will necessarily greatly inflame this race. There is no disguising the fact that the South, by permitting these outrages, is fast drifting to a condition which may well make her tremble. In many sections of the South the negroes are five times as numerous as the whites. They are illiterate, and have received small ethical or soul culture. They are learning to hate the whites because they are coming to feel that unjust discrimination is made against them owing to the color of their skin, and the toleration of lawlessness greatly feeds this spirit; while such frightful and totally inexcusable torture as the case in question will inflame thousands of negroes, filling their minds

with a bitterness which will change blood to gall and love to hate. Oh, fellow-countrymen of the South, take heed! Do not imagine that rekindling the fires of the Middle Ages will protect your homes. Pause; retrace your steps; assert the dignity of the law. Be just, inexorably just, to the black man from this day forth, that happily your homes and your loved ones may not fall victims to the hate you yourselves are kindling. In the light of history, as well as that of sober reason, the excuse of protecting homes by deeds of torture and lawless acts, not only vanishes as a shadow from the dial of expediency, but it wraps the future in portentous gloom.

VI.

THE INFLUENCE
UPON
THE YOUNG.

I now come to notice the probable influence of the Paris tragedy upon the minds of the young, not only those unfortunate children who, through the shortsightedness of fathers, witnessed the horrible tragedy, but the hundreds of youthful minds which have drunk in with the eagerness of childhood the sickening details as given by elders. It is well known that not only is the young mind peculiarly imitative, but it is peculiarly susceptible to impressions from older minds, or from sources which are recognized as authoritative. Thus a child by hearing of deeds of valor on the battle-field, or reading of daring achievements in the military world, often becomes possessed with a mania for war. Tales of suffering and heroism for country and home, related to children, have frequently aroused the sentiment of patriotism until it became a passion. Appreciating the plastic condition of the child mind, the Spartans utilized this knowledge in making their children courageous while quite small, until the word "Spartan" became the synonym of intrepidity. Honor, integrity, love, and purity may be in a like manner so impressed on the minds of the young as to influence all after life. But what is true of the higher attributes and emotions is true of the animal passions. Indeed, the sentiments of hate and the passion for cruelty are perhaps more easily developed than the higher emotions, because man has not yet advanced far enough from savagery to have gained more than partial mastery over his lower nature. The animal instincts are dormant. They quickly respond to the influence of a congenial atmosphere. Especially is this true in childhood, when character is being formed; hence it is impossible to estimate the injury sustained by the children who witnessed the horrible atrocity committed in Paris. All the savagery in their nature was forcibly appealed to; and it is safe to say that on that fateful day something fine, high, and divine went out of the life of every child at the execution, while the

baleful influence on the youthful mind was not confined to those who witnessed the execution.

Again, beyond this, we must also consider the probable influence on the unborn; for it is a fact well established in medicine that when mothers are strongly aroused by any powerful emotion or sentiment prior to the birth of the child, the offspring is liable to be affected in a marked manner, either physically, mentally, or morally. Thus it was observed that, out of ninety-two children born shortly after the siege of Landau in 1793,* forty-nine died within ten months of birth, eight became idiots and died before they were five years old, and two were born with numerous fractures of the limbs. Thus in all, fifty-nine out of ninety-two births were cursed physically or mentally, while it is safe to presume that, of the remaining thirty-three, many suffered in a way other than physical in consequence of the horror, fear, and hate which swept over the brain and soul of each mother during the terrible suspense of the siege. Similar results were noted after the French Revolution, the siege of Antwerp, as well as in numerous instances which have recently come under the observation of physicians, where rage, hate, and horror have taken possession of mothers during gestation.

Space prevents further citation of special cases. I will, however, mention the observation of Sir Arthur Mitchell, commissioner on lunacy for Scotland, who examined over four hundred cases of idiocy and imbecility. In a paper read before a leading society of physicians of London, he shows in a startling manner how strong mental emotions awakened in mothers affect in a terrible manner the unborn. Now, it is more than probable that the hate and horror which this deed has occasioned in more than one woman in Texas, will find a fearful expression on the body, brain, or soul of the unborn.

This cruel deed is to be arraigned — first, as a lawless act; secondly, as an expression of savagery unworthy of any community that claims to be even partially civilized; thirdly, as a crime holding the potential destruction of homes and firesides by kindling hate in an untutored and imitative race; fourthly, as a crime against childhood; fifthly, as a sin against the unborn. But in saying this I do not wish to be understood as condoning the heinous deed committed by the drunken negro. I believe in the rigorous enforcement of justice *through law*. This is the only sure protection for home, state, or land. No civilization can be enduring which permits lawlessness to go unpunished or which fails to enforce justice in a spirit of *absolute impartiality*.

* See "Ædœology," by S. B. Elliot, M. D., pp. 21-23.



Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE ARENA.

No. XLII.

MAY, 1893.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE.

BY WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

But art itself, which is the faculty of perceiving and expressing the leading character of objects, is as enduring as the civilization of which it is the best and earliest fruit.

TAINÉ.

IN order to know how the American people rank to-day in the art of sculpture, and what possibilities are ours for the development of a great national art, we must determine, first, what constitutes greatness in plastic art, and secondly, what are the conditions that produce such greatness. Having considered these two questions, we shall be able to decide, by comparing our conditions with those of other great art epochs, what probability there is that America will achieve distinction in the art of sculpture.

We shall have to review briefly the history of those nations which have achieved such distinction; the cause of their success and how their art arose; its highest period and its decadence. Then, applying the tests of experience and history to our time, we shall be able to form our conclusions upon facts.

All men, no matter what their state of civilization, have practised the art of sculpture. From the first, men have had pleasure in imitating natural objects and sounds. From this love of imitation, the art of sculpture came into existence. While all men have the imitative faculty, but few are creators; and a piece of carving can only be called a work of art when it embodies an æsthetic or artistic idea. The mere imitation of a natural object is not sufficient; art demands that something be added to the natural. No better

definition can be given, perhaps, than that of Bacon. "Art," he says, "is man added to nature." Such art we are wont to call ideal or supernatural; that is, something in harmony with and embodying our highest thought. Ideal art, then, is the embodiment of a thought; such embodiment alone has the right to be called fine art. Art that lifts us above the commonplace and trivial, into the calm regions of the infinite, cultured people are wont to call great. Art, to be great and ideal, must appeal to the wide intelligence of a people, and it must express their noblest life.

The art of sculpture has its limits; its laws are firmly fixed, and plastic ideas can be properly expressed only by one who understands its conditions. We shall see, then, that to speak plastically, or to embody a thought in harmonious and enduring form, requires knowledge, self-restraint, and a mastery over the material from which the thought is to be cut or fused. This art requires complete knowledge of the limitations and laws governing plastic art, and thought sufficient to create a suitable idea. The sculptor must also have acquired sufficient technical power to master the material he works from, and to make it obedient to his thought. A sculptor's natural vehicle of expression is form, as is music to the musician.

A work of art is the natural product or result of refined and cultured living. It is so of necessity. Then, too, experience and history prove it to be so. A modern Frenchman, with his distorted ideas of life and abnormal moral conceptions, could no more produce a statue like the "Venus of Melos," than could Phidias, living in the calm, normal, refined atmosphere of Hellas, have produced a figure like a "Diana" of the French Salon. An artist is the voice of his people and time. It cannot be otherwise, or the time will not own him. History shows that great art has existed only where great ideas were current; and history also shows that every statue or monument of artistic worth has come of an intelligent people, and come, not isolated, but together with other like works of art, and where schools of sculpture have existed. There is no exception to this rule. As in later days Shakespeare was the natural climax of the Elizabethan age of letters and dramatics, so was Phidias, in antiquity, the result of the age of Pericles and Plato, and Michael Angelo the perfect flower of the Renaissance. A

great critic has shown that we may trace a work of art back, not only to the period and school which produced it, but to the artist himself, and the very time of his life when he created it. The rise, climax, and decadence of an art is one with the rise, climax, and decadence of a people.

While much of the carving done by pre-historic nations, and by the monastics of the Middle Ages, is interesting from an archæological and historical standpoint, and from the patience and labor expended upon its production, it cannot properly be classified with the fine arts. There are peoples of antiquity who had no great original art, and yet were known throughout the then civilized world for their wide commercial importance. The Phœnicians were such a people. When a nation has no ideas worthy to be perpetuated, no sculptor arises to put them in enduring form. So, Tyre and Sidon, famous in their day, are known to us only as lying between Egypt and Assyria, and copying the art idea of both these nations. A nation, then, to be great in art, must have creative genius, and that genius must find complete and rounded expression. So we may pass over the crude arts that antedated the great monumental art of Egypt, and also those that came after her, and all peoples whose art idea has been merely imitative, decorative, or fantastic.

Coming to Egyptian art, one should understand, first, the period, secondly, the school, and thirdly and naturally, the artist himself. Carlyle speaks to our purpose when he calls Dante the articulate voice of the Italian people, and Shakespeare the voice of England.

Taine, the critic, was, no doubt, thinking of Egypt when he said that every school degenerates and falls, simply through its neglect of exact imitation and its abandonment of the living model. If he intended this statement to apply to schools of art in general, he is in error. History shows that almost every school that has existed has fallen into decadence through a too close following of human models, a too exact imitation, resulting in utter realism, which has meant and still means utter degradation of art. It is also true that a neglect of the human model, and a dry, literal imitation of antique casts, is as bad as the other extreme. If imitation were the chief end of art, as some claim it is, the man who makes plaster casts from life would do better work than the sculptor. No piece of sculpture can, by the most

careful study, be made so like as a death mask or a cast from the living model; and yet who would think of comparing such a cast with a statue?

The processes of casting furnish valuable data for a work of art, but are only means to an end. No sculptor intends, I take it, to make a statue so lifelike that the spectator will be deceived and think it to be alive. Such attempts always end in the art of the waxwork show. Is not one of the chief attractions in sculpture the pure white or amber tinted marble from which it is cut, and which is in no particular like life? In entering the church of San Pietro-in-Vincoli, at Rome, to see the Moses of Michael Angelo, one is led past a painted statue of the Virgin, actually clothed and evidently made to resemble real life. What contrast between the art of the image-maker and that of the sculptor! The former, trivial, debased, panders to the credulities of a superstitious people; and for all its dressing, it is far from life in form, color, and spirit, having in common with it only the externals of dress. The latter, a spiritual symbolical interpretation of life, the firm embodiment of enduring will and faith that does not falter. Moses, not as he was in flesh, blood, and mantle, but as he is for all time in spirit; an indomitable leader of the chosen people, one who had actually walked and talked with God, sublimely calm, the embodiment of noblest human dignity.

Let us understand that imitation belongs merely to the technical side of art. We must not belittle its office, nor must we make it all-sufficient. We cannot have a great art through a mere system of mechanics, no matter how complete or perfect it may be. We are driven back to the critic who says, "Art is man added to nature." The sublime sibyls of Michael Angelo are sublime because they have passed through the crucible of his masterful genius; born as much of his intelligence as of the models who posed for him. To the fine physical forms which he selected in human nature, he added the poetic beauty of his own thought and soul. What this was, we may see in his sonnets:—

What the cloud doeth
The Lord knoweth,
The cloud knoweth not.
What the artist doeth,
The Lord knoweth;
Knoweth the artist not?

Having once understood the man's rounded nature, we can better understand how he created these inspired virgins. One may urge that they are not like life, and they are not like the life that passed his studio door each day; but somewhere he had seen such beings. In the subdued light of a silent cathedral, or against the evening skies beyond Florence, or at some brilliant festival, somewhere, no matter where, he had seen women like these. To imitation he added memory and poetic feeling, and produced, in their calm, dignified sweetness, these immortal creations.

In endeavoring to show that art is not mere imitation, it has been shown that art is not realism; and we come back to the point first urged, that great art is ideal. It is the essential of a person that art produces, that fleeting something (shall we call it spirit?) in a face that lifts it out of the crowd and fastens it upon our memory. We may call this character as well as spirit. We have shown that art is the spiritual representation of an idea or of a person. While there are different manifestations of the ideal, varying as different peoples vary, all ideal arts have had this in common — that they uplift, dignify, and ennoble human life and human thought.

We have omitted to mention an important factor in the artist's composition. It is the power for artistic selection. When this power has been cultivated, we call it taste. To the inborn trait must be added much wise seeing. This instinct for selection, or taste, is a distinctive characteristic of the great art eras, as well as of great artists.

To quote again a great critic, regarding the object of art: "The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential or salient character, consequently some important idea, clearer and more completely than is attainable from real objects." Art manifesting the highest aspirations of man must, to be great, be intelligible to all, and not merely to a chosen few. The great artists of all time have been rounded men and products of a complete and advanced civilization, and great arts have naturally been the same.

Having discussed our first question, namely, what greatness is in art, and more particularly sculpture, let us consider the conditions that have been found necessary to produce such great art and artists. If genius in man is like the vital, germinating force in all seed life, so, like this force,

does it depend on benignant and congenial surroundings. A tempered atmosphere is needed to develop that which otherwise would remain undeveloped, or at best remain an abortive growth. Genius in art is dependent upon prevailing tendency, the trend of life, what ideas or purpose may be current; and these decide what manifestation, if any, genius shall take on. To the begetting of a great art, certain moral and political conditions have been found necessary. Calm joy and clear faith are present in all great works of art. People given over to scepticism and despondency seldom produce a great statue or monument. A nation must enjoy a certain tranquillity if it is to practise the plastic arts. Statues must be thought out.

Prosperity, too, is necessary to the development of a rounded art. Art cannot flourish in abject poverty. The conditions of life and society must be such as to enforce a proper respect for the artist's calling. Ancient Rome never had a native artist, because the calling was thought undignified and effeminate. An artist, to produce great work, must be a part of the highest culture of his time. Ruskin has said that he should be fitted for the best society and keep out of it. Is it not truer that he should be fitted for the best society and keep in it? No great art is born of an attic studio alone. Art must have breadth and depth, must strike its roots deep into the soil upon which humanity lives if it is to live. If it is not so, it will become the dry, hard, suffering, ascetic art of the monasteries, that cannot stand the light and joy of every day. Great artists, then, are heirs to all that has gone before, as well as part and parcel of their epochs. Great art may be pathetic as well as joyful, but never despairing; it is the pathos of unstable man looking upon the calm, eternal repose of the mind's creations. The pathos, after all, is subjective, rather than objective. In the joyful eras of time, the conditions of life have been such that men have had leisure to create and care for the embodiments of their noblest aspirations; and wishing to perpetuate such ideals, they have put them in stone or lasting bronze.

Let us look at this question of condition more closely. Taking the Greek school for example, which attained the highest perfection possible, what conditions had it more favorable to sculpture than had Egypt and Assyria, from which she took her beginning in art? These nations

furnished each an indispensable letter of an alphabet, which, in the hands of the clear-eyed Greek, was made to express his free-born intelligence, symmetrical idea of human life, and the forces that govern it.

The first condition of Greek life was freedom. The Greek citizen served neither priest nor king. He elected his own magistrates and pontiffs, and might, in turn, be elected to any office himself. He was liable to be called upon to judge important political cases in the tribunal, and to decide grave matters of state in the assemblies. Every man was a trained soldier as well as a politician. It was necessary to be able to protect one's self from a possible inroad of the barbarians. All men were eligible to national offices. The warfare of that day called for personal prowess and agility, and the individual was developed to his highest possible capacity, capable of the utmost human endurance. The producing of fine physical form was the chief art among the Greeks. The Olympian games consisted of a triumphal display of the nude figure. Before the eyes of the whole nation, the Greek youth contended for supremacy. Poets chanted the praises of the victor, and his name was given to the Olympiad. His native city received him in triumph, and the deeds of his prowess became her pride. Many tales are told of the excessive admiration and constant joy which the Greek had in perfection of human form. The costume was light and easily put off, while the long, sweeping folds of the mantle gave dignity and grace to the draped figure. We know that the flower of Athenian youth entered into these contests; and it is recorded that Sophocles, when a youth, and distinguished for his beauty, stripped off his garment to dance and chant pæans. Phidias not only entered to admire and study the nude form at these joyful festivals, but was wont himself to contend; so he knew from experience all possible movements of the human body and every expression of the face. At the baths, too, sculptors had the opportunity of studying the human figure in a thousand listless, graceful attitudes.

Not only did the Greek admire a finely developed human form, but he considered it to be actually the abode of divinity. To him the body was the temple of the spirit, as the word is used in its pagan interpretation. It is natural for the Greek to have sought an enduring expression for the beautiful

human forms it was the chief end of his existence to develop; and a successful athlete, when crowned, was entitled to a statue.

The Greek system of education included all that Delsarte has sought to formulate. The educated Greek had an abounding faith in the moral government of the universe, and his life was not harassed nor disquieted by anxious doubt. At peace with himself and with his gods, he had time and inclination to cultivate the beautiful arts; and all his statuary is the reflection of a serene state of mind, well adapted to plastic thought. In this healthful atmosphere, sculpture found nothing to retard its growth. We have seen it fettered by priestcraft in Egypt, and by unvarying conventionality in Assyria. We have discussed the conditions necessary to the successful growth of sculpture, and we have seen that these conditions belong to Greece more than to any country, perhaps, before or since. The Athenian had abundant leisure. His work was done by slaves. But this leisure was not given over to bloody shows, as was the case with the more brutal Roman, but was devoted to intellectual and physical education. The gymnasium of that day was the great art school, where the sculptor might bring his clay and study the youth as they ran, wrestled, hurled the spear, or threw the discus. On festival occasions, in the choral and orchestral dances, was seen every beautiful position and movement of the human body.

Their greatest sculptor, Phidias, lived at the same time as their greatest architect, Ictinus, their most revered philosopher, Plato, and distinguished dramatist, Sophocles. We see, then, that the age which produced the greatest men in literature, art, and science produced the grandest works of sculpture in Greece. We know that Pericles, the chief statesman of that era, was the friend of Phidias, and could, no doubt, talk as intelligently about art as Phidias could converse about letters and affairs of state.

Athenian civilization was at its zenith. The fragments which remain of the frieze and pedimental groups of the Parthenon exhibit the handiwork of a firmly poised, symmetrical mind, and a hand thoroughly trained to execute its bidding. Were we not charmed with the perfect proportion and satisfying beauty of the whole, it would be easy to lose one's self in the subtlety of finish and the delicate relation of plane to

plane. Dignity, reverence, and self-control are their chief characteristics, and must have distinguished the man who created these marvellous works. Supreme knowledge of the laws and limitations of sculpture is shown. Each figure is perfectly adapted to the place it fills.

We may take these sculptures as typical of the symmetrical, harmonious, and completely rounded Greek life which gave them existence. Each man bore easily and unconsciously the political and social duties laid upon him by the state. That the Greeks were a people of infinite possibilities and capable of indefinite expansion, may be seen in the way in which they represent repose in action. The Greek knew where to place his climax. His emotional nature was subordinated to his intelligence. There is no running riot; something is forever kept back. We feel that we may any day find some statue more beautiful than the last. His nature is at times dramatic, never theatrical. All this can be seen in his sculpture more than any other manifestation of his genius. Sculpture was the soul and the central art of Greece, and must remain forever its most splendid attraction.

After seven hundred years of effort, Rome conquered Greece, and robbed her of her art treasures to decorate her own gaudy villas. Glancing for a moment at the condition of national and private life at Rome, we shall see why she never produced a great art or even one single distinguished sculptor. Could we have followed Greek art from the moment of her supreme glory to the second period of her career, of which epoch Praxiteles was the most illustrious creator, we would have seen her stripped of her sublimity, but still beautiful. The distinguishing characteristic of this second epoch, when the decadence of art had begun, was a sensuous loveliness. The spiritual meaning was becoming more and more confused, the standards of life were lowered, and all that was ennobling and poetical in the Greek religion was fast becoming lost in affectation. As life was degraded, art followed its footsteps. Art had still, however, its canons of modesty. After the death of Praxiteles, sensual representation became its chief object.

To be a great artist in Greece was to be the equal of the greatest in the land. In Rome it was not so. Artists were relegated to the mechanic classes. The Roman was a distinct realist, and never rose above the level of portraiture

and imitation. The chief object of Roman life was to possess and dominate. Amid such selfish and ignoble surroundings, art could not flourish. Caesar, Agrippa, and Augustus affected a love for the fine arts. The plundering of Greece finally led to the establishment of a second-rate school at Rome, which we may call the Greco-Roman. The conditions of life at Rome were utterly opposed to the creation or development of a national school that can, with any propriety, be called great. Their chief art was warfare, and in this they excelled. Public and private life was immoral to the point of licentiousness. Rome may be quoted as a negative example, to show the conditions under which art cannot exist, or reach any lofty development.

The little art which Rome possessed was swept away or buried by the barbarian hordes. What followed upon the invasions is painful enough, when we think of monuments mutilated that were once the glory of Greece. In the ten centuries that follow upon the fall of Rome there is no art worthy of record; nor has this brutalized, debased existence any direct bearing upon the subject. The conditions under which men lived were not those from which art is developed.

With the Gothic period, new life was infused into sculpture, as well as into architecture. But sculpture was for the most part decorative and so much the handmaiden of architecture, that it is difficult to separate one from the other. The workmen who carved the ornaments of these vast Gothic cathedrals became, by practice and aspiration and by study of new-found classical models, the sculptors who formed the early Italian Renaissance. Human life was taking on new aspects. Man's restless, feverish desires were satisfied by the new ideals which Christianity had planted in his breast. Life became joyful once more, as it was in ancient Greece, and expressed itself in manifold lovely forms, weird, mystical, and enchanting. Sculpture was more personal than with the Greek. Life was more direct, and every moment, to the Christian, was of divine importance.

There is a happy blending in this Renaissance period of the grand style with a style so tender and full of human affection, that we may best characterize it by the word "Christian." Human life was again serious, beautiful, and expansive. Human rights were respected, and law was re-established. Life became once more normal, intelligent, and free; and art, cor-

responding to these conditions, arose and was developed to a marvellous degree of perfection. Donatello and Michael Angelo are the men whose art makes up and colors the new-found Renaissance school. The art of Donatello shows classical influence, and that of Michael Angelo consummate knowledge of antique sculpture. The greatest men of this school in sculpture were roundedly developed men of broad ideas and liberal culture. The relief work of Donatello is known throughout the world. It is tinged, but sweetly, with the mystical spirit of those who created Gothic art. It is a happy blending of a contented, Christian living, with calm, classical feeling for outline and form.

We have already spoken of the art of Michael Angelo, and need not return to it now. Art was again down-trodden, or lost sight of, in the scepticism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Life was not worthy of perpetuation in sculpture. Human thought was too fickle and changeable, so we may pass over the interlude after of the Italian Renaissance, until we come to the modern re-birth of art in France. France was the cradle of modern sculpture. Whatever criticisms or strictures we may see fit to make upon French sculpture, we must give her credit for the splendid and fearless way in which she initiated a new art era. In dealing with the modern art of France, it is difficult to be just—to hold the matter at arms' length, as it were, and look upon its every side. We are apt to be fascinated with its brilliant qualities and forget that the first test by which we must judge it, is whether or not it be sculpturesque. While it has produced some fine work and isolated statues, here and there, taken as an art, as a school of sculpture, it cannot be called great—not in the sense, certainly, in which we have applied the term to the art of Greece and that of the Italian Renaissance. The French have shown intimate knowledge of the human form, together with much technical skill. Certain of their statues exhibit action and force and even original genius. If the conditions of French life had not demanded the sensual realism that dominates their art, the art of France might have become great. Then, too, this realistic tendency has carried them so far that their statues are little more than literal copies of the nude models one may see at the Julian schools or at the academy. The statue of St. John, by Rodin, is only a common Italian model of a low

type, with a head that forbids any intellectual activity. The statue is an exact copy of this model. This example may stand for most all of their statues. The too close following of the living model has led them into a style that argues a sure decadence. French sculpture reflects French life. Can we call that life great? I think not; nor can we call their art great. The conditions of life in France are not true and noble enough, not pure and frank enough, in their essence, to produce a great and lasting art, and no amount of artifice will enable them to do so. It is clever, brilliant, if you will, but no one can say that France has produced a great school of sculpture. Is not the supreme test for work of art this? Does it teach us to live better, more calmly and greatly? If not, it cannot be called great and will not endure.

The beginnings of our modern school were made by men who had studied in Italy and France, many of them in both schools. Of the early American school of sculpture, which has almost entirely passed away and left to us, alas, so many dull, lifeless pseudo-Greek works, it is scarcely worth while to speak. No sculpture of this school rose even to the level of Canova or Thorwaldsen, and these sculptors were simply imitators of the Greek school.

We come now to our own epoch; to men like St. Gaudens, Warner, French, Ward, and, among the older men, Thomas Ball, and some others whom I need not mention. This school has had courage and thought sufficient to escape from that pseudo-classical thralldom which had made slaves and imitators of their predecessors. They are the pioneers or early settlers in the new art era which is dawning upon America. Are not the conditions of our life, as we hold them calmly away and look at them from an abstract standpoint, such as to promise a great national art for this country?

We, like the Greeks, are free men. The conditions of our life, the new life that is beginning everywhere, are much the same as those which existed in Athens in her palmy days of art. Education is free and universal. We are not harassed by warfare, or by a military system that takes a number of the best years of a man's life and devotes them to military routine. We are a prosperous people; abject poverty is rarely found. Then, too, we have numerous processes for reproducing works of art, and carrying them into every

home in the land, so all may know what other people have achieved in art and letters. We are the heirs, more than any people, perhaps, to-day, of the past history of the world. Life with us is, in the main, frank and open. Every man is thought to have some occupation. Our religion does not fetter us. We are free to represent what we will in sculpture or painting, as long as our representation be not ignoble or licentious. There are laws prohibiting representations of this order. We are a people who love the beautiful; this is amply manifested by our poets, historians, and novelists. Our art is yet in its youth, but there is something in the American genius akin to the Greek — a most precious quality — that power to be evolved and evolve itself unendingly — capacity for indefinite expansion. So far, it has shown itself chiefly in science and mechanics; but these are the natural precursors of art epochs. Among the continental nations of Europe, we are held to be a great people. Is it not natural to assume, then, that our art, when it has had time for a proper and rounded development, shall be great also? We have now some of the best examples of monumental sculpture in the world. I may mention a few examples, such as the "Farragut" of St. Gaudens; a number of fine statues by Daniel French; the Governor Buckingham statue, by Warner, the "Washington" by Thomas Ball in Boston, the Washington statue by Ward, in Wall Street, and many others.

If, then, our country shall follow the traditions of the past, shall take its example from the successes, and its warnings from the failures of nations which have preceded us in art, we may fully expect a great art era for America. We may never reach the height attained by Greece, in the days of Phidias or Praxiteles, but yet even this is not impossible.

AN EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY PRIOR TO DR. ABBOTT'S.

BY PRESIDENT ORELLO CONE.

THE application of the doctrine of evolution to Christianity has naturally excited widespread attention, and elicited conflicting judgments. As might have been expected, it has not been regarded with general favor in the Church. Men who think that Christianity is a supernatural religion do not readily admit as explanatory of its origin and history a principle so intimately associated with naturalism and the scientific method as is that of evolution. They distrust all attempts to reconcile it with supernaturalism, and are apprehensive lest the old doctrine be driven from the field by this vigorous young claimant for popular favor. The mediating attitude assumed by a distinguished representative of "the new theology," in a recent course of the Lowell lectures, accordingly fails to secure general acceptance. His attempt to expound Christianity from the point of view of evolution is not approved by conservative thinkers in the Church, because they suspect the theory on which the exposition proceeds, while his application of the principle is not thorough enough to satisfy its more radical advocates. It is not the purpose of the present discussion to undertake a critical review of the lectures of the eminent thinker and scholar referred to, but rather to point out a phase of the evolution of Christianity which he appears to have overlooked—a phase of it which is of the greatest importance to a correct view of the beginnings of Christianity and of the writings in which they are recorded.

The particular aspect of evolution which it is proposed to consider appears in the New Testament, and the question naturally presents itself for discussion in the first place, in what sense the principle of evolution admits of application to the writings composing this book. Dr. Abbott, in the lectures in question, unreservedly maintains that the Bible

is the product of evolution, but he has not set forth with entire clearness and precision the principles involved in this teaching. It is not apparent from his exposition what relation he conceives supernaturalism to hold to the naturalism usually implied in the term "evolution." He declares at the outset that to deny that "the Bible is an inspired literature and contains a divine revelation," is to deny Christianity, and that he who makes this denial "is not, in his belief, a Christian." From the point of view of "the new theology," as expounded in the Lowell lectures, the Bible, although "an inspired literature," is not "a final and infallible standard." The "divine revelation" which it contains is "progressive," beginning with a dim and uncertain light, and "growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." But if the Bible is not a final and infallible standard, one cannot but raise the question what warrant there is for holding that its conclusion indicates the noontide effulgence, "the perfect day," of spiritual illumination. If its revelation is "progressive," if its moral and spiritual disclosures are all only relatively true because adapted to the capacity and development of their recipients, then the end of it is only so much better or nearer the truth than the beginning as the recipients of its last disclosures were more highly developed than those to whom its first message was delivered. It is difficult to see how a relative revelation of this sort could ever attain its "perfect day," for the continuous development of mankind would require a continuous "inspired literature," if such a literature is needed at all. A "progressive revelation" could come to an end and have a closed canon only when the progress of mankind came to an end. Otherwise, since revelation is determined by the capacity of its recipients, the degree of development reached by the human race at the time when the last writing of the "inspired literature" was finished would denote the high-water mark of this literature, and indicate how far it fell short, even in its highest evolution, of being "a final and infallible standard." A "progressive revelation" can be only a progressive standard—that is, a standard to those alone to whom its successive parts are delivered, and must altogether cease to be a standard when it comes to an end.

Furthermore, it is not clear in what sense revelation is used when it is brought under evolution and conceived as

progressive. The Bible is said to contain "a divine revelation" — a term which, when employed without qualification, must be understood to mean a supernatural communication of truth. But how this can proceed by stages of evolution, is not apparent. A divine revelation determined by the capacity of its recipients, and varying according to that capacity, is a contradiction in terms if the revelation conveys the truth, unless the truths communicated be assumed to be graded from elementary to higher. But it cannot be shown that in general there is such a gradation in the Bible, where so-called "revelations" of the character of God, of duty, and of worship, given at one time are reversed at another. Since "the new theology" admits these incongruities in the Bible, it is not necessary to dwell upon them; but it should be pointed out that if both of two contradictory doctrines or precepts are revelations, one of them is a revelation of error, and that the term "progressive revelation," employed to denote the advance from the law of retaliation to the law of love, is a misnomer. If Jesus was right in reversing certain Old Testament precepts, these precepts were not divine revelations of the truth; and we have on the theory in question no guaranty that he himself was right, since his teachings also are involved in the scheme of a progressive revelation. Since, then, this theory makes of the Bible a mere series of teachings, which are relative to the degree of development attained by the people to whom they were given, and which cannot properly be called divine revelations, its maintenance appears to be in the highest degree illogical and unsound. Having arrived upon this ground in its departure from the old mechanical theory of inspiration, "the new theology" cannot consistently refuse to advance to the historical point of view, from which the varying doctrines in the Bible are regarded as representing the progress of man in moral and spiritual development, and from which alone the principle of evolution can be applied to this book without confusion and inaccuracy.

The conception of the Bible as a closed canon of "inspired literature" introduces a dogmatic preconception which interferes with the strictly scientific application of the principle of evolution. Within the limits of this literature it is assumed that the evolution is determined by a divine intervention which expresses itself in inspiration, while elsewhere the

religious evolution of man presumably proceeds in a natural way. We have thus in the Bible the anomaly of an exception to a great natural law which is presumably applied to the Bible because of its supposed universality! A careful study of the origin of the biblical writings and of the history of the canon should have saved the advocates of "the new theology" from taking this illogical position into which they have apparently been betrayed by a desire to retain an ancient and revered terminology now meaningless in their hands. The semi-supernaturalism of "the new theology" prevents it from regarding the movements of religious thought in the New Testament, subsequent to Jesus, as belonging to that long series of theological developments which is known as the history of Christian doctrines; although according to the historical method, which is supported by the facts of the formation of the canon of the New Testament, there appears to be no reason for drawing a hard and fast line between the canonical and the uncanonical literature of the early church. Accordingly, in treating of the evolution of Christianity, the representatives of this mode of thought shrink from a thorough and consistent application of the law of evolution to the New Testament, and go no further with it than to deal in phrases about a "progressive revelation."

It is necessary, then, to a complete and consistent view of the evolution of Christianity, as well as to an understanding of the later developments of Christian thought, to go farther back toward the sources of our religion than the new theology appears to be inclined to venture, and to treat of certain phases of that evolution which are found in the New Testament itself. The discussion upon which we are to enter does not proceed upon the theory of a "progressive revelation," and does not undertake to show a progress of thought toward an ideally perfect theology. It is rather occupied with a movement from simple to differentiated and complex conceptions.

The point of departure of the development of thought in the New Testament is of course the person and teaching of Jesus. The principle on which this development must be supposed to have proceeded, is the induction from history that the results of the occupation of human thought with any theme are largely determined by the prevailing ideas of the time; that is, by the intellectual environment, and by prepossessions and absorbing interests and feelings. The

determination of the point of departure is evidently of great importance. Here it is difficult, for the biographies of Jesus which approach most nearly to an historical character, the first three or synoptic gospels, were probably not written until near the end of the first century — a period of fifty or sixty years from his death. That the tradition of which these are the deposit should have undergone during this period no modifications through accretions of a poetic and legendary character, is improbable in view of the age and the people, and from the analogy of the beginnings of other religious literatures. Its flexibility is so apparent in the numerous variations of the written narratives, that one hazards nothing in affirming that these writings do not present a precise and accurate account of the person, works, and teachings of Jesus. While they show the influence of an historical interest and aim, they cannot be said to be carefully and critically compiled biographies. That the oral tradition of Jesus remained stationary for fifty years, is contrary to all probability and all analogy. The natural course of its development would be in the direction of an idealizing of his person, modifications of his sayings under the influence of the environment, and an enhancement of his works. The writings in question show, with great probability, that it took this course. The wonder-story of the birth of Jesus is not mentioned in the oldest of them, that ascribed to Mark; it is not referred to in his recorded sayings, and in the epistolary literature of the New Testament; its historicity is accordingly very doubtful. There are many cases of an apparent transformation of spiritual facts, sayings, and ideas into historical events. Probable examples of this are the story of the descent of a dove at the baptism, the temptation in the wilderness, the marvellous increase of food, the cursing of the fig tree, the rending of the veil of the Temple, the bodily resurrection of saints at the crucifixion, and other similar events. A very natural development of the tradition of Jesus among his followers, who interpreted his declaration of his spiritual Messiahship as an acceptance of the traditional Messianic office, resulted in the doctrine of an early return of the ascended Christ to the earth, to efface the ignominy of his death by a swift and terrible judgment. The life of a wandering teacher who "had not where to lay his head," ending in the dishonor of the crucifixion, was for them no

suitable fulfilment of a Jewish-Messianic mission. Accordingly, their ardent expectation doubtless gave to some sober words of his concerning his future spiritual presence among them the form of a vivid delineation of a personal bodily return within his own generation, and he was made to say that he would come in the clouds of Heaven with a troop of his "holy angels," gather the "nations" to judgment before an earthly "throne of glory," and award to men eternal life or eternal punishment according to their treatment of his "brethren."

The religion of Jesus, which does not admit of a precise formulation, but the leading features of which were a sense of men's dependence upon and responsibility to God as a righteous Father, a recognition of their capacity to hold communion with Him through their spiritual nature, over which death has no power, and a practical principle of brotherhood that binds men together in mutual love and helpfulness, thus received from his original Jewish-Christian followers considerable modifications and this Messianic-apocalyptic appendage which occupies a conspicuous place in the synoptic gospels, and determined to a considerable degree their coloring of his biography. The Messianic interest of Jewish Christianity directed attention chiefly to the future as the theatre of the exaltation of Christ, and is responsible for the apocalyptic features of its interpretation of his mission. But the Pauline transformation of his gospel was largely influenced by a speculative interest, disregarded his life and teachings, and began the exaltation of his person in a pre-existent state of glory in the heavenly regions. Paul indeed conceived "the man Christ Jesus" to have been "born of the seed of David according to the flesh," but to him he was more than the human personality of the original gospel-tradition; he was "the man from Heaven," "the second Adam," the spiritual head and representative of the human race, whose mission it was to counteract the consequences of the fall in Eden by becoming the founder of a new order of humanity under "the law of the spirit of life." He conceived a Messiahship that transcended the primitive Jewish idea of it, which rested in the restoration of the political order of Israel, and extended the Messianic functions to the restoration of the spiritual order of mankind. The mighty agent who must achieve this stupendous work could have no

tribal limitation, could not be merely the "anointed" of a people, but must be of universal significance in his origin and nature, the pre-existent, archetypal, heavenly man, "the image of God," and the one through whom the creation became. So vast an end to be attained must have a means adequate to its accomplishment. The distance which the Christological development of the gospel of Jesus traversed through this metaphysical Pauline conception of the person of its founder may be seen by a comparison with it of his own doctrine of his nature and office as it appears in the oldest historical sources. We here find him saying nothing of his pre-existence or of his agency in creating the world. He connects the result of his work in no way with a celestial rank and a metaphysical notion of his person. He trusts with heroic faith in his word, which as a "leaven" will transform the world.

This Pauline transformation of the gospel of Jesus did not, however, stop with the construction of a new Christology, but reached its height in a doctrine of salvation, which was as different from that of Jesus as its theory of his person was from his teaching regarding himself. Jesus, who recognized no other foundation for a character than that which is laid in hearing and doing his words, who taught nothing of bearing "the curse of the law" in his death, of his own satisfaction of the divine righteousness for the world, of a representative atonement, and of a justification of men which should be "accounted" to them through their faith in him, did not have in view the abolition of the law, but expressly declared that he came to fulfil it. He would have men attain righteousness as he attained it, by a trusting, worshipful obedience, by spiritual communion with God, and by nurturing the sentiment of brotherly love. This easy yoke and light burden he invited men to assume, and believed in their spiritual capacity to achieve the task through the quickening of his word and life. On the contrary, Paul's theory of salvation was grounded upon a distrust of man's ability, took no account of the teachings and life of Jesus, and was constructed with reference to a theoretical, absolute consummation, a complete satisfaction of the law, a clearing off once for all of its claims by a settlement of its account, which partake more of magic than of rational practicability. The idea of a righteousness which is "accounted" to men through faith by

reason of the satisfaction of the requirements of the law by one who has "redeemed them from its curse," and been "made a curse" for them, is foreign to the thought of Jesus, and altogether incompatible with his conception of the establishment of right relations between man and God. The teaching that the Father demands of the wayward son only repentance and return; that to enter the kingdom one must do the will of God and renounce the worldly possessions which encumber the spirit; that the great invitation must be accepted with joyful alacrity, though the loved ones are left without adieu; and that the coming after him, or the attainment of his spiritual altitude, is simply to take up the cross of service and sacrifice and follow him, could not be more radically transformed than it was in the construction of this metaphysical scheme of salvation.

Paul, with all his greatness, was not, however, quite superior to the apocalyptic expectations of his age and race, and his conception of the kingdom of God included a manifestation of the Messiah from Heaven and a "judgment seat of Christ." But in his doctrine of the last things the original Jewish-Christian Messianism underwent a transformation by the addition of new and strange features. In the synoptic account of the second coming of Christ there is no mention or intimation of a resurrection, and the "throne" of the Son of Man is established on the earth for the judgment of "all nations." On the contrary, the Pauline Christian apocalypse is intimately connected with the apostle's theory of salvation. To be saved was in his thought to become a sharer in the glory and life of the Messianic kingdom, and to reign with Christ at his coming. This good fortune was to be that of the believers in Christ, both those who had "fallen asleep" and those who should be "alive" and "remain" at the Parousia. The former would be "raised incorruptible," and the latter would be "changed." By reason of the spirit dwelling in them of Him who raised up Christ from the dead, their mortal bodies would be quickened; and clothed upon with bodies in the likeness of Christ's "body of glory," they would enter upon the blessedness of being "forever with the Lord." This Pauline transformation of the Jewish-Christian eschatology, although including the expectation of an immediate and catastrophic consummation, and such materialistic features as the deliverance of "the

groaning creation" from "the bondage of corruption," to which it was supposed to have been subjected by the sin of Adam, and the subjection of the Messiah's "enemies," was on the whole a more spiritual apprehension of "the last things" than the latter. Among its characteristic traits were a spiritualizing of the Jewish doctrine of the resurrection of the body, a relating of the inward, spiritual transformation through faith to the resurrection apprehended as a clothing upon of the soul with an incorruptible corporeity by reason of the indwelling Spirit, an ingathering of "the fulness of the Gentiles," and a hope of the salvation of the beloved and much yearned-for "brethren according to the flesh." The apostle's grounds for believing in the consummation of so hopeful a soteriology within the brief time which remained before the hastening Parousia are not apparent, and there are many things besides in his eschatology which do not well accord with one another; but his doctrine of the last days agrees with his exalted conception of Christ as the divine man from Heaven and the universal spiritual Messiah, and with his idea of the transforming spirit which touches even the mortal body with its life-giving efficacy. It is distinguished by a profundity and a noble humaneness which are in striking contrast with the externality and harshness of the synoptic apocalypse.

The evolution of Christian doctrine which appears in the deutero-Pauline literature, Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, and 1 Peter, shows how profoundly the person of Christ impressed the early believers in him. The transformation of Paulinism by its friends took two general directions: a further exaltation of the person of Christ, and a departure from the distinctive teachings of the apostle regarding salvation. In the matter of Christology, conceptions were introduced from different points of view, which were, indeed, somewhat in touch with Paulinism, but denote a considerable departure from the apostle's thought; while the soteriology was characterized by a quiet dropping out of his fundamental doctrines, and a tendency to return toward the original Christian ideas of the establishment of right relations between man and God. Under the influence of Alexandrian ideas there was developed here a Christology of striking novelty, widely different from that of the original tradition. Since the writings in which it appears originated

at about the same time with the synoptic Gospels, the two types of doctrine regarding the person of Christ present an historical problem of no little difficulty. It cannot be solved upon the assumption of the unity of doctrine in the New Testament resulting from the assumed divine communication of truth to all its writers, but only from the historical point of view by the hypothesis of a development proceeding from the primitive tradition of Jesus, and variously modified here and there by different influences and environments. In the one we cannot but recognize the predominant influence of the Palestinian tradition, and in the other the speculative Alexandrian tendency. Accordingly, the Son of Man of the synoptic Gospels becomes in these epistles "the high-priest" of redemption, "the express image" of the being of God, the "brightness" of the divine glory, and an all-pervading efficacy, "upholding all things by the word of his power." The Pauline idea of the agency of Jesus in creation is evolved into the conception of him as the creator of "all things in heaven and earth, visible and invisible, thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers," and his exaltation culminates in the declarations that he is before all things, that "in him all things subsist," and that he possesses "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." So Philo supposed the Logos to be "filled entirely with the immaterial powers." With the disappearance of the Pauline doctrine of the representative office of Christ, prominence is here given to the ethical significance of his passion, and this idea is developed in connection with mythological features, among which appear the "bringing to naught of him who hath the power of death, that is, the Devil," and the disarming of the orders of hostile spiritual beings, "principalities and powers," which are made "a public show," and "led captive in triumph." The bond of the law which they are supposed to hold against sinful men is "nailed to the cross," so that by means of the great sacrifice the demonic powers are put to confusion and overthrown. The prince of the mythologic "powers of the air" no longer holds the souls of the faithful in his relentless grasp, for the great champion has gained the victory in the cosmic contest which was waged between the representatives of the two mighty cosmic forces of good and evil.

The great transformations of the gospel of Jesus which appear in the New Testament are completed in the fourth

Gospel, a dogmatic, mystical writing with an ostensible biographical purpose subordinated to a distinctive theological tendency. The person of Christ is the prominent theme, which is accentuated in the prologue, in the discourses, and in the narratives, and his exaltation is carried to the verge of deification. The lowly Jesus of Nazareth of the synoptic tradition here becomes the heaven-descended Logos who was in the beginning with God, and was God, by whom the world was made, and through whom, in the word of ancient seers, a dimly apprehended light had shone upon the abyss of spiritual darkness. The position assigned to Jesus in this Gospel is one of cosmic significance, and his functions transcend the limits of Jewish Messianism. Greater than the Pauline second Adam, he is no representative of the human race, appointed to bear the curse of the law in his passion for the sake of men. He offers no atoning sacrifice, and his death is not an humiliation, but a gateway through which he passes out of the darkened world into his "glory." He does not suffer in order to satisfy the divine righteousness, and does not "buy off" sinful men by the payment of the precious ransom of his blood, but he draws them to himself by the attraction of his personality, and to those who receive him he gives "power to become the children of God." There is here no roundabout accounting of men as righteous through faith by reason of the abrogation of a burdensome "law," but the life-giving Christ directly communicates to the believers a spiritual principle which is in them "a well of water springing up to everlasting life." Obedience, far from being, as in the Pauline thought, an impossible achievement, is the prompt and glad expression of the life of him who is in living union with Christ. For the believer the future is full of promise. The blessed Paraclete will come. Receiving that which is Christ's, he will communicate it to the faithful, leading them "into all truth." Death has no power over those who have been united with Christ. He "will raise them up at the last day," and they will "come forth to a resurrection of life."

The various types of teaching contained in the New Testament — the essential gospel of Jesus and the Jewish-Christian, the Pauline, the deutero-Pauline, and the Johannine — present, indeed, formal differences of doctrine. But while the teaching of Jesus lies at the basis of all the other teach-

ings, and stood in a causal relation to them, furnishing partly the material and almost entirely the impulse which made them possible, there exists between the two classes a more important distinction than that of merely formal variations. The evolution of Christianity from the simple gospel of Jesus to the Johannine speculations, far from indicating a "progressive revelation," denotes as to religious content a retrogressive tendency. A development of doctrine is, however, apparent, proceeding from the simple to the complex, the enhanced, and the metaphysical. While the several members of the second class present co-ordinate differences, the two classes — the original gospel of Jesus and its doctrinal developments — are distinguished by a fundamental difference of nature. It is the distinction between religion as experienced and discoursed of by one who was spiritually in touch with divine realities and in communion with God, and the accretions which become attached to his message and his story when these are committed to the flood of oral tradition; between the teacher in his aloneness and simple grandeur, and the portraits of him drawn by his own and the immediately succeeding generations; between a God-allied life illustrating a divine message, and human conceptions and opinions of both, determined by varying interests, tendencies, and prejudices, and by tribal or provincial points of view; between a word of universal import spoken from a commanding outlook of spiritual experience, and the commentaries of the schools upon it; between a spiritual Messiah already come, with neither strife nor cry, in an inward kingdom of righteousness and love, and a temporal Messiah about to come on the clouds in pomp and splendor, with apocalyptic "thrones" and judgment; between the proclamation of the kingdom of God as an ethical religious principle, and an interpretation of it determined by the feverish Messianic hopes of an age of political ferment and fanaticism; between the intuitions of an inspired Master, who in his purity of heart beholds God, and the speculations of lesser men who grope if haply they may find Him; between realities and dreams, religion and theology, revelation and apocalypse, truth and half-truths; between the self-consciousness of the Son of Man and metaphysical Christologies; between the straight way to God through sacrifice and obedience, and abstract and mechanical schemes of redemption;

and between seeking the present kingdom of God and His righteousness, and "gazing up into heaven" to discern a coming kingdom of apocalypse.

The importance and transcendent worth of the gospel of Jesus, in contrast with the "undivine elements" in which the evolution of Christianity in the New Testament resulted, are evident as soon as it is separated from these and regarded by itself. Christianity and the religion of Jesus are two things which it is necessary to clear thinking about either to keep distinct. The gospel of Jesus is a teaching which may be described as the expression of his thought and experience of man's relation to God and to his fellow-man, or of conduct in the widest sense of the word. It has the stimulus and nurture for the mind which always accrue to it from dealing with great realities. As in art, so in religion and morals, the artificial degrades and enfeebles, the real ennobles and strengthens the soul. It is a striking evidence of the unequalled greatness of Jesus that his legacy to mankind contains nothing that is factitious. He has left us not his dreams, but his experiences; not his speculations, but his intuitive judgments; not processes, but verities; not a theology merely, but a religion. These are fruitful of thought, quicken the higher emotions, and furnish great moral impulses. They establish man's faith in himself, in the moral and spiritual order, and in God. They enter into the structure of all true character, and constitute the vital principle of righteousness. For the ends of spiritual culture, one truth of Jesus exceeds in worth all the apocalypses that have been dreamed. His gospel, contrasted with the early commentaries and speculations upon it, is as the permanent to the transient, as the divine word to varying human interpretations of it. In what striking contrast does the fruitfulness of the one stand to the dreary barrenness of the other! There is the difference between them that the one is chiefly a religion, and the other chiefly a variety of theologies. The spiritual teacher in communion with God and in fellowship with man — how near is he to us! how apprehensible to thought! how inspiring as an example! But the Messiah on the clouds, the great high-priest, the second Adam, the pre-existent Logos — what remoteness, what inaccessibility, what suggestions of spiritual sterility do these terms convey! The real Jesus, who goes before us in the way of sacrifice

and obedience, inspires our reverence and devotion; and as we follow him we become aware of the divine presence. But the apocalyptic and metaphysical Christs stir in us no sentiment of love and consecration, no fervor of discipleship, and only excite wonder and provoke speculation. Had only these latter been given, or had the attention of men been confined to these products of the evolution of doctrine, there would have been no disciples, no martyrs, and no Christian Church. Did the New Testament portray only these Christs and not also the living Jesus, it were a dead book.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS, THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

II.

GENERAL CONDITIONS FOR ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL WORKERS.

So far as opportunity is concerned, it is the United States only that offers a practically unlimited field to women workers, to whom some four hundred trades and occupations are now open. Comparison with other countries is, however, essential, if we would judge fairly of conditions as a whole; and thus we turn first to that other English-speaking race, and the English worker at home. At once we are faced with the impossibility of gathering much more than surface indications, since in no other country is there any counterpart to our admirable system of investigation and tabulation, each year more and more systematic and thorough. In spite of the fact that factory laws had their birth in England, and that the whole system of child labor—the early horrors of which find record in thousands of pages of special reports from inspectors appointed by government—has been through their means modified and improved, there are, even now, no sources of information as to numbers at work or the characteristics of special industries. The census must be the chief dependence, and here we find the enormous proportions to which the employment of women has attained.

In 1861 these returns gave for England and Wales 1,024,277 women at work. Twenty years later the number had doubled, half a million being found in London alone. This does not include all, since, as Mr. Charles Booth notes in his recent "Labor and Life of the People," many employed women do not return their employments.

Mr. Booth's work is a purely private enterprise, assisted by devoted coworkers, and by trained experts employed at his

own expense. For the final estimate must be added general census returns, and the recent reports on the sweating system in London and other English cities.

Beginning with factory operatives and their interests, nothing is easier than to follow the course of legislation on their behalf. The "Life of Lord Shaftesbury" is, in itself, the history of the movement for the protection of women and children, a movement begun early in the present century and made imperative by the hideous disclosures of oppression and outrage, not only among factory operatives, but the women and children in mining and other industries. Active as were his efforts and those of his colleagues, it is only within a generation that the fruit of their labor is plainly seen. As late as 1844, at the time Engel's notable book on "The Condition of the Working Class in England" appeared, the labor of children of four and five years was still permitted, and women and children alike worked in mines, in brickyards, and other exposed and dangerous employments for the merest pittance. The pages of Engel's book swarm with incidents of individual and class misery; and while he admits fully, in the appendix prepared in 1886, that many of the evils enumerated have disappeared, he adds, that for the mass of workers, "the state of misery and insecurity in which they live now is as low as ever, perhaps lower."

In spite of these facts, the manufacturing system as a whole has been absolutely altered and bettered by the pressure of increasing laws on the subject, till in 1878 came the abrogation of fifteen anterior laws, and the codification of all essential features in "The Factory and Workshop Act," a genuine industrial code in one hundred and seven sections.

Up to this date violation of its provisions had been incessant, but determined enforcement brought about a uniform working day, protection of dangerous machinery, proper ventilation, improved sanitary conditions, an interdict on Sunday labor, and many other reforms in administration. Fourteen years have seen next to no change in the act, and the condition of women and child workers in factories and workshops has come to be regarded as the best that modern systems of production admit. These workers, whose numbers now mount to hundreds of thousands, are a class apart, and for them legislation has accomplished all that legislation

seems able to do in alleviating social miseries. Content with the results achieved, need of further effort in other directions failed of recognition, and apathy became the general condition.

It was during this season of repose that the public mind received first one shock and then another. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" appalled all who read, and leaf by leaf the new book of revelations disclosed always deeper depths of misery and want among all workers with the needle,—from the days of the fig leaf the symbol of grinding toil and often hopeless misery.

Not alone from professional agitators, so called, but from philanthropists of every order came the cry for help. The factory and workshop act had not touched home labor. The sweating system, born of modern conditions, had risen unsuspected, and ran riot, not only in East London, but even in back alleys of the sacred west, and in the swarming southwest region beyond London Bridge. The London *Lancet*, the most authoritative medical journal of the world, conservative as it has always been, has at last found that it must join hands with socialist and anarchist, "scientific" or otherwise, with philanthropists of every order, against the new evil and its horrors. Rich and poor alike were involved. The virus of the deadly conditions under which the garments took shape was implanted in every stitch that held them together, and transferred itself to the wearer. Not only from London, but from every city of England, came the same cry, and the public faced suddenly an abyss of misery whose existence had been unknown and unsuspected, and the causes of which seemed inexplicable.

For many months of the year just ended (1892), parliamentary investigation has gone on. Report after report has been made to its committees; and as testimony from accredited sources poured in, incidentally a flood of light has been let in upon many forms of work outside the clothing manufacturer. To-day, in four huge volumes of some thousand pages each, one may read the testimony, heart-sickening in every detail, a noted French political economist, the Comte d'Haussonville, describing it in a recent article in *La Revue des deux Mondes*, as "The Martyrology of English Industries."

In such conditions inspection is inoperative. An army of

inspectors would not suffice where every house represents from one to a dozen workshops under its roof, in each of which sanitary conditions are defied, and the working day made more often fourteen or sixteen hours than twelve. Even for this day, a starvation wage is the rule; the sewing machine operative, for example, while earning a wage of fifteen or eighteen pence, furnishing her own thread and being forced to pay rental on the machine.

A portion of a wage table is given here as illustrative of rates, and used as a reference table before the preparation of Mr. Booth's book, which gives much the same figures:—

Making paper bags, 4 1-2d to 5 1-2d per thousand; possible earnings, 5s to 6s per week.

Button holes, 3d a dozen; possible earnings, 8s a week.

Shirts, 2d each, worker finding her own cotton; can get six done between 8 A. M. and 11 P. M.

Sack sewing, 6d for twenty-five; 8d to 1s 6d per hundred. Possible earnings, 8s per week.

Pill-box making, 9s for thirty-six gross; possible earnings, 8s per week.

Shirt button-hole making, 1d a dozen; can do three or four dozen a day.

Whip making, 1s a dozen; can do a dozen a day.

Trousers finishing, 3d to 5d each, finding one's own cotton; can do four a day.

Shirt-finishing, 3d to 4d a dozen; possible earnings, 6s a week.

Outside of the cities, where the needle is almost the sole refuge of the unskilled worker, every industry is invaded. A recent report as to English nail and chain workers shows hours and general conditions to be almost intolerable, while the wage averages eight pence a day. In the mines, despite steady action concerning them, women are working by hundreds for the same rate. In short, from every quarter comes in repeated testimony that the majority of working Englishwomen are struggling for a livelihood; that a pound a week is a fortune, and that the majority live on a wage below subsistence point.

The enormous influx of foreign population is partly responsible for these conditions, but far less than is popularly supposed; since the Jews, most often accused, are in many cases juster employers than the Christians and suffer from the same causes. For all alike, legislation is powerless to reach certain ingrained evils, and the recent sweating commission ended its report with the words:—

We express the firm hope that the faithful exposure of the evils that we have been called upon to unveil will have the effect of leading capitalists to lend greater attention to the conditions under which work is done, which furnishes the merchandise they demand. When legislation has attained the limit beyond which it can no longer be useful, the amelioration of the condition of workers can result only from the increasing moral sense of those who employ them.

This conclusion, it may be added, is in full accord with that given in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., as well as with that of the majority of our most serious workers at home.

During the *Congr s Feministe* held in the autumn of 1892, Madame Vincent, an ardent champion of women wage-earners, presented statistics, chiefly from private sources, showing that out of 19,352,000 artisans in France, there are 4,415,000 women who receive in wages or dividends nearly \$500,000,000 a year. Their wage is much less in proportion to the work they do than that of men, yet they draw thirty-five per cent of the entire sum spent in wages. In Paris alone over 8,000 women are doing business on an independent footing; and of 3,858 suits judged in 1892 by the Workingman's Council, 1,674 concerned women. In spite of these numbers and the abuses known to exist, the Chamber of Deputies has refused practically to extend to women workers the law for the regulation of the conditions of work in workshops. The refusal is disguised under the form of adjournment of the matter, the reason assigned being that the grievances of women are by no means ripe enough for discussion. Women themselves are not at all of the same mind, and the result has already been a move toward definite organization of trades, and united action for all women engaged in them, a step hitherto regarded as impossible. The first effect of this has been a protest from Paris shop girls against the action of the Chamber of Deputies, and the formation of committees whose business will be to enlist the interest and co-operation of women throughout the entire country; a slow process, but one that will mean both education and final release from some, at least, of the worst disabilities now weighting all women workers.

Existence on French soil has come to mean something very different from the facts of a generation ago. Then, with wages hardly above "subsistence point," the thrifty Frenchwoman not only lived, but managed to put by a trifle each month. Wages have risen, but prices have at the same time

advanced. Every article of daily need is at the highest point, sugar, which the London workwoman buys at a penny a pound, being twelve cents a pound in Paris, and flour, milk, eggs—all are equally high. Fuel is so dear that shivering is the law for all save the wealthy, and rents are no less dear, with no “improved dwellings” system to give the most for the scant sum at disposal. Bread and coffee, chiefly chiccory, make one meal; bread alone is the staple of the others, with a bit of meat for Sunday. Hours are frightfully long, the disabilities of the French needleworker being in many points the same as those of her English sister. In short, even skilled labor has many disabilities, the saving fact being that that of the unskilled is in far less proportion than across the channel, the present system of education including many forms of industrial training.

This mere hint of English conditions, full knowledge of which is now accessible in the reports already referred to, is practically that for the continent also. Generations of freer life and many traditions in her favor, give certain advantages to the woman born on French soil. It is taken for granted that she will after marriage share her husband’s work or continue her own, and her keen intelligence is relied upon to a degree unknown to other nations. Repeated wars, and the enrollment of all her men for fixed periods of service, have developed the capacity of women in business directions, and they fill every known occupation. The light heartedness of her nation is in her favor, and she has learned thoroughly how to extract the most from every centime. There is none of the hopeless drowsiness and dejection that characterize the lower order of Englishwoman. Trim, tidy, and thrifty, the Frenchwoman faces poverty with a smiling courage that is part of her strength, this look changing often for the older ones into a patience which still holds courage.

Thus far there is no official report of the industries in which they are engaged, and figures must be drawn from unofficial sources. M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the noted political economist, in his history of “The Labor of Women in the Nineteenth Century,” computes the number of women at work in the manufactories of textile fabrics, cottons, woollen, linen, and silk as nearly one million; and outside of this is the enormous number of lacemakers and general workers in all occupations. There are over a quarter of a

million of these laceworkers, whose wage runs from eighty and ninety centimes to two francs a day; and the rate of payment for Swiss laceworkers is the same.

Passing to Germany, a good two thirds of the women are at work in field or shop or home, the proportion of women in agriculture being larger than in any other country of Europe. Her schools furnish better training than those of any other nation. In all these points Prussia leads, though till recently legislation has been in behalf of child workers, and women have been practically ignored. But factory regulation is minute and extended, and the questions involved in the labor of women, and its bearing on health, longevity, etc., are now coming under consideration. In Silesia, as early as 1868, women were excluded from the salt mines, and the Labor Congress of 1889 brought about many changes of the laws on this point for Belgium and Germany. Italy, in which country industrial education is now receiving much attention, the labor of women, continuous, severe, and underpaid, as it is known to be, finds small mention, save among special students of social questions. Russia has practically no data from which judgment can be formed. In short, it is only in English-speaking countries that really efficient action as to the labor of women has taken place; while even for them the work has but begun, and new and more radical forms will be necessary for any real progress toward final betterment. To this end the labor bureaus of our own country are working diligently; and it is with them that we have next to do, the investigations already made and incorporated in their reports being full of suggestions for future workers.

GENERAL CONDITIONS AMONG WAGE-EARNING WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

The summary already made of the work of bureaus of labor and their bearing upon women wage-earners, includes some points belonging under this head which it still seemed advisable to leave where they stand. The work of the Massachusetts Bureau gave the keynote, followed by all successors, and thus required full outlining; and it is from that, as well as successors, that general conditions are to be determined. A brief summary of such facts as each state has investigated and reported upon will be given, with the final

showing of the latest and most general report, — that from the United States Bureau of Labor for 1889.

Beginning with New England, and taking state by state in the usual geographical order, that of Maine for 1888 leads. Work here was done by a special commissioner appointed for the purpose, and the chief towns and cities in the state were visited. No occupation was excluded. The foreign element of the state is comparatively small. There is no city in which overcrowding and its results in the tenement-house system are to be found. Factories are numerous, and the bulk of Maine workingwomen are found in them; the canning industry employs hundreds, and all trades have their proportion of workers. For all of them conditions are better in many ways than at almost any other point in New England, many of them living at home and paying but a small proportion of their wages toward the family support.

A large proportion of the factories have boarding-houses attached which are run by a contractor. A full inspection of these was made, and the report pronounces them to be better kept than the ordinary boarding-house, with liberal dietary and comfortable rooms. Many of the women owned their furniture, and had made "homes" out of the narrow quarters. These were the better paid class of workers. Several of the factories have "Relief Associations," in which the employees pay a small sum weekly, which secures them a fixed sum during illness or disability. The conditions, as a whole, in factory life are more nearly those of Massachusetts during the early days of the Lowell mills than can be found elsewhere.

Taking the state as a whole, though the average wage is nearly a dollar less a week than that of Massachusetts, its buying power is somewhat more, from the fact that rents are lower and the conditions of living simpler, though this is true only of remote towns.

Massachusetts follows; and here, as in Maine, there is general complaint that many of the girls live at home, pay little or no board, and thus can take a lower wage than the self-supporting worker. In the large stores employees are hired at the lowest possible figure, and many girls who are working for from \$4 to \$5 per week state that it is impossible to pay for room and board, with even tolerably decent clothing. Hundreds who want pin money do work at a

price impossible to the self-supporting worker, many married women coming under this head; and bitter complaint is made on this point. At the best the wage is at a minimum, and only the most rigid economy renders it possible for the earner to live on it. That there is not greater suffering, reflects all honor on the army of hard-working women, pronounced by the commissioner to be as industrious, moral, and virtuous a class as the community owns.

"Homes" of every order have been established in Boston and in other large towns in the state; and as they give board at the lowest rate, they are filled with girls. They are rigid as to rules and regulations, and not in favor, as a rule, with the majority. A very slight relaxing of lines and more effort to make them cheerful would result in bringing many who now remain outside; but in any case they can reach but a small proportion.

In unskilled labor there is little difference among the workers. All alike are half starved, half clothed, overworked to a frightful degree; the report specifying numbers whose day's work runs from fourteen to sixteen hours, and with neither time to learn some better method of earning a living, or hope enough to spur them on in any new path. This class is found chiefly among sewingwomen on cheap clothing, bags, etc., and there is no present means of reaching them or altering the conditions which surround them.

Connecticut factories are subject to the same general laws as those governing like work in Maine and Massachusetts. Over thirty thousand women and girls are engaged in factory work, and ten thousand children, chiefly girls, women being twenty-five per cent of all employed in factories. Legislation has lessened or abolished altogether some of the worst features of this life, and there are special mills which have won the highest reputation for just dealing and care of every interest of their employees. But the same reasons that affect general conditions for all workers exist here also, and produce the same results, not only in factory labor, but in all other industries open to women. The fact that there are no large cities, and thus little overcrowding in tenements, and that there is home life for a large proportion of the workers, tells in their favor. Factory boarding-houses fairly well kept abound; but the average wage, \$6.50, is a trifle lower than that of Massachusetts, and implies more difficulty

in making ends meet. Many of the worst abuses in child labor arose in Connecticut, and the reports for both 1885 and 1886 state that for both women and children much remains to be done. Clothing here, as elsewhere, is synonymous with overwork and underpay, the wage being below subsistence point; and want of training is often found to be a portion of the reason for these conditions.

In Rhode Island, as in all the New England States, the majority of the factories are in excellent condition, the older ones alone being open to the objections justly made both by employees and the reports of the Labor Bureau. The wage falls below that of Connecticut, while the general conditions of living are practically the same, the statements made as to the first applying with equal force to the last. Manufactures are the chief employment, the largest number of women workers being found in these. Of all of them the commissioner reports: "They work harder and more hours than men, and receive much less pay."* The fact of no large cities, and thus no slums, is in the worker's favor, but limitations are in all other points sharp and continuous.

New York follows, and for the state at large the same remarks apply at every point. It is New York City in which focuses every evil that hedges about women workers, and in a degree not to be found at any other portion of the country. These will be dealt with in the proper place. The average wage, so far as the state is concerned, gives the same result as those already mentioned. Manufacturing gives large employment, and this is under as favorable conditions as in New England, though the average wage is nearly a dollar less than that of Massachusetts, while expenses are in some ways higher. The incessant tide of foreign labor tends to steadily lower the wage rate, and the struggle for mere subsistence is the fact for most.

In New York City, while there is a large proportion of successful workers, there is an enormous mass of the lowest order. No other city offers so varied a range of employment, and there is none where so large a number are found earning a wage far below the "life limit."

The better paying trades are filled with women who have had some form of training in school or home, or have passed

* "Third Annual Report of the Commissioner of Industrial Statistics of Rhode Island 1889," p. 22.

from one occupation to another, till that for which they had most aptitude has been determined. That, however, to which all the more helpless turn at once, as the one thing about the doing of which there can be no doubt or difficulty, is the one most overcrowded, most underpaid, and with its scale of payments lessening year by year. The girl too ignorant to reckon figures, too dull witted to learn by observation, takes refuge in sewing in one of its many forms as the one thing possible to all grades of intelligence; often the need of work for older women arises from the death or evil habits of the natural head of the family, and fortunes have sunk to so low an ebb that at times the only clothing left is on the back of the worker, in the last stages of demoralization. Employment in a respectable place thus becomes impossible, and the sole method of securing work is through the middlemen or "sweaters," who ask no questions and require no reference, but make as large a profit as can be wrung from the helplessness and bitter need of those with whom they reckon.

The difficulties to be faced by the woman whose only way of self-support is limited to the needle, whether in machine or hand work, are fourfold: first, her own incompetency must very often head the list, and prevent her from securing first-class work; second, middlemen or sweaters lower the price to starvation point; third, contract work done in prisons or reformatories brings about the same result; and fourth, she is underbid from still another quarter,—that of the country-woman living at home, who takes the work at any price offered.

The report of the New York Bureau of Labor for 1885 contains a mass of evidence so fearful in its character, and demonstrating conditions of life so tragic for the worker, and so shameful on the part of the employer, that general attention was for the time aroused. It is impossible here to make more than this general statement, referring all readers to the report itself for full detail. Thousands herded together in tenement houses, and received a daily wage of from twenty-five to sixty cents, the day's labor being often sixteen hours long. "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" found its parallel here, nor has there been any diminution of the numbers involved, though at some points conditions have been improved. But the facts recorded in the report are practically

the same to-day, and the income of many workers falls below two dollars a week, from which sum food, clothing, light, fuel, and rent are to be provided for. The sum and essence of every wrong and injustice that can hedge about the worker is found at this point, and remains a problem to every worker among the poor, the solving of which will mean the solution of the whole labor question.

New Jersey reports have from the beginning followed the phases of the labor movement with a keen intelligence and interest. They give general conditions as much the same as those of New York State. The wage rate is but \$5 ; and Newark, especially, a city which is filled with manufacturing establishments of every order, reproduces some of the evil conditions of New York City, though in far less degree. Taking the state as a whole, legislation has done much to protect the worker, and other reforms are persistently urged by the bureau.

SUICIDES AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

BY FREDERICK L. HOFFMAN.

"If we read of one man robbed or murdered or killed by accident, or one house burned, or one vessel wrecked, we need never read of another. One is enough. If you are acquainted with the principle, what do you care for a myriad of instances and applications?"

Thus reasons Thoreau in his "Walden," as if the knowledge of a single fact were sufficient to reveal to us the underlying principle. Much to the contrary, the collection and study of a large body of facts of the same order form one of the most important and useful branches of social science, without which it would be impossible for us to have intelligent conceptions of the world we live in.

A single case of murder brought to light would never have led to the establishment of a criminal code, nor would the mere knowledge of a single shipwreck have caused the inauguration of the life-saving service. It is the multitude of facts of the same kind that impress us with their importance, and, in the language of Herschell, "statistics present themselves to us as the basis of social and political dynamics and as the only solid ground on which the truth or falsity of historical or psychological theories can be proved."

A single case of suicide, met with in the news columns of a daily paper, causes rarely so much as a thought of pity or regret; for so accustomed have we become to the sensational and horrible that we pass, even over exceptional cases, with only a sigh; and it is not until the facts are brought before us in their totality and compared with other related phenomena that the seriousness and importance of a subject are brought clearly before our mind. To do this and to present, for the first time, I believe, the statistics of suicide for American states and cities, as far as obtainable, is the object of the present paper.

Excepting Dr. Davis Dewey's essay on "Suicide in New England,"* I am not aware of any attempt having been made towards a presentation of suicide in the various states and cities of the Union, papers on the subject being usually confined to either statistics of suicide in Europe or to reiter-

* "Journal of American Statistical Association," vol. viii., p. 158.

ation of the facts in well-known cases of suicide of ancient or modern times, presenting disconnected views of the subject, but no intelligent picture of the full extent of the evil, especially as it prevails in the United States.

Statistics of suicide are obtainable for only a very few of the forty-four states of the Union, but for nearly all of the large cities. Only those states have been included in Table No. I. which possess records for at least twenty years, or four quinquennial periods. The following table presents the statistics of suicide for twenty-five years for four New England states, and for twenty years for one Western state. The data have in all cases been taken from the official records of the registration bureaus, and will not fall much below the actual truth. In Massachusetts, where a board of medical examiners makes rigid inquiry into every case of death by violence, the difference between the registration returns and the returns of the board amounts to about eight per cent. It must therefore be borne in mind that the actual truth is *above*, rather than below, the reported returns.

TABLE I. — *Suicides in Five American States, 1866-1890.*

	MASSACHUSETTS.		VERMONT.		RHODE ISLAND.		CONNECTICUT.		MICHIGAN.	
	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.
1866	73		20		11		39			
67	75		24		15		25			
68	88		27		18		20			
69	92		30		15		29			
1870	91	83.8	23	24.8	27	17.2	27	28.0		
71	122		30		19		43		40	
72	117		25		18		36		35	
73	117		27		8		24		39	
74	115		16		18		32		53	
1875	159	126.0	27	25.0	26	17.8	51	37.2	52	43.8
76	119		31		18		39		54	
77	163		32		22		52		66	
78	126		30		21		58		63	
79	161		27		13		66		59	
1880	133	140.0	30	30.0	10	16.8	48	52.6	65	61.4
81	165		30		23		69		57	
82	162		25		31		65		62	
83	167		23		25		60		91	
84	184		28		22		65		104	
1885	176	170.8	33	28.8	20	24.2	81	68.0	91	81.0

TABLE I. — Concluded.

MASSACHUSETTS.			VERMONT.		RHODE ISLAND.		CONNECTICUT.		MICHIGAN.	
Total.	Average for Five Years.		Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.	Total.	Average for Five Years.
86	149		37		17		82		82	
87	165		25		16		92		105	
88	164		33		21		95		101	
89	175		22		24		80		94	
1890	180	163.0	32	30.1	19	19.4	93	88.4	108	98.0

It would be interesting if we could bring into comparison the returns for New England with those of other sections of the country, especially the South and West; but in the present undeveloped stage of vital statistics in the majority of states, this is impossible. Attempts have been made in that direction in the mortality volumes of the Census of 1870 and 1880, but the results are unsatisfactory, and always will be so until every state and county has a board of health and a bureau of registration.

As will be seen by the table, the returns show a steady and gradual increase in the number of suicides during the last twenty or twenty-five years, which is brought out the more clearly when we compare the returns for one quinquennial period with those of the following. That this increase has not only been absolute in numbers, but also out of proportion to the general increase in the total mortality and population, will be seen at a glance on examination of the next table, which I regret not having been able to make more complete.

TABLE II. — *Mortality and Suicide by Five-Year Periods for Four States.*

	MASSACHUSETTS.			RHODE ISLAND.*			CONNECTICUT.			MICHIGAN.		
	Total Deaths.	Total Suicides.	Deaths to Suicides.	Total Deaths.	Total Suicides.	Deaths to Suicides.	Total Deaths.	Total Suicides.	Deaths to Suicides.	Total Deaths.	Total Suicides.	Deaths to Suicides.
1861-65	129,685	394	329									
1866-70	125,395	419	301	15,558	71	219	39,724	140	283			
1871-75	163,739	630	260	19,461	90	216	46,780	186	251	61,847	219	282
1876-80	162,924	702	232	21,796	100	218	49,037	263	186	68,770	307	242
1881-85	186,075	849	218	25,342	111	228	57,856	340	170	87,271	405	215
1886-90	205,409	907	226	30,431	98	311	63,175	442	143	101,390	490	207

* Period 1865-1889.

The ratios in this table have been arrived at by dividing the total mortality of a given period of five years by the total number of suicides recorded during the corresponding period. Since the mortality is recorded annually, we have in the same a more accurate basis than in the decennial census enumeration, or the estimates of the population for intercensal years obtained by the customary formula for calculating the geometrical increase of the population. On examination of the Massachusetts returns, as shown in the first column of Table II., it will be found that there was one suicide to every three hundred and twenty-nine deaths during the first period (1861-1865), which ratio increased from period to period until 1881-1885; since then there has been a slight decline during the last period, due principally to the returns for 1886, when there were but one hundred and forty-nine suicides, to one hundred and seventy-six the year before and one hundred and sixty-five the year immediately following. The returns for the other states present similar conditions, excepting Rhode Island, where there have been but slight fluctuations in the annual and quinquennial returns.

To this exceptional condition prevailing in Rhode Island I shall have occasion to refer again further on. To make absolutely sure of the statement made in the beginning, that there has been an excessive increase in the number of suicides as compared with the increase in the total mortality, I have taken the returns of deaths and suicides for the first period for each state and compared the same with the last period; and as will be found in the percentages of the next table, the percentage of increase in suicides is always in excess of the gain in the total mortality. Rhode Island, to the contrary, shows an increase of nearly ninety-six per cent in total mortality against an increase of only thirty-eight per cent in the total number of suicides.

TABLE III. — *Percentages of Increase in Total Mortality and Suicides.*

	FIRST PERIOD.			SECOND PERIOD.			Per cent of Increase in Mortality.	Per cent of Increase in Suicide.
		Total Deaths.	Suicide.		Total Deaths.	Suicide.		
Massachusetts	1861-65	129,685	394	1886-90	205,409	907	50.6	130.0
Rhode Island	1865-69	15,558	71	1885-89	30,431	98	95.6	38.0
Connecticut	1866-70	39,724	140	1886-90	63,175	442	59.0	216.0
Michigan	1871-75	61,847	219	1886-90	101,390	490	63.9	123.8

It is not necessary for me to add any further comment on the last table, since the result is fully in agreement with those of the previous tables; and I shall now proceed to discuss the returns of suicides in the large cities, which furnish the most valuable records on the subject.

The fact is too well known to need reiteration here, that since the beginning of the present century there has been a steady and most extraordinary increase in the population of the larger cities of the country — an increase out of all proportion to the total increase of the population at large. In 1790, when the first census was taken, only 3.35 per cent of the total population were living in cities of over eight thousand inhabitants, against 29.12 per cent in 1890. Out of a total population of about sixty-three millions, more than eighteen millions live in the larger cities.* In Massachusetts about 70 per cent of the entire population live in cities; in Connecticut, about 50 per cent, and in Rhode Island, nearly 79 per cent. Michigan, in 1890, had 26 per cent of urban population against 16.5 per cent in 1880.

The drift of the country population into the cities is most pronounced in the Eastern states, but the movement is taking place all over the country, from Maine to Oregon; in fact, all over the civilized world. To illustrate the importance of a study of this movement of population in connection with the study of moral statistics, especially those of suicide, I will briefly state the changes in population in the county of Berkshire of Massachusetts in connection with the statistics of suicide for the past thirty years. This county, in the extreme western part of the state, during the thirty-five years from 1855–90 gained 116 per cent in the population of three manufacturing cities, and suffered a decrease of 35 per cent in fifteen of its agricultural towns.† In 1855, according to the state census, 13,500 persons lived in these fifteen towns, decreasing to 8,726 to the year 1890. During the same period the population of the three manufacturing cities increased from 5,175 in 1855 to 11,177 in 1890. According to the last census,‡ out of a total of thirty-two towns in Berkshire County, twenty-four show a *decrease* in population, while only eight show an increase. This increase

* Census Bulletin 52.

† State Board of Agriculture Report, November 1891.

‡ Census Bulletin 24.

was largest in the manufacturing towns of Adams, North Adams, and Pittsfield.

If we now turn to the records of suicide returned for the same county for the same period, it will be found that a most extraordinary change has taken place. During the five years from 1865-70 * there were only seven suicides recorded, whereas during the five years from 1886-90 forty persons committed self-murder in the same locality. During the ten years from 1870-80 there were thirty suicides, or a ratio of 2.7 per 1,000 deaths; while during the last decade the number increased to seventy-nine, or 5.9 per 1,000 deaths.† In 1865 there was one suicide to every 56,944 inhabitants, against one to every 6,239 in 1890. These preliminary remarks will suffice to make clear the importance of the study of suicide in our large cities, the returns from sixteen of which I am able to present in the following table:—

TABLE IV.—*Suicide in Sixteen American Cities.*

CITY.	Population, 1890.	Mortality, 1890.	Suicides, 1890.	Deaths to One Suicide.	Inhabitants to One Suicide.
San Francisco, Cal.	298,997	5,378	79	68	3,784
St. Louis, Mo. . .	451,770	8,681	98	88.5	4,610
‡ Chicago, Ill. . .	1,099,850	21,856	206	106	5,339
Cincinnati, O. . .	296,908	6,441	53	121.1	5,602
§ Washington, D. C.	230,392	2,934	21	139.7	7,366
Cleveland, O. . .	261,353	5,058	32	158	8,167
Newark, N. J. . .	181,830	4,629	29	159.6	6,270
New York, N. Y. . .	1,515,301	40,103	239	167.8	6,340
Detroit, Mich. . .	205,876	4,037	21	192.2	9,803
‡ § New Orleans, La.	242,039	6,075	30	202.5	5,912
Boston, Mass. . .	448,477	10,181	50	203.6	8,969
Brooklyn, N. Y. . .	806,343	19,827	94	210.9	8,578
Philadelphia, Penn.	1,046,964	21,732	80	271	13,087
Pittsburgh, Penn. .	238,617	6,230	20	311.5	11,931
Baltimore, Md. . .	434,439	10,198	25	407.9	17,377
Providence, R. I. .	132,146	2,877	6	479.5	22,024

In this table I have included the census returns of population for 1890, and given the ratio of suicides to population as well as to the total mortality. I have arranged the cities according to propensity to suicide, as shown by the ratios based on the total mortality; but as will be seen, there would

* I do not possess the earlier records.

† Registration Report, 1890, p. 379-80.

‡ Mortality and suicides for 1889.

§ Mortality and suicides of white population only.

be substantially the same result if I had chosen the other method.

In the aggregate the table presents a record of more than *one thousand* suicides in sixteen cities during a single year. If we were able to ascertain the number of those cases which fail to be recorded, as well as the number of attempts at suicide, the army of those who seek in suicide relief from earthly troubles would assume alarming proportions. In New York City two hundred and thirty-nine suicides were recorded during the year 1890, and in the sister city of the West over two hundred cases were registered the year before. For San Francisco we find a record of some ninety cases, which, based on the mortality, shows that there is one suicide to every sixty-eight deaths, the highest ratio on record for any American city.*

St. Louis makes return for ninety-eight voluntary deaths, being one to every 88.5 of the total mortality, while for Washington, D.C., the ratio is one to 139.7, one of the highest on record, although in total numbers the returns fall considerably below those of other cities of equal size. Providence, R.I., occupies the last place in the table, having the lowest ratio of suicides to the population, as well as to mortality; yet Rhode Island is the most densely populated state of the Union, having an urban population of 78.89 per cent.

For the purpose of making more plain the frightful extent of what has been called a "social malady," I give a statement of the annual returns for twenty years for six of the larger cities of the country, presenting a total of over *seven thousand* cases. For New York City alone this total reaches the enormous number of three thousand five hundred and seventy for twenty years, being more than one half of the total returns for the six cities embraced in the next table.

TABLE V. — *Suicides in Six Leading Cities for Twenty Years.*

YEAR.	New York.	Boston.	Providence.	Philadelphia.	Baltimore.	Cincinnati.
1871 .	114	26	9	41	6	18
72 .	144	29	7	48	9	26
73 .	118	32	4	47	24	25
74 .	180	25	10	59	20	31
75 .	155	45	12	68	21	34

* Of these, ten were those of Mongolians.

TABLE V.—Concluded.

YEAR.	New York.	Boston.	Providence.	Philadelphia.	Baltimore.	Cincinnati.
1876 .	150	37	10	60	15	34
77 .	148	39	12	59	19	37
78 .	142	34	7	40	21	45
79 .	117	36	6	51	15	37
80 .	152	40	2	68	18	35
81 .	166	42	14	62	23	41
82 .	199	38	12	77	30	46
83 .	161	42	15	95	26	39
84 .	229	46	11	89	20	46
85 .	207	41	6	78	28	44
86 .	223	42	7	90	31	46
87 .	235	51	7	88	43	33
88 .	247	37	9	94	35	52
89 .	244	42	10	104	32	40
90 .	239	50	6	80	25	53

Philadelphia returns some fourteen hundred cases, which form about one fifth of the total; while for Providence the returns are less than two hundred, or about nine per annum for twenty years. By five-year periods, as shown in the following table, the alarming increase in suicide in our large cities becomes still more plain:—

TABLE VI.—*Comparison of the Increase of the Total Mortality and Suicide by Five and Ten Year Periods.*

	TOTAL SUICIDES.				DEATHS TO ONE SUICIDE.				Per cent of Increase of Mortality, 1880-90, over 1870-80.	Per cent of Increase in Suicide, 1880-90, over 1870-80.
	1871- 1875.	1876- 1880.	1881- 1885.	1886- 1890.	1871- 1875.	1876- 1880.	1881- 1885.	1886- 1890.		
New York .	711	709	962	1,188	208	201	188	165	29.8	52.1
Philadelphia .	263	278	401	456	315	302	252	229	23.3	66.7
Boston .	157	186	209	222	247	210	224	225	24.5	25.6
Baltimore .	80	88	127	166	465	429	343	270	17.6	74.4
Cincinnati .	134	188	216	224	197	135	141	138	16.9	36.6
Providence .	42	37	58	39	202	268	192	334	31.4	22.8

We have here the suicides for four periods of five years each, and the ratios of the same to the total mortality for the same number of periods. They are in almost perfect agree-

ment with the returns for the states, as shown in Table III., and, with the exception of Providence, show an increase in the number of suicides in excess of the proportionate increase in the general mortality. For New York City the increase in the total mortality during the second period of ten years, over the first decade, is equal to about thirty per cent against an increase of over fifty-two per cent in the total number of suicides. For Philadelphia and Baltimore the increase has been still greater, being the highest for the latter city, where during the last five years the number of suicides has been double that of the first quinquennial period. On the other hand, the increase in total mortality has been less for Baltimore than for any other city, excepting Cincinnati, which city shows the highest ratio of suicides to the total number of deaths during the period 1886-90. Providence holds the same position as in previous tables. Many more deductions might be made from these tables, but I will leave that to those who wish to investigate the subject further.

While these tables are far from being complete presentations of statistics of suicide of the country, they are sufficient to show that the general law of suicide as laid down by Quetelet, Buckle, Morselli, and others, "that in a given state of society a given number of persons *must* put an end to their lives," applies to this country as well as to the state of Europe; and the question is natural as to what are the causes that bring about the voluntary destruction of thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who seek the ignoble grave of a *felo de se*.

In the plain but impressive language of statistics we have here before us a picture of the darkest side of modern life. Whatever the causes are that produce such frightful conditions, this much is certain, that something must be radically wrong in a society when thousands are *compelled* to put an end to their own existence. Is it the individual member or the social organism that is to blame?

Writers on the subject, from Quetelet to Morselli, show little agreement as to the probable causes of what Morselli calls a "social disease." Quetelet gave it as his opinion that "the offences of men are the result, not so much of their own vices, as of the state of society into which that individual is thrown." * Esquirol, Falret, Bourdin, Dr. Winslow, and

* Buckle, "Civilization in England," vol. i., p. 22.

others, hold that suicide is always evidence of insanity. Lecky, in his "European Morals," speaks of the idea of suicide in modern times as "being almost always found to have sprung, either from absolute insanity, from diseases which, though not amounting to insanity, are yet sufficient to discolor our judgment, or from that last excess of sorrow when resignation and hope are both extinct."* The majority of more recent writers on the subject, especially Dr. Morselli, hold "that just as madness may go on without any attempt at suicide, so the suicidal determination may be formed in the healthiest mind, which then carries it out with the coolness inspired by the most perfect logic."†

Dr. Matthews expresses the opinion "that the most powerful influence leading to suicide is civilization," and "that self-killing is emphatically the crime of intellectual peoples." He adds further "that no act of a man's life can be shown to be more coolly and rationally planned than is generally the act of leaving it."‡

The writers on the subject may be divided into two classes — those who relieve the individual from all responsibility and consider him the unfortunate victim of a mad impulse, and those who, opposed to the idea of insanity, hold that suicide is the direct product of the will, coolly planned and carried into effect as a logical conclusion. A third class of writers, according to circumstance, consider suicide either an act of madness or a crime.

In support of the theory of madness and its relation to self-murder, there is an imposing array of statistical evidence relating to the general increase in insanity all over the civilized world. While it is true that on this point as well opinions differ, the majority of well-informed and competent statisticians affirm that the increase in insanity is absolute as well as relative. A few instances will suffice to prove that there has been a considerable increase in insanity in this country as well as in Europe.

According to the last report of the Massachusetts Lunacy Commission, there were in 1870 in that state, supported in state institutions, 1,962 insane, or one to every 743 inhabitants. During the decade 1870–80, this number increased to

* "European Morals," vol. ii., p. 63.

† Morselli, "Suicide," p. 272.

‡ *North American Review*, April, 1890.

3,123, or one to every 570 of population, increasing during the following period to 4,653 in the year 1890, or one insane person to every 481 of total population.

The Irish census returns for 1891 show that while there was one insane to every 657 of population in 1851, one to every 328 in 1871, there was one to every 222 inhabitants in the census year 1891.

England and Wales in 1890 contained about 75,000 lunatics, against some 61,000 in 1880 and 38,000 in 1860.

New York state institutions in 1880 contained 4,211 insane persons, while in 1890 there were reported to be 7,505 of these unfortunates.* The four asylums in the state of Connecticut reported 715 inmates in 1881 against 1501 in 1889.† Other states make similar returns, but are omitted for want of space.

If it be argued that these data may be defective or misleading on account of a more careful enumeration in recent years or a more extended use of state institutions, such objections can easily be silenced by an examination of the mortuary records showing deaths due to insanity. For this purpose I have compiled the following two tables, which show, first, the total mortality by five-year periods; second, the quinquennial number of deaths due to insanity, as well as the corresponding ratio for the same based on the total mortality; third, the returns and ratios for the suicides occurring during the same periods. The two most reliable sources of information have been selected, to secure the utmost accuracy in support of my statement.

TABLE VII. — *Comparison of the Increase in Deaths Due to Insanity and Suicide with the Increase in the Total Mortality.*

TABLE A. — MASSACHUSETTS, 1861-90.

PERIODS.	Total Mortality.	Deaths from Insanity.	Ratio to Mortality.	Deaths from Suicide.	Ratio to Mortality.
1861-65 . .	129,685	329	395	394	329
1866-70 . .	125,395	498	352	419	301
1871-75 . .	163,739	498	329	630	260
1876-80 . .	162,924	670	243	702	232
1881-85 . .	186,075	819	227	849	218
1886-90 . .	205,409	902	228	907	226

* Report, State Board of Charities, 1891. Royce, "Race Education," vol. i., p. 24.

† Census Bulletin, 62.

TABLE VII. — Concluded.

TABLE B. — NEW YORK CITY, 1866-90.

PERIODS.	Total Mortality.	Deaths from Insanity.	Ratio to Mortality.	Deaths from Suicide.	Ratio to Mortality.
1866-70 . .	128,205	187	685	437	293
1871-75 . .	148,143	280	529	711	208
1876-80 . .	142,642	346	412	709	201
1881-85 . .	181,275	569	318	962	189
1886-90 . .	196,241	1,045	188	1,188	165

Whatever our opinion may be as regards the nature or causes of suicide, its intimate relation to madness cannot be denied. While it is very true that there are countries where there prevails a high rate of insanity with no corresponding propensity to suicide, like Ireland, for instance, it is equally true, and this statement is supported by fact, that wherever there is a high ratio of suicide there will be found an equal propensity towards madness. Morselli has shown, by a table compiled from the English registration returns of deaths due to suicide, apoplexy, paralysis, madness, epilepsy, and other cerebral diseases, that there is a close relation between suicide and the morbid conditions of the brain; * and we have ample material in this country to prove the assertion that not only suicide and insanity, but all the other various diseases of the brain, are on an increase out of all proportion to the general increase in the morbidity and mortality at large. The following table, compiled from the latest Massachusetts returns, will show at a glance the alarming and frightful increase in deaths due to brain disease as well as suicide.

TABLE VIII. — *Comparison of the Increase in Deaths Due to Brain Disease and Suicide with the Increase in the Total Mortality.*

MASSACHUSETTS, 1861-90.

PERIODS.	Total Mortality.	Deaths from Brain Disease.	Ratio to Mortality.	Deaths from Suicide.	Ratio to Mortality.
1861-65 . .	129,685	8,468	15.3	394	329
1866-70 . .	125,395	9,699	12.9	419	301
1871-75 . .	163,739	13,057	12.5	630	260
1876-80 . .	162,924	14,495	11.2	702	232
1881-85 . .	186,075	17,873	10.4	849	218
1886-90 . .	205,409	21,325	9.6	907	226

* Morselli, "Suicide," p. 293.

In proportion to the total population, the number of suicides is exceedingly small, and would not deserve the import attached to its occurrence were it not that a study of related phenomena made clear and indisputable the connection between suicide, madness, and crime. As it has well been said by the great Italian authority, "In proportion to the number of individuals who take part in the struggle for life, that of the suicides and mad is comparatively small; but it must not be forgotten that the greater part of the conquered pays a corresponding tribute to early death, indigence, emigration, to crime, prostitution, and to physical infirmities." A total of nine hundred and seven suicides for five years may seem a matter of small importance for a state like Massachusetts; but when we add the twenty-one thousand deaths due to brain disease, the matter changes into one of the most serious nature a society can have to concern itself about. There are no means by which we can state in figures the total amount of misery and vice prevailing in a given community at any given period of time; but a careful study of statistics of marriage and divorce, illegitimacy and infantile mortality, pauperism and crime, foreclosure and evictions, drunkenness and arrest for vagrancy, will convince even the most pronounced optimist that the world of to-day is far from being what it ought to be, and, what is more, far from being what it *could be*. The forces that bring about conditions that, in the language of Carlyle, "neither heaven nor earth can justify," are the same and sole causes of suicide and madness.

The editor of THE ARENA has asked the question, "Are we really a prosperous people?" In the face of all the misery, vice, and want of modern life, may we not ask another question, "Are we really a happy people?" We have heard of late much about the danger of foreign influence, the pauper labor of Europe, the danger of immigration, etc.; it may interest some to compare the American statistics of suicide with those of some European states, for which purpose I have constructed the following table from the works of Morselli and Dr. Dewey. This table gives for a number of periods the suicides per million for nine European and four New England states.

TABLE IX.—*Comparison of the Increase in Suicides in certain European States with Four New England States.*

Ratio per million inhabitants.

	1856-60.	1861-65.	1866-70.	1871-75.	1876-80.	1881-85.
<i>Europe.*</i>						
Sweden	57	76	85	81		
Norway	94	85	76	73		
Denmark	276	288	277	258		
England	65	66	67	66		
Ireland		14	15	18		
Prussia	123	122	142	134		
Saxony	245	264	297	299		
France	110	124	135	150		
Italy		28	30	35		
<i>America.†</i>						
Massachusetts . .	79.9	62.9	60.6	80.0	81.1	90.9
Connecticut . .	60.6	45.9	54.6	66.2	86.6	103.3
Rhode Island . .	54.2	56.5	83.5	73.5	62.7	82.1
Vermont			76.2	74.9	90.4	86.7

While Morselli's table does not cover the entire period, Dr. Dewey's table extends from 1856 to 1885; and as will be seen on examination of the ratios, there has been a steady and gradual approach of suicides in this country towards the higher ratios prevailing in Europe. It will surprise many to find that suicides are more frequent to-day in New England than in the old England of only twenty years ago.

The study of statistics of suicide, madness, and crime is one of the utmost importance to any society when such abnormal conditions are on the increase. When such an increase has been proved to exist, it is the duty of society to leave nothing undone until the evil has been checked or been brought under control. That cannot be a healthy society, progressive and civilized, where there is a growing disregard for life and its duties. It is the *health* of the people that ought to come, and in a higher civilization *will come*, before the wealth of the people. If these statistics of suicide and madness prove anything, they prove beyond a doubt that somewhere our social organism is diseased, that something is wrong with our boasted civilization, which permits to exist, or directly causes to exist, conditions that annually drive thousands of men and women to self-murder or into the mad-house.

* Morselli, "Suicide" (Am. ed.), p. 22.

† Dewey. Jour. Am. Statistical Asso., vol. viii, p. 163.

If it be true "that the things that are seen are of less importance than the things that are not seen," suicide furnishes an admirable illustration of the proverb. There is no malady of modern life that strikes more deeply into the very root of our civilization than self-murder, and a thorough inquiry into its nature and causes reveals the most serious defect of our so-called civilization.

If it be true, as Cardinal Gibbons asserts, "that the economic conditions of this country are fast approaching those of Europe," * and further, as has been stated by another writer, "that what is called society in this country imitates to the extent of its ability English society, which gives every evidence of being the most corrupt on earth," † it is an evil sign of the times when we find that suicide and madness are rapidly approaching European conditions—in fact, in many instances, already equal and even exceed them.

Civilization is defined by Matthew Arnold as "the humanization of man in society, the satisfaction for him in society of the true laws of human nature." ‡

We must be far from being truly civilized as long as we permit to exist, or accept as inevitable, conditions which year after year drive an increasing army of unfortunates to madness, crime, or suicide. It is *not* civilization, but the want of it, that is the cause of such conditions. It is the diseased notion of modern life—almost equal to being a religious conviction—that material advancement and prosperity are the end, the aim, and general purpose of human life; that religion and morality, art and science, education and recreation, are all subordinate to one all-absorbing aim, the struggle for wealth. To this unhealthy condition of modern society is due the majority of cases of suicide, madness, and premature death. It is the struggle of the masses against the classes. The former fall victims in the struggle for life and for the absolute necessities; the latter fall victims to their own iniquity, responsible for their own as well as the miserable fate of their victims. It has been well said by Guizot "that society and civilization are still in their childhood; that what we have before us is incomparably, infinitely greater." At least, let us hope so; but in words equally

* *North American Review*, April, 1890.

† "An Ounce of Prevention," by Jacobus.

‡ "Civilization in America."

true and prophetic, an American writer warns us "that false is the not overwise conclusion that uninterrupted progress of the race for all future time is a certainty." "It is not easy," adds Dr. Ely, "always to read aright the lessons of human history; but plain and clear and unquestioned do the annals of the past reveal a power which makes for righteousness, call it what we will, passes judgment on the nations of the earth, and *dooms those to decay and destruction which have ceased to help onward the growth of mankind.*"*

* "Labor Movement in America," pp. 292, 293.

HOW TO INTRODUCE THE INITIATIVE AND REFERENDUM.

BY W. D. MCCRACKAN, A. M.

IF we would solve the social problem in peace, let us look to our methods of legislation while there is yet time. The list of needed reforms is so long, and the means of introducing them so poor and inefficient, that men are losing patience. The people are weary of that profitless playing with vital problems in which our legislators indulge; they are disgusted with that periodic, unmeaning, meandering up and down the gamut of great questions, which is palmed off upon them as lawmaking. They cry aloud for some prompt, business-like action on the part of their representatives. They want direct legislation. For if there be a political prophecy which it is safe to make at this time, it is that our representative system cannot remain in its present form for another decade, if the republic is to endure.

The distance between the voter and the final act of legislation is so great that his expressed will is frittered away before it accomplishes its object. There are too many stages in the process, too many middlemen, too many cooks to spoil the broth. In that uncertain, vague, middle ground between the people and their laws, a permanent source of corruption has arisen—the lobby. It is a veritable Third House, more efficient than its companions, the two constitutional Houses, working secretly, unremittingly, and without scruple for evil ends.

It is this predicament of ours which has led the writer to seek advice and inspiration in a quarter which is at length beginning to rivet the attention of American reformers.

The institutions of the Initiative and Referendum, as practised in Switzerland, are the noblest political achievements of this waning century. They are capable of supplying our decaying democracy with the powers necessary for its redemption. They are the final perfected contrivances of modern direct government.

The Initiative may be defined as the exercise of the right of a body of voters to *initiate* proposals for the enactment of new laws or for the alteration or abolition of existing laws. The Referendum is an institution by virtue of which laws and resolutions, framed by legislatures, are *referred* to the voters for final acceptance or rejection. The Initiative is in vogue in fourteen out of the twenty-two Swiss cantons, the Referendum in twenty-one. Both institutions are now applicable to Federal matters, so that they cannot be said to be any longer in an experimental stage. They have become fixtures in Switzerland.*

In the Massachusetts town meetings, for example, the right of voters to propose legislation themselves, and to pass verdict upon bills coming before the meeting, has never been questioned. There the Initiative and Referendum have been in force from the beginning of our national history, although unnamed and unnoticed. The principle of direct legislation is, therefore, no new-fangled, foreign importation, but is just as much at home on the New England coast as in the valleys of the Swiss Alps. The provisions for constitutional conventions which obtain in most of our States, are all types of the Referendum, however imperfect may be their working powers. Mr. Sullivan also assures us that methods resembling the Initiative and Referendum are much used in carrying on the affairs of various trade-unions, and it is certain that in one form or another the people of the United States are more often directly consulted than one would at first imagine.

But all expressions of the popular will are still spasmodic, given to unaccountable vagaries, and easily turned to profit by watchful politicians. There are no steady, unswerving demands which legislators are bound to weigh and pass judgment upon. Petitions there are in great number, it is true; but they are from their very nature only requests, proffered like polite prayers to unlistening despots. A word spoken at some hotel bar, a jest in the lobby, a little transaction with greenbacks, have more influence than the written desire of ten thousand sovereign citizens.

It is sometimes urged that our presidential elections serve

* Nor are the Initiative and Referendum, in a rudimentary form, altogether foreign to our own body politic. In his admirable little book on "Direct Legislation," Mr. J. W. Sullivan points out several cases where the underlying principles of these institutions receive application in the United States.

the purpose of general appeal to the people. What need of the Referendum, some say, when voters have a chance of defining their position every four years regularly?

One need only examine carefully the issues at stake in any campaign to appreciate the error of this view.

There is never a choice of principles, pure and simple, in a presidential election. The merits of persons and parties are far more prominent. The real issues are never exposed to the voter in their simplicity, for it is the business of politicians to confuse him, to distract his attention from what is vital, and fix it upon catching non-essentials. The rival parties are engaged in playing with each other for certain stakes.

Has there ever been a time under our representative system when a citizen could cast his ballot without fear of being tricked out of its true meaning? The Referendum would make it possible for him to register a definite "yes" or "no" to a particular measure. It would sweep away the unknown quantities in legislation. There is no confusion in a simple assent or dissent to a proposition, bereft of the perplexing adjuncts of personalities or party loyalty.

All the objections made against direct government, by means of the Initiative and Referendum, are based on distrust of the people at large.

The authority of legislatures would be weakened, their importance diminished, was the criticism commonly made in Switzerland at one time. A member of the Executive Council, speaking before the Federal Assembly in 1882, expressed himself as follows in regard to the Referendum:—

"In calling upon the people to pronounce a final judgment upon the work of their representatives, the sense of parliamentary responsibility has been weakened. Less work is done to-day in Bern because it is said that the people cover the faults and errors of their representatives by tacit or express acceptance; if a law proves bad in application, they can only blame themselves."

In reality, the practical working of the Referendum has not weakened the sense of parliamentary responsibility; for a flood of criticism is now poured upon all acts of the Federal Assembly, and every voter is obliged to examine these acts for himself, in order to render an intelligent verdict. What has, in truth, been weakened, is the arbitrary

power of the Federal Assembly — a blessed consummation indeed. May the time be near when our own Congress can be weakened in that sense !

As for the Initiative, the provisions which are in force in Switzerland would keep it from developing objectionable features here also. Only propositions accompanied by a certain number of legally certified signatures would be accepted for consideration by legislatures.

Now, taking it for granted that the Initiative and Referendum are desirable institutions, how can they be introduced into the United States — or, rather, how can the rudimentary forms in which they already exist amongst us be stimulated to sturdy growth ?

For the first, all traces of direct government, wherever found, ought to be carefully preserved or modified to suit modern conditions, and not ruthlessly swept away as antiquated. Instead of transforming the Massachusetts towns into ordinary municipalities, for instance, as is the tendency of the day, citizens living under the new form of government ought to retain the right of proposing legislation directly, as of old, and of passing final judgment upon measures by ballot. This result could be obtained through the Initiative and Referendum. The essence of the town meeting would be preserved, and its practical working made to conform to modern needs.

To be permanent, these institutions must grow from small beginnings, and not be superimposed full-fledged upon the people. In this respect, the example of Switzerland is invaluable ; for there the Initiative and Referendum have made their way, during the last sixty years, from imperfect experiments to mature systems, penetrating from one canton to another, until they invaded the domain of Federal government itself.

The introduction ought to begin in the smallest political unit — in the town, county, or parish. Thence direct government could be readily extended to state matters, and, when it had safely weathered these first stages, to Federal affairs. It might be wiser to try a limited or optional Referendum first, which would apply perhaps only to financial measures. After that, the compulsory Referendum could be introduced, as the people learned to appreciate its advantages. The Initiative would naturally come somewhat later; the agitation

for its introduction could be carried on while the Referendum was going through its initial trials. But growth by experiment must characterize any successful application of either institution.

Professor A. V. Dicey, the English constitutional author, wrote an article to the *Contemporary Review* for April, 1890, entitled, "Ought the Referendum to be Introduced into England?" He was somewhat timid in his conclusion as to the advisability of making this introduction, but he outlined four methods by which the Referendum could be used in England, for constitutional amendments at least. The first two do not concern us, because they involve action by the House of Lords and the Queen. The third and fourth methods are, however, suggestive.

Professor Dicey proposes: "Thirdly, Parliament might insert in any important act (such, for example, as any statute for the repeal or modification of the Act of Union with Ireland) the provision that the act should not come into force unless and until, within six months of its passing, a vote of the electors throughout the United Kingdom had been taken, and a majority of the voters had voted in favor of the act.

"Fourthly, a general act might be passed containing two main provisions: first, that the act itself should not come into force until sanctioned by such a vote of the electors of the United Kingdom as already mentioned; and secondly, that no future enactment affecting certain subjects — e. g., the position of the Crown, the constitution of either House of Parliament, or any part of either of the Acts of Union — should come into force, or have any effect, until sanctioned by such vote as aforesaid of the electors of the United Kingdom."

To apply these methods to our own government: Congress might either attach riders to important bills, making their final passage into laws dependent upon their acceptance by the electorate, or might pass a special law, instituting the Referendum outright for measures of general interest, like tariff bills, etc.

In regard to the Initiative, Mr. J. M. Vincent sketches an admirable plan in his "State and Federal Government in Switzerland." He thinks it would be well to have state law require that when a petition, signed by a sufficient number

of qualified voters, whose signatures have been attested by a notary or clerk of court, is placed before the legislature, it must be considered and a bill submitted to popular vote within a given limit. "Such petitions," he suggests, "should reach a legislature through some standing office of the state, either the Secretary of State, or some bureau established by the Assembly for the purpose, and not depend on the whims, or even the good wishes, of any member for the time of their presentation."*

In any case, the nation which invented the caucus and the platform, which by the exercise of political ingenuity has brought the lobby to a state of disreputable perfection, need not shrink from attacking the problem of the Initiative and Referendum. If there be a better way, an American way, of securing direct legislation, let us discover and make it our own.

At all events, we must have done once for all with this farce of legislation, in which the people are alternately duped and balked by cliques conspiring for sordid infamies. Making laws by means of all-powerful representatives will some day be looked upon as a method fully as crude and primitive as that of letter-writing by means of scribes on the street corners. The will of the people can now be registered at headquarters, by means of modern inventions, with a precision unknown in the days of stage-coach and courier.

As for the rest, a great world tendency has set in definitely towards the exercise of popular rights at first hand. All the efforts of the privileged classes to block this advance can only serve to intensify the catastrophes their obstinacy may entail. It was an English military administrator in India, Sir Charles James Napier, who wrote in his work on Colonization: "As to government, all discontent springs from unjust treatment. Idiots talk of agitation; there is but one in existence, and that is *injustice*. The cure for discontent is to find out where the shoe pinches, and ease it. If you hang an agitator, and leave the injustice, instead of punishing a villain, you murder a patriot."

Then let there be free speech, an infinite toleration, and a sense of human brotherhood in our councils.

* Mr. Nathan Cree, in his recent book on "Direct Legislation," has elaborated another method which is original and suggestive.

RAILWAY TARIFFS.

BY JAMES L. COWLES.

THE following statistics and facts, relative to railroad transportation and to railroad tariffs, ought, it seems to me, to command the thoughtful consideration of every American and especially of every New Englander; for New England is far away from the sources whence she derives the materials of her principal industries, and she is equally distant from the markets in which she sells the most of her finished products. To New England the question of tariffs, custom tariffs and railway tariffs, is all important.

There were engaged in the public service on the railroads of the United States, in the year 1890, more than 1,100,000 freight cars. The earnings of these cars for that year were \$714,464,277, received for the transportation of 636,514,617 tons of freight. Now, these appear to be large figures; but when we come to consider the work actually done by each one of these 1,100,000 freight cars, and the work of which these same cars are capable, their appearances change. The average earnings of each freight car engaged in the service of the people of the United States in 1890 were less than \$630 per year, less than \$13 per week, hardly more than \$2 per day; and the average amount of work done by each car was in the same meagre proportions — less than 600 tons for the year, less than 2 tons per day.

The average daily movement of each car was less than 30 miles, and the average number of hours of movement was less than 2 hours out of the 24. Four days out of 5, each of these cars, on the average, lay idle; and when they moved, the average load of the loaded cars was but 10 tons per car, or 175.12 tons per train. The average haul per ton was less than 120 miles. The 58,241 freight cars of the New England roads, owned and leased, transported, during the year 1890, 41,247,486 tons of freight, for which service the railroad managers charged the public \$39,833,947.

Each New England freight car earned on an average about

\$700 per year, less than \$14 per week, less than \$2.50 per day. And each one of these New England freight cars transported on an average less than 720 tons of freight per year, less than 14 tons of freight per week, less than 3 tons of freight per day. This negligence of our (private) railway managers to make a proper use of their freight equipment has resulted in a waste of capital in useless freight cars, estimated to amount to over \$124,000,000, with an interest account of at least \$5,000,000. "The cost of maintenance of this [idle] equipment is about \$10,000,000 a year, to say nothing of the cost of track room to hold them, locomotives to move them, and the other minor yet necessary expenses which their existence involves."— *W. W. Wheatley*.

Now, this may be a satisfactory condition of things to our railway rulers; but I submit that if ordinary business was carried on in this way, the majority of our business men would be in a state of chronic bankruptcy.

If our railroad companies are at all prosperous, it must be because the transportation taxes levied upon the public are far higher than would be necessary under reasonable railway management.

Professor Hadley says that "on any line where a good canal can run, a railroad can handle a net train load of 600 tons, at a direct expense for fuel, train men, and train repairs [that is, for haulage], of not over forty cents per mile, and sometimes as low as thirty cents, or from 1-20 to 1-15 of a cent per ton per mile."

That is to say, the cost of the haulage of a net train load of 600 tons, over nearly all the railroads of the United States, for the average haul of 120 miles, is not over \$48, or *eight cents per ton per haul*; for New England, with an average haul of 70 miles, the cost of haulage of a net train load of 600 tons is not over \$28, or less than *five cents per ton per haul*.

This being true—and the statement of Professor Hadley is sustained by the best European writers on railroads—it is no wonder that President Haines, of the American Railway Association (representing 120,000 miles of railway), declared, in his opening address before that association, on the 14th of October, 1891, that, "Though we hear much of the average rate per ton per mile and per passenger per mile, as also of the cost of transportation per ton mile

and per passenger mile, it would be *difficult to point out its use in the practical operation of a railway.* "The ton mile and the passenger mile are statistical abstractions, and not the units by which the price of transportation is fixed." "The *local* passenger rate per mile is lost sight of when *competition* or *commutation* or *excursions* are to be considered, and the *rate per ton per mile* is the *last thing thought of in making freight tariffs.*" "The entrance of a single passenger to a train adds nothing to the cost of moving that train, and the *cost* of transporting a single passenger (or a single ton of freight) is therefore inappreciable." "The objection to the ton-mile basis" is that it is "fallacious, misleading, untrue, and without practical value to the railroad superintendent or traffic manager." "And the unit of cost per passenger mile is as fallacious and valueless as the unit per ton mile." "A passenger does not measure his desire to get to a place by the number of miles that he must travel to reach it; and whether he goes fifty or sixty miles,—yes, whether he goes one mile or a thousand miles,—it *costs the same* to carry him, if the train be scheduled for the longer distance, and there be room for him;" and in practice there will always be room for him. "This idea of rate for distance does not prevail in making freight rates." "What the freight agent wants is *loaded cars*; and that is what should be sought for by the passenger agent." To all of which I say, *Amen*. If, however, distance is no longer a factor in the cost of railway transportation worthy of consideration, as Professor Hadley and President Haines both bear witness, and if the present ton-mile, passenger-mile basis of railway rates is "fallacious, misleading, untrue, and without practical value to the railroad superintendent or traffic manager," as President Haines declares it to be, then, it seems to me, it would be well to abolish this fallacious, valueless system, and to adopt in its stead the rational, life-giving postal system, of so much per ton per haul, and so much per passenger per trip, irrespective of distance.

The only possible objection that can be offered to the adoption of this system is that the rate required to provide the revenues necessary for the operation of the railroads, and for the payment of a reasonable interest on the cost of their construction, would be too great for the shortest distances. I propose to prove, however, that under a fair management of

our railroads (and especially if the railroads were consolidated under one management), the very lowest freight rate now charged between any two stations, on any line of road in the country, would be large enough, if adopted for the common rate, regardless of distance, to provide an ample revenue to pay all the legitimate expenses connected with the freight business in our railroad system. We had, as I have already stated, over 1,100,000 freight cars in our public railroad service in 1890. (This does not include cars employed in the service of the railroads, neither does it include some 70,000 freight cars belonging to private shippers.)

Now, if those 1,100,000 freight cars had made but two hauls of merchandise per week (100 hauls for the year instead of 73 hauls), at \$7 per car, the earnings of the freight cars of the United States would have been over \$770,000,000, nearly \$60,000,000 more than was actually earned in 1890, under our present irrational, unjust, ton-mile rate system. With three hauls of merchandise per week, 150 hauls per year (and surely freight cars ought to be kept at work three days out of seven), a rate of \$5 per car would have produced a freight revenue of over \$825,000,000, \$110,000,000 more than the actual earnings of 1890.

Granting, however, that it is only possible to get two paying hauls out of a freight car in a week, even then with an average car load of twelve tons, (the actual load transported in 1890 is estimated at ten tons), a rate of sixty cents per ton per haul, irrespective of classification, would have provided a much larger freight revenue than was earned in 1890. A fair classification, however, would, I believe, have admitted of as low a rate as twenty-five cents per ton per haul, irrespective of distance, for minerals and products of that class transported in open cars, and of one dollar per ton per haul for general merchandise. But with these low freight rates secured by law to every individual and to every locality, with the system of rebates abolished, and discriminations done away with, freight cars would hardly travel over the country, as they have done and as they are doing, half empty. Nor would freight locomotives travel with the meagre average load of 175 tons in the country at large, and 122 tons in New England. On the other hand, the average car load would probably increase to fifteen or twenty tons, and the average train load would increase to 500 or 600 tons

throughout our whole railroad system. And what is true of freight and freight trains, is equally true of passengers and of passenger trains.

The average number of passengers in the average train of the country, in 1890, was but forty-one, less than two-thirds the capacity of an ordinary passenger car; and in thickly settled New England it was but sixty-two, still less than the full seating capacity of single passenger cars. But the capacity of an ordinary passenger locomotive on the average road can hardly be less than seven cars, with a seating capacity of 476 passengers — more than ten times the average passenger locomotive load of the country, and more than seven times the average passenger locomotive load of New England. But not only are our passenger cars and our passenger locomotives run with loads far below their capacity; there is also the same fault to be found with regard to the number of runs both of the passenger locomotive and of the freight locomotive.

The average mileage of the passenger engines of the United States is hardly more than 100 miles per day, and of freight engines less than 90 miles; and in New England neither the passenger nor the freight engines average over 90 miles, less than four hours' fair work per day. With anything like a reasonable use of railroad equipment, and with a reasonable classification of passenger rates, a *five-cent fare per trip* on way trains, irrespective of distance, would, I am very certain, furnish an ample revenue for the proportion of expenses chargeable to way business.

And for express trains the same life-giving postal principle is equally applicable. Make the through fare the same as that between the two nearest stations at which the train stops. Are the stops a fourth as frequent as on way trains? Then let the fare on the ordinary car of the express be four times that on the way train, or twenty cents instead of five cents; and let the rate for those who use parlor cars be four times that charged the ordinary passenger. The parlor coach weighs about twice as much as the ordinary coach, and it costs about twice as much money, while it carries hardly more than half as many passengers. It is, therefore, no more than just that the individual who travels "*en prince*" should pay his share of the expense. The rate, irrespective of distance, on Pullman express running between Boston and New

York, and making say four stops, might be reduced one half, viz. to three dollars; and on the ordinary express, ordinary car, running between Boston and New York, a fifty-cent rate would, I believe, be found amply remunerative; a dollar ought to be enough for the highest fare, for the longest trip by ordinary car, on the fastest express of the country.

If, as Professor Hadley says, wherever a canal can run, a railroad can handle a net train load of 600 tons for forty cents a mile, and sometimes for thirty cents, then the cost for haulage of such a train from Boston to San Francisco is but from \$900 to \$1,200, \$1.50 to \$2 per ton of freight; and the average passenger does not weigh a tenth of a ton, and it certainly does not cost more than half as much to haul a passenger as it does to haul a ton of freight.

The *live weight* (the passengers) on a full loaded passenger train is hardly more of a burden to a passenger locomotive than is a fly on the back of an elephant. The forty-one passengers on the average passenger train of this country weigh perhaps two tons. The dead weight of the train is at least a hundred tons, and it is probably nearer a hundred and fifty tons. The difference in cost between hauling a freight train of 600 tons and one of fifty tons is estimated at about twenty-five cents a mile.

The difference in the cost of hauling an empty passenger train and a loaded train can hardly be more than twenty-five cents a mile. The thing that costs, and what the people of this country are paying for, is the haulage of freight cars and freight trains, passenger cars and passenger trains, *that are not half loaded, and interest and repairs in equipment, not half the time in use*; and one of the causes, I think the principal cause, for this waste of our substance, is our miserable ton-mile, passenger-mile system of railway rates, with its discriminations in favor of some individuals and against others, in favor of the town and against the country, and with its exorbitant charges.

No man in the United States who goes to the great exposition next summer on an ordinary passenger car ought to be compelled to pay more than a dollar for his railroad ticket. There would certainly be no occasion for a higher fare if only the railroads were combined under one management, and run in the common interest under such a system of railway rates as I have advocated. Even under the present chaotic condition

of our railroad system, a dollar fare to Chicago during the coming summer would, I believe, pay the railroads and pay them well, if only the different systems would work in harmony. It is to be remembered that an average fare per trip of less than fifty-three cents, taking in the whole railroad system of the country, and an average fare of less than thirty cents, sufficed to provide the passenger revenues of the country and of New England in 1890; and the average freight charge in the country during that year was but \$1.06, and in New England it was less than ninety-six cents.

Now, in view of these facts, and in view of these other facts, viz., that probably over fifty millions of dollars' worth of passes are issued annually, while enormous rebates continue to be granted to favored trusts and combinations (in six months of 1861, Swift & Co., one of the great beef shipping firms of Chicago, received \$30,000 in rebates from the Nickelplate road alone, and George and John Firmenisch, glucose manufacturers of Iowa, received \$8,000 in rebates from the same road in the same period) — in view of these facts, I think I am fully justified in the belief that under a rational, harmonious system of railroad management throughout the country (assuming the past system and the rebate system abolished), the railway rates I have suggested would be amply sufficient not only to provide for all current expenses, and for interest on the cost of the construction of our railroads, but also to furnish an ample fund for such an extension of the system as the country may from time to time demand.

If, however, additional revenue seemed necessary, there would still be opportunity for obtaining it by charging a small rate for each piece of baggage placed in a baggage car. Ten cents a piece would not be burdensome on the people, and it is only fair that those who travel with baggage should pay for its transportation. The problem of problems before the American people is the "railroad problem." The railroads are the circulating system of the body politic. They must be run in the common interest.

SOME ECONOMICAL FEATURES OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

BY TESSA L. KELSO.

THAT the advancement of the public-library system has not kept pace with other educational movements in the last twenty years, is due to several causes. The character of the institution refuses to adapt itself to machine politics, and the consequence has been a universal belittling policy, and a determined opposition to the granting of funds for the support of public libraries, since expenditures could not be made to serve political ends; and the apportionment of funds being optional, the city council or governing board has taken care that the smallest possible amount is allowed. In addition to this, the system has been weighed down by the professional and traditional impedimenta; there has been a lack of method and of helpful organization; mechanical devices are too often cumbersome and expensive, due to need of comparative investigation.

The work of the library association has accomplished much improvement, but has not developed library principles or original experiments, having confined its work in a large measure to methods of cataloguing and indexing, on the hypothesis that the public must be kept from direct access to the books. Library architecture has been discussed and has been developed with the same object in view. Administrative questions have had very little serious and systematic consideration, despite the fact that, as libraries grow in size, the expenditures for books steadily decrease and administrative expenses increase, until in the case of the larger libraries the book expenditures are but one fourth of the total resources. The extravagance resulting from experimental duplication in finances and methods could be vastly lessened by greater comparative consideration.

In addition to these drawbacks, there has not been a full appreciation of the highest function of the public library of to-day, which lies in its power to add to the fast-diminishing store of human pleasure, to be a means of overcoming the

intemperance of work. Librarians have assisted the misunderstanding by constantly deprecating the reading of fiction or any literature that might be read for amusement, the aim being to report a decrease in the percentage of "light reading" from year to year, and this insistence against fiction has furnished a weapon to be used against the support of public libraries.

The objective aim has been to supply the needs of the student, the one person who, by the virtue of his title, is least to be considered; since to the student books are his working materials, and he seldom depends on the resources of a public library. The endeavor to fix the standard of usefulness by means of this minority has created a strife in which the real capacity of the library remains almost undeveloped. With the constantly increasing financial resources, individual experimentation, and a growing independence of tradition, the time is coming for the enlargement of some of its social and economical possibilities.

The philosophers and thinkers long since recognized and called attention to the fact that, in the struggle for profit and position, the finer consciousness and value of individual life were lowered, and the elements of happiness, pleasure, and amusement were diminished; and every institution capable of adding to such a fund should be fostered and encouraged to its full capacity.

A new social danger has developed in the last twenty years in the crowding of life in few centres, the abandonment of farms and farm life, and the ensuing congestion in cities. The cause is admittedly in the lack of relaxation, the want of opportunity for intellectual improvement, and of such amusement as rural life might afford. Efforts towards a cure have resulted in the annual expenditure of millions for charities, both public and private. Hospitals, jails, reformatories, have been increased in the cities, but there has been astonishingly little done to counteract the cause at its inception. England has in a slight measure undertaken the work, and the "people's palaces" are the result of the effort; but the American public does not take kindly to charity thus applied, and it is worth considering what institutions may be developed, under our system of taxation, to increase the rational proportion between work and relaxation.

The most logical centre of such possibilities is a public

library. The dignity and power of books in the concrete is a lever to move the mass. The roughest "hoodlum" will lower his voice and take off his hat on entering a real public library; for it represents to his understanding that by some process he is owner here of a valuable tangible property, and has a full share in its privileges in common with the highest or richest. To be able to establish the realization of responsibility reduces the problem immeasurably, and no church or other institution has the power. Yet at this very point the most serious opposition to the library system has been developed, on the score that a library offered a loafing-place for all the idlers in a city; but if the library did no more than become the recognized loafing-centre of a city, its existence on that basis would be warranted.

Our present state of society does not provide work for all men and women, and without work there are no homes; still the activity of being does not cease, and there must be space found for the body somewhere, and a whole community is physically safer when the loafer, be he chronic or otherwise, is sitting with a book before him in an atmosphere and surroundings of wholesomeness. When the extent of this usefulness is better realized, every employment office and corner loafing-place will contain an invitation to the library; loaf at the library if need be.

It is to be regretted that almost universally this very opportunity for developing usefulness and influence has been discouraged, and all sorts of obstacles, under the guise of safeguards, have been devised to separate the books from the people, to lessen the responsibility of ownership, and frown upon any use of books except for serious purposes. So far has this been carried out, that there are not five large public libraries in the United States that admit the public directly to the book shelves.

To steal a book seems a species of crime not to be treated by ordinary methods of precaution and punishment; and more money and energy are expended in one year for guarding books from possible loss in a library than would pay for the real loss in many years, with the exercise of no more care than any merchant uses in the transaction of his business. When the public have had reason to feel the ownership in a public library that is said to be theirs, the danger is still further reduced. The outcome of this policy has

been the undue prominence given to catalogues; the whole library edifice has come to be regarded as resting on this foundation, when, as a matter of fact, a catalogue at its best is an unreliable, misleading, uninteresting, and minor influence considered as an agent in the enlargement of the scope of practical usefulness. Catalogues have been forced into the place of intelligent human guides, who would in some measure have mitigated the mooted loss incurred in the handling of books; and they have brought about a mechanical system in many large libraries that results in complete stagnation.

The mission of the library is more important than the mere circulation of books; it should be the direct power to cultivate and foster the intellectual and material advance of its community. Interest in national and local questions, artistic, political, industrial, should promptly be taken advantage of, and books and newspaper clippings, illustrations, laid before the public, who by this means are furnished with collated, unbiased data, and saved expensive individual experiments.

A city adopting a street-improvement system should have for guidance the result of experiments made, not years ago, but the week before, and should expect to look to the library to collect and arrange such materials for reference. By posting lists of plays, scores, comparative criticism, illustrations, biographies, and historical information in the anticipation of a coming dramatic or musical event, the library creates an opportunity for the development of appreciation and culture of a high order in the use of books.

Parents, teachers, and librarians are continually holding endless discussions as to how to curtail the reading of estimated trashy and flabby literature; but the question of what is to take the place as a recreation is left to solve itself. What is to be done with the boy in a crowded city, when the books are taken from him on the ground of being only amusing? Let the library meet the demand for the hundreds and thousands of volumes of this style of literature, with a proportionate number of sets of tennis, croquet, foot-balls, base-balls, indoor games, magic lanterns, and the whole paraphernalia of healthy, wholesome amusement that is quite as much out of reach of the average boy and girl as are books, and there will be a material addition to the library member-

ship and a corresponding decrease of "petty offenders." In combination with such a distribution is the library ownership of playgrounds. Almost the only extension of the library has been in the direction of "branches," universally cumbersome and expensive, repeating and emphasizing the faults of the central institution. The delivery system from one main stock has been adopted in a limited way, but its admirable qualifications are being more generally recognized. However, its greatest influence for good must be in its adoption in connection with country libraries; and when this means of distributing, to the most remote farm, the advantages of learning, culture, and amusement that cluster about a well-equipped public library, then will the ambition of the farm-bred boy and girl to live in the city be modified. With reasonable postal regulations, country libraries will as easily extend their usefulness as the city institutions. A better understanding and broader spirit would have taken place in the library system, if even a small portion of the lavish expenditures of the government Bureau of Education had been directed to this important division of education.

The public-library movement has not been officially recognized or encouraged, save in one or two instances due to personal interest and exertion by the head of the department. The congressional library has never, in any way, fulfilled its mission as a national library to the country at large; and in the one library where the bibliographical and cataloguing features might have been carried to their highest and fullest conception, for the assistance and guidance of every library, it has been thought a matter of pride that indexes and aids to books were unnecessary, "since one man knew the entire contents of the library."

To such a policy is due the great waste of money and energy in library administration, in the expensive duplication of work and material.

The purchase by the Boston Public Library of the Columbus letter, for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars, shows the extreme of a municipal library in incurring expense only warranted by a national institution.

There is need of a readjustment in estimating the capabilities of a collection of books, placed in the hands of the people, and serving as a nucleus for additions in any direction that tends to increase intelligence and happiness.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

BY MYRA A. DOOLY.

MY father has for the last twenty-one years been engaged in city missionary work in New York and Albany. In this way I have become acquainted in many of the homes of poverty in our great cities, and have always been interested in the needs of children.

I feel that the most satisfactory labor is to be done among the children. Every one who knows anything about the ultimate conditions of the poor, the thriftless, and the dissipated has some slight idea of what the prospects of a child born and reared under these conditions are. On the other hand, when we consider that by wisely ordered and well-directed efforts these miserable creatures of circumstances may be reclaimed, and made useful, self-respecting members of society, we ask ourselves, Why has not this work received the attention and prayers of the thoughtful Christian people in our own country, as it has in many European countries?

Spending five months in the Netherlands, I had ample time to study into the Christian national institution of that country, the Neerbosch Orphan Home, and, returning home by way of Scotland, some of the Scottish homes at Glasgow, and learning what I could of their methods.

Mr. Vantlindhout, a remarkable man, is the founder and director of the homes of Neerbosch. From his childhood, though a boy in poor circumstances himself, he had a desire to help, if spared, the orphans of his own country. When a young man he became a colporter and an evangelist. Travelling from town to town, he had seen notices pinned to the church doors that a certain number of homeless children would be brought to the church at such an hour by the poor master, and any of the villagers desiring to purchase or adopt these children should be there at a designated time; and in this way places were found for many children.

The fact that they were disposed of was not enough for Mr. Vantlindhout. In speaking of this to a friend, the friend argued they have homes now, and so he set to work to find out what sort of homes these were. As a rule no education was given them, and the heaviest of the housework was invariably thrust upon them. No love was given them, so his heart was more and more filled with a desire to help the orphans.

Engaging a large house in the town of Nymegen, he moved there with his family; and upon his friend asking him why he had taken so large a house, he answered that he intended taking into his home as many orphans as the Lord would give him means to provide for. Some laughed, some ridiculed, and others promised to help him. In a few days a couple of tables, a large chest, and two little iron bedsteads had been sent in to furnish the first room. That was the beginning of the work which soon reached national dimensions. Little by little money was sent in from most unexpected sources to provide for one more orphan, until the old house in Nymegen was full to overflowing. Mr. Vantlindhout had given up his own work, and devoted his time to his children, depending upon the Lord for putting it into the hearts of his servants to send money for their support. He himself told me that many a time he had gone to rest at night not having a morsel of food in the house or money to buy any, but he said, "The Lord provided then, as he has always done since." Sixty-five boys and girls were now in the home. Mr. Vantlindhout let it be known through the papers that he must have larger quarters. Straightway a friend deeded to him a large tract of land two miles from the town, which was most thankfully accepted. This was in January, 1866, and by March all the money that had been received for building purposes was about one hundred dollars. With that small sum they began to buy stone and wood, which was carried to the site of the new home. The matter was treated as a great joke by the papers, and hundreds of people flocked to the place on the Sabbath day, and, looking at the pile of wood and stone, declared their children would not be living to see the completion of the work. Just as the money came in, the material was purchased and laborers were hired, and by October the building was completed.

As I said, he had few supporters at the beginning. It has

been said that the Dutch people are slow but sure; so when they were once awakened to the fact that this work was a grand one, they came forward right nobly to the support of it, and have stood by it ever since and will always do so. This institution is not carried on under the cottage system; it is decidedly institutional, but its marvellous success is due to the excellent industrial training which is given. The boys may choose whichever trade they have a desire to learn — cabinet-making, carpentry, masonry, printing and bookbinding, tailoring, shoemaking, farming and gardening; and the girls are taught dressmaking and housework of every kind. They are obliged to stick to this trade; are not allowed to leave the home until they are thoroughly equipped.

There are thirty buildings on the ground, many of which were built by the boys of the institution. The church was erected in 1881, and is one of the finest in Holland. The interior is plainly but prettily finished in light oak, and will seat over a thousand. Here the thousand children now living at the institution are gathered every Sabbath day for worship. A specialty has been made in the direction of printing and bookbinding. A regular weekly newspaper is issued from the institution, and of course all the work is performed by the boys. This paper, by the way, has an enormous circulation throughout Holland. The institution also issues a monthly magazine called *The Friend of the Home*. It is often illustrated by wood cuts and engravings, the work for which is all done here. Yearly almanacs, prettily bound, are sent out to all the friends of the institution. Thousands of scripture calendars are also issued annually. Indeed, it is safe to say that one could not enter a Christian home in all Holland where he would not find, hanging in a conspicuous place in the living room, the Neerbosch calendar. Besides these there are Sunday-school papers supplied for churches at a distance, programmes for entertainments, Bibles, tracts, and books of all kinds. In connection with the printing establishment is a large bookbindery, and a shop where the making of wood cuts and engravings is done. Carpenters' and cabinet-making shops are in a way connected. In one they make tables, chairs, and closets, which are sent to the other to receive the finishing touches. It seems almost marvellous to me to see the beautiful chairs, hanging shelves, finely

finished book-cases, fancy tables, and solid bedroom and parlor furniture of all kinds—in fact, everything that one sees in any well-ordered shop of the kind in our own country.

Wooden shoes are worn by the children week days, but on Sunday they wear leather boots. The making of the boots and shoes is learned to perfection by the boys, who turn out most admirable work. They have also a large farm where the boys are taught the art of agriculture, and the girls the making of butter and cheese. Though all the children are trained at the trades, still their education is not neglected, and they have certain hours to attend school and also for private study. At the school sessions the children sing from the translated editions of Moody and Sankey's hymns; and the Dutch language, which may seem inharmonious as we see it written, seemed almost beautiful when the sweet voices of the children were raised in praise to God. Special attention is given to the study of music. They have a well-trained band at the orphanage. The Neerbosch band is a great treat about Holland at public gatherings, concerts, etc.

The physical culture of the children is not neglected, and several of the older boys, who are proficient in gymnastics, are instructors of the younger ones.

Children are received into this home between the ages of one and twenty-two years, and are thoroughly trained before leaving; then when they are old enough, situations are provided for them. To have been trained at Neerbosch is recommendation enough. Many young men, who were once Neerbosch boys, now hold offices of responsibility and trust in the large warehouses in America and other cities. It can be readily seen that outside of these facts their work is a financial help to the institution. Many orders are filled by these boys for large furnishing houses in the cities.

Mr. Vantlindhout now has behind him a board of directors, and he receives a salary, as do all his helpers. His son Jacob is a great help to him, and will eventually take his father's place. Another son has charge of the bookbindery and printing department. Mrs. Vantlindhout superintends the girls' department, attending to the distribution of clothing, etc., and is a very capable woman. Besides the family itself, there are a large number of assistants and instructors employed. Several years ago, King William conferred the order of knighthood upon Mr. Vantlindhout for the great

service which the king considered this man has rendered his country.

The Scottish homes, in my mind, solved the problem whether the cottage system is a wise and effectual one or not. Mr. William Quarrier, the superintendent of these homes, has been rightly termed the Miller of Scotland. He is doing a most excellent work, which deserves special notice. In a sense Mr. Quarrier himself was a child of misfortune, and one of the most pathetic incidents he relates of his childhood is of his standing, when a boy of eight years, in the broad thoroughfare of the high street, Glasgow, bare-headed, bare footed, cold and hungry, having tasted no food for a day and a half. It was probably these early struggles which helped to mould him for the years of toil that followed; and even while he was yet a young man he determined, if spared, to do something to alleviate the hard lot of the children of poverty. Twenty-eight years ago Mr. Quarrier began his work; returning home one night in November, 1864, he relates that he met a little, ragged fellow on the street crying bitterly because some one had stolen his stock in trade. This might seem but a small thing, but to it the orphan homes of Scotland owe their bread. The work was on a small scale, and what was then known as a Shoeblack Brigade was formed, and for seven years Mr. Quarrier continued to help the newsboys and shoeblacks of the city to a better life; but while thus engaged, he says: "I was led to see that something more was needed to help them more effectually, and to bring more of home and family influence to bear upon their lives; and again I longed for the establishment of an orphanage home for Scotland." He committed the subject to God in prayer, and announced through the papers that he wanted from five to ten thousand dollars. However it may seem to others, Mr. Quarrier accepted this as a call from a higher power, and he has carried this conviction throughout all his work since. I have a friend who was living in Scotland at this time, who tells me that Mr. Quarrier was not an object of praise. He met with considerable opposition and not a little ridicule, as the newspapers spoke of him as "crazy Will"; but his splendid home for waifs and the dregs of society in the city of Glasgow, his magnificent orphanage homes at the Bridge of Wier, and the hundreds of children he annually reclaims

from the streets and slums and rescues from the poorhouses and reformatories, long ago convinced a nation that W. Quarrier was not a fanatic or dreamer. His work now stands unique in Great Britain, and will, from its very beginning, bear microscopic inspection; against its conduct not the faintest whisper, not even by priests or men envious of his success, has ever been heard.

Before giving an account of the work of these homes, it might be well to remark on the monetary aspect of Mr. Quarrier's operations. He asks no man for anything, and accepts no restrictions with money subscribed to any department of his work. Those sending him money are requested to state whether it is to be applied to the homes, or emigration schemes, building funds, or to the department of the children; but beyond that he exercises full control of its administration. He has no board of directors, no committee on ways and means. He accepts no endowments. A few years ago he refused forty thousand dollars for one of his peculiar reasons.

There are at present forty-four buildings situated at the Bridge of Wier, a journey of one-half hour by rail from Glasgow. The cost of these was six hundred thousand dollars, and more cottages are being erected. Children from the age of one to sixteen will be in each cottage. Several years ago Mr. Quarrier found they were in need of a church, and said to a friend on the street, "We are still in need of a church." "How much will it cost?" asked the friend. "Twenty-five thousand dollars," was the reply. "Get your plans prepared and I will secure the money." The splendid church, with its symmetrical spire, its chimes, and deep-toned bell, forms one of the features of the village.

Having many incurable boys brought to the home, Mr. Quarrier saw the need of a home for them. A lady offered to give him fifteen thousand dollars for the building as a birthday thank-offering for her husband; and to-day this lovely home is fitted up for the reception of weak and suffering boys, and is a haven of rest for the weary body as well as the place where many lose the burden of sin. A good school has recently been erected, and is a bright monument to the memory of a loved one, also an expression of practical sympathy on the part of a generous donor who supplied thirty thousand dollars for the school.

The system of teaching boys trades is much the same as in the Dutch homes, and where one has a predisposition to a sea life and the physical ability for such an occupation he is placed on board the *James Arthur*, where the training is complete. The *James Arthur* is as trustworthy as any ship that ever sailed the Atlantic, and is situated in the northern part of the village imbedded in a bed of concrete.

Does not the simplicity of this work appeal to the sympathy of thoughtful Americans? If there could be a home combining the industrial training of the Dutch Home with that of the family system at the Bridge of Wier, would it not be a grand thing, and do not our children need it as much as the children of the Netherlands and Scotland? When we consider the discouragement which attended the beginning of these homes, we need not be discouraged by the careless indifference of many and by the hatred and malice of others. Should we not, in view of the abounding sin and misery around, and the habit of strong drink, hear the Master's words with increasing faith "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY THEODORE F. SEWARD.

MR. LOUIS R. ERICH informs me that he was moved to write his article "A Religion for All Time" by reading the first number of *Christian Unity*, a small quarterly journal which is printed in the interest of the "Brotherhood of Christian Unity." As his article crystallizes so remarkably the spirit which is rising in the hearts of men, a spirit which is evidently soon to take possession of the world, it will doubtless interest the readers of THE ARENA to hear something of the Brotherhood movement from the one at whose suggestion it came into existence.

Its genesis had its source in an experience of my childhood. The village in which I lived (Florida, N. Y.) was rent asunder by a little warfare between the old and the new factions of the Presbyterian church. In seeing, as I grew older, the absurdity as well as the wickedness of fighting over doctrines which no human being can understand, I gained an object lesson for life. The early impression was afterward confirmed by my experience in the musical profession. As organist of churches in different denominations (in whose Christian work I always took an active part), I was led to see that in all the essentials they were at one, the divisions growing entirely out of secondary and non-essential elements.

Many other experiences confirmed this truth, but it was not till my fifty-seventh year that it produced any practical result. In April, 1891, I made a suggestion at a union meeting in Orange, N. J., to this effect: No violent change can or ought to be made in the status of churches or denominations; but cannot a larger circle be formed on the basis of the two great commandments—love to God and love to man? Suppose we start a society to be called the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, which all can join for practical work without interfering with their individual beliefs or

their church relationships. The only requirement for membership will be the signing of a pledge like the following :—

I hereby agree to accept the creed promulgated by the Founder of Christianity — love to God and love to man — as the rule of my life. I also agree to recognize as fellow-Christians and members of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity all who accept this creed and Jesus Christ as their leader.

I join this brotherhood with the hope that such a voluntary association and fellowship with Christians of every faith will deepen my spiritual life and bring me into more helpful relations with my fellow-men.

Promising to accept Jesus Christ as my leader means that I intend to study His character with a desire to be imbued with His Spirit, to imitate His example, and to be guided by His precepts.

The response to this suggestion was most extraordinary. Letters of approval came from representatives of all denominations, orthodox, heterodox, and other-dox. Very many non-church members also wrote to express their happiness in the opportunity thus afforded to show their faith in Christianity without committing themselves to any formulated church creed. The poet Whittier signed the pledge, and wrote, "For years I have been desirous of a movement for uniting all Christians with no other creed or pledge than a simple recognition of Christ as our leader." Phillips Brooks wrote, "I am glad to express my interest in your good work, and wish it all success."

There are many indications that the Brotherhood has sprung into existence at the right moment. Various side-currents are flowing in the same direction, and seem naturally to coalesce with and enlarge the central stream.

The World's Parliament of Religions, to be held next September for seventeen days, in connection with the Columbian exposition, will give an added impetus to the movement. It is a striking conjunction of events: a meeting of representatives of all the historic religions of the world, and a society which supplies a medium for curing the one vital weakness of Christianity — its divisions.

Mr. Erich in his article objects to the name "Brotherhood of Christian Unity." In conversation with him I find that he wishes some title which would attract and admit any person desiring to serve mankind, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan. This is undoubtedly the ultimate ideal; but it is a question to be most earnestly considered whether, taken in its true sense, such a society can by any possibility be otherwise than Christian. Mr. Erich's treatise is one of

the noblest pleas for the prevalence of the Christ spirit I have ever read. It assumes throughout that the Christ spirit will be the inspiration for all loving service, whether rendered by Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan. Will it not then be far better to work under the Christian name, inasmuch as the evils and falsities of the past are now being so rapidly eliminated from the Christian faith? I feel very strongly that this is the wise and true course. We do not rebel against the atmosphere because it is sometimes charged with noxious vapors. Mohammedans, pagans — all the millions of earth's children — will come eagerly into the great Christian brotherhood just as fast as it becomes really Christian.

But one point has lately become clear to me — the pledge should be simplified. In fact, there should not be a pledge at all. Nothing is needed but an expression of the purpose to become a member of the society; such an expression as will involve a recognition of the fact that it is based upon the law of love and service, under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus. Signing the name to such a formula will not be signing a pledge, but merely the act of joining a brotherhood whose spirit and purpose are expressed in the sentence to which the name is affixed.

I shall be surprised if Mr. Erich's treatise does not make a profound impression. It may almost be regarded as an epoch-making word; yet in reality it is rather a fruit of the epoch which is already upon us. It is a product of the same true spirit which created the Brotherhood of Christian Unity. Let us hope that there will not be two movements, but only one for gathering the children of men under one banner of love and mutual service.

PRACTICAL THEOSOPHY.

KATE BUFFINGTON DAVIS.

IN the popular mind there is great questioning of what there is practical in the new old cult known as "Theosophy." While many are fascinated with the phenomena promised by a study of the occult, and the scientific mind is held in thrall with the magnificent presentation of the Cosmogonism and Anthropogonism outlined in the Secret Doctrine, and the delight of the philosophic thinker, as he enters through theosophy into the realm of metaphysics, attract each in turn, still there is a vast majority who say, "What is there practical in this, that constitutes a help in the present hour, and in the trials of daily, commonplace existence?"

The ethics of theosophy are a guidance and a help for our every need; for it is practical theosophy to be tolerant, faithful, patient, gentle — in one word selfless — in thought and deed; to feel, even in this age of competition, that one has no personal competitor, striving against nothing save ignorance and selfishness, holding ever in mind that every man is a brother, and that our greatest privilege in life is to be mutually sustaining and uplifting.

It is practical theosophy to dominate passions that serve the selfishness of our undeveloped humanity, as well as the brutal passions of lust, drunkenness, and gluttony pertaining to our animal nature; for it is the more refined faults that are the most seductive, as the selfish ambition that glories in the envy of our fellows and leads, through greed, domination, and unjust striving, only to the filling with tinsel and glitter and false adulation a passing hour of time, or that subtle error that marks the egotism of our own limitations, — intolerance. What a temptation lies hidden in the desire to dominate the mind of man, to bind our perceptions as chains upon the souls of brothers, who after all are children of the same divine Father, and are all our brothers, possessing in their natures the same heritage in development, related to the same Creative wisdom, and each according to the law fulfilling some causal necessity in nature.

Theosophy teaches that man is himself a key wherewith to unlock the door of universal wisdom. If man would know himself, in the true sense of selfhood, he would know God. That is to say, the real selfhood of man is of divine origin, and to "acquaint thyself with God" one must search diligently after that spiritual verity in their own nature that relates the soul to the Father. When Christ was asked when the kingdom of God should come, he answered, "The kingdom of God is within you." Therefore study not the symbols of the world so earnestly as to neglect the inner wisdom, that develops as we love right doing more than all seeming.

Theosophy is practical in losing from man's mind the shackles of fear. It makes plain the universality of law, that suffering and sin are the results of ignorance; and that man needs fear only the darkness of his own limitations. The order of God is toward perfectness and fearlessness in the seeking of truth, and the *living the truth* is the pathway up to God. Knowledge of truth is the light on the path, but the living of the measure of righteousness we know is the progress. Intellectual perception, like a sign post, points the way, but we must travel the path, no matter how rugged, if we would find the kingdom.

To be a practical theosophist is to know every claim made, through need or suffering upon us, has a right to relief we can render; that we are here to serve one another, and to grow through serving. Theosophy points the unity of humanity, and emphasizes the sympathy and service we owe every fellow-creature, as our life lines cross. It makes plain the eternal justice acting through the universal law of cause and effect, showing the why of human suffering and the inequalities of life; proving this phase of life to be only a transient hour in the great system of life through which the immortal principle must travel; thus it enables man to endure bravely, suffer wisely, and illumine every dark hour with the wisdom of his immortality.

On its material side theosophy is eminently practical, giving those who seek, *and who are morally qualified to be the custodians of such great powers*, a knowledge of the resources of nature, which, through comparison, renders the wisdom of our western science mere child's play. In literature theosophy represents the thought of the world. It

opens to view, with its accumulated treasures, the civilizations of the past, and gives us the analysis of the present.

Everything that elevates or aids mankind, if it is only the singing of a ballad to lighten another's toil, is theosophic. One principle of development is summed up in this command: "Fulfil all the duties, answer all the honest calls of the life you are now living; be true to all men and the light you now have; then will greater wisdom be your heritage."

Practical theosophy affects every hour of life; it is not sufficient to control actions only; we must stand guard constantly over thought; to think purely, to know no evil, is to progress spiritually. The ready recognition of another's faults and failings indicates a correspondence in our own soul to like error. Knowledge is relative, and "to the pure all things are pure." Whosoever criticises another or attributes a sin to fellow-man is only revealing to the wise the dark places within the soul of the accuser. A theosophic saying is, "A wicked man is one whom the law puts to more severe tests than myself. When I see one who commits great wrongs, I hear in my heart that mediæval cry, 'Make way for the justice of God.' To be unjust is in itself the greatest punishment. When the law passes judgment upon man, its justice is injustice avenging itself upon its creator." As the Scripture has it, "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Instead of condemning, it is theosophic to meditate, "In my brother's place I might do worse."

Theosophy is practical because it frees from form and dogma the old, yet ever new, truth; so we pass from "the letter that killeth" into communion with the spirit that giveth life. It brings us again to the *living* of the principles that the Christ and the Buddha taught, and emphasizes anew the stress laid upon, "What matters it if ye gain the whole world, and lose your own soul?"

In this hour of greed, vain ambition, and selfish pride, it is practical theosophy to stem the tide of almost every desire that is powerful in this fever of being that we call life, aiming to be simply pure, kind, duteous, forgetful of self, helpful one to another, and, as with the faith of a little child, leave all else to the law of the Father.

FOUR STRANGE AND TRUE STORIES.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

IN the January of 1876 I crossed the Atlantic for the first time. My destination was Rome, and my dear friend John G. Whittier gave me a letter of introduction to William and Mary Howitt, who were then residing there, and whose friendship he had made by a long correspondence. Soon after my arrival in Rome, I presented this letter, and the weekly evenings I passed with the Howitts are among the pleasantest recollections of my Roman winter and spring. Both Mr. and Mrs. Howitt were firm believers in the phenomena of spiritualism, and a *séance* of an hour with some amateur or professional medium was often part of the evening's entertainment. I can recall nothing that was at all convincing in these *séances*, and nothing of especial interest except the conversations to which they led. But one of these talks fixed itself in my memory as the most striking record of spiritualistic experience which had then come to my knowledge.

I was calling one afternoon on Mrs. Howitt, and we were speaking of the *séance*—a very barren one, as it seemed to me—of the night before. “I am afraid I am a born sceptic,” I said. “I find nothing convincing in any of these experiments.” Mrs. Howitt was silent for a moment, and then she said, “I think I will tell thee something that happened in my own life.”

I must say, before going any further, that there are certain unimportant details of Mrs. Howitt's story which I have forgotten. I cannot recall the name of the river which she mentioned, nor do I remember just how many years “Willie” Howitt had at that time been dead; but the main facts, those which bear upon spirit communion or thought transference, are indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Mrs. Howitt told me that her son had been one of an exploring party to New Zealand. She was in the habit of hearing from him by every possible post, for he was the darling of her heart, and he took the greatest care to spare her all possible

anxiety by keeping her informed of his movements. One day she received a letter telling her that she must not be anxious if several succeeding posts brought her no communication, for he was going with his party to explore the largest river in New Zealand, a river which led through an uncivilized and unknown country, and no postal communication would be possible until his return. She felt no anxiety, therefore, during the first week or two of silence. Then all at once a strange impression came to her.

"I was out in the garden," she said, "among my flowers, when suddenly I was told that Willie was dead."

"Told!" I asked. "How? Did you hear a voice?"

"I cannot make thee understand. I heard, and yet I did not hear with my bodily ears. I was made aware. I did not believe then so firmly as I believe now in the possibility of spiritual communication, and I said nothing to my husband; but he saw that something had saddened me, and several times he said, 'What ails thee, Mary? What is weighing on thy mind?' But on Sunday he came to me and he said, 'I know now, Mary, what is troubling thee — Willie is dead.' And the very next day a letter came from New Zealand, and it was from one of Willie's companions on the exploring expedition; and it said that Willie had fallen overboard where the river was swift as well as deep, and all efforts to rescue him had been in vain."

Soon after, I remember, Mr. Howitt came in, and Mrs. Howitt said to him, "William, will thee tell Mrs. Moulton how we heard of Willie's death?" and Mr. Howitt's version corresponded in all respects with the one his wife had just given me.

My second story of spiritual communication concerns a relative of my own, a cousin, born like myself in Connecticut, who was married and settled in the West. Her mother, who had in her lifetime been a firm believer in spiritualism, had been dead for some years; and ever since her death my cousin had believed in her constant presence and influence, and had arranged her life according to what she believed to be her mother's guidance. I do not remember the precise date, but it must have been about eighteen years ago when she was urgently entreated by her mother to change all her plans for the summer and go to far-off Connecticut. "Ask your husband to let you go," said the influence; "tell him

how important you feel that it is, and beg him not to answer hastily, but to take time to consider it."

That evening my cousin made her request. I am not certain whether her husband believes that the compelling influences by which his wife is so often moved are really of spiritual origin, but at any rate he knows how significant they are to her. So when she asked if she might take their three children and go East, and at the same time entreated him not to answer hastily, he listened in silence. A few days later he said to her: "I have been thinking of what you proposed the other night; and if you feel so earnestly about it, I don't like to say no. But I can't have the family all broken up. You may take the youngest boy" (a little fellow of three) "and leave the others with me."

Accordingly, my cousin made her preparations for leaving home. All this time she had had no intimation whatever as to the special reason for which her journey was to be made; but when she was leaving the house, her housekeeper said to her: "I do hope, ma'am, you won't be gone all summer. It will be lonesome here without you." And my cousin answered, "Oh, no, my father will be dead and buried, and I shall be back here before the middle of July."

She assured me that these words were as unexpected to herself as to her listener. *Until she heard them with her own ears*, she did not at all know what she was saying.

She came to Connecticut, and went at once to see her father, who seemed to her as well as when she had seen him three years before, and as well as a man of his age was at all likely to be. That night she was sitting in her own room, and she said to herself, "I really *don't* see what I was sent on here for — father seems as well as ever to me." And instantly the answer came, "Yes, he seems so, now. He won't be taken sick till June, when you are visiting Mrs. ———, and then he'll never get better."

Soon after that she came to Boston, to pass a few days with me; and during her visit she said to me: "You have often wished for some test as to the genuineness of spiritual impressions. I will put one in your keeping." Then she told me this story, precisely as I have here related it, and added, "Now, you know why I came East, when I didn't mean to, and what I have been told; and you can see for yourself what the next developments are."

Early in June she went to make the visit to Mrs. ———. She had been there but two or three days when the person with whom her father boarded arrived, and asked to see her.

"Your father's been taken sick," said this woman, "and he's a very sick man. I'd like to have you move him. He's got relations enough, and I don't feel like having him sick and maybe die in my house."

My cousin immediately went with her to her father, summoning a skilful physician to her aid. "Can I move him?" she asked, after a thorough examination had been made. "Yes," was the answer, "I don't think it will hurt him to be moved to-day; but you must make haste about it. He's a very sick man, and he'll be worse before he is better."

The patient was moved, thereupon, to the house of a widowed sister, and his daughter watched faithfully beside him. When a fortnight had passed, her aunt said to her one morning: "You ought to get out and take the air. It does your father no good for you to shut yourself up so closely."

"I can't go out to-day," was the instant answer, "for it is the last day of my father's life"; and again, my cousin assures me, she had no least idea of what was coming until she herself heard the spoken words. Her aunt went into the sick man's room, and presently returned, saying, "I don't see any change in your father, or anything that looks as if this was going to be his last day." "No," said my cousin, "he will not die till nearly four o'clock this afternoon," and again these words were as unexpected to her, until she heard them, as to her aunt.

It was from twenty minutes to a quarter of four, that afternoon, when the sick man breathed his last; and it was July 12 when, after a brief sojourn at some seaside place, my cousin again entered the doors of her Western home.

My other two stories were told me by a Massachusetts man who has travelled much and lived much abroad, and has made more investigations into the occult than I could recount here. He has read widely and thought deeply, and at any rate he is entirely to be trusted. He is a disbeliever in spiritualism, so called,—or perhaps I should say a doubter,—but he pledges his word for the truth of these stories, which he admits that he is entirely unable to explain.

Both incidents date back at least a dozen years. My

friend lives in Whitinsville, Mass., and he had been invited to the house of an acquaintance, in the neighboring town of Uxbridge, for a spiritualistic *séance* at which the much-decided Maud Lord was to be the medium.

On the afternoon of the appointed day, a friend from Providence arrived unexpectedly, and there was nothing for it but to take this unforeseen guest along to Uxbridge. But it all caused some delay, and the *séance* had already begun when they arrived, and the man from Providence was not introduced even to the host of the evening, and he was an entire stranger to every one in the room.

Very soon, however, the medium turned to him, and said, "If you please, sir, Sarah wants to speak to you." The Providence young man made no response, and the medium turned her attention to some one else. Again she turned back to him, later on, and said, as before, "Sarah wants to speak to you," and again he made no response. Finally, just as the *séance* was nearly over, she turned to him a third time, and said: "Sarah wants very much to speak to you. She says her name is Sarah Thornton Deane—D-e-a-n-e, Deane," spelling out the last name, letter by letter. Still the Providence man made no reply; and after they had left the house, he said to my friend: "*What* rubbish it all is! Why, I never knew any Sarah Thornton Deane in my life."

But he chanced one day some weeks later, on an impulse of idle curiosity, to ask an aunt of his if she had ever heard of a Sarah Thornton Deane. "Yes, indeed," was the answer; "but she's dead, long ago. She lived with your mother three years—one before you were born and two afterwards. She took care of you those two years, and she just set her life by you."

"And did she call herself Sarah Thornton Deane—all three names? And was the Deane spelled with a final e?"

"Yes, she always put the Thornton in; and she spelled the Deane with an e. But what set you to asking about her? She's been dead years and years, and I doubt if you ever saw her after you were three or four years old."

"Yes, but I chanced to hear her name," said the Providence young man; and he began to think that perhaps it was not all a fraud.

The fourth and last of my stories seems to me perhaps the

strangest of all. It was of a *séance* at which my Whitinsville friend was present, in company with a brother of his, now dead. He has forgotten the medium's name, but she made upon him a distinct impression of honesty. She was an utter stranger to both young men, but she insisted on talking to my friend's brother. There was a strange, intense excitement in her manner. She gave no name, but she told him that a friend of his, very dear to him, but very, very far away in the West, was at that moment suffering terribly. "I see blood, blood," she cried, "oh, so *much* blood!" Then, as he said nothing, she turned away and devoted the rest of her hour to more responsive subjects. But just at the last she turned again to my friend's brother, and said, with a sort of triumphant earnestness, "Ah, he does not suffer now; he's dead — dead!"

And the strange thing was that in course of time came the explanation of it all, in the tragic story of the death of a young man who had been the closest friend of my friend's brother. He lived on a cattle ranch in the far West. Some desperadoes had stolen his cattle. He went in pursuit of them, and was himself pursued and overtaken by a terrible blizzard. He tried to cut some wood to build a fire; but somehow the axe slipped in his benumbed fingers, and cut deep into his knee-pan. He bandaged it as well as he could, and struggled to make his way to the nearest settlement; but just as he had almost reached it, the bandage came undone, the blood burst forth again, and what with stress of weather and of pain, and terrible loss of blood, he died that very afternoon. As nearly as the difference in time could be computed, he was in his final agony when the medium spoke of him first; and he was, as she said, already dead before the end of her *séance*.

"And all this does not make you believe in spiritualism?" I asked, as my friend concluded his story.

"I am convinced," he answered, with the sceptical smile of the *fin de siècle* young man, "that there are a great many things in this world which we are not able, as yet, satisfactorily to explain; but at least I will vouch for the truthfulness of every detail of these two stories."

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

BY HON. IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

CONCLUDING ARGUMENTS IN THE CASE.

PART I. CLOSING ARGUMENT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

ALL great changes in public opinion are accomplished silently. The man who, from the sheer force of reason, reverses his past convictions, is not apt to be demonstrative about the matter. He is indeed a little ashamed to acknowledge that he had been so long deceived. Even before Christianity appeared upon the scene, Paganism had been undermined and overthrown, in the judgment of all intelligent Romans, as we perceive from the jests of Cicero. Every age is to be judged by the thoughts of its best thinkers, not by the solid mass of its hereditary ignorance and prejudice. There will always be clefts and caverns where the light of the sun does not penetrate. Napoleon I. said, while emperor, that he had no doubt that there were individuals in Paris who had never even heard his name. There is, or was recently, a colored clergyman in Richmond, Va., who denied the rotundity and daily revolution of the earth on its axis. Galileo's "*E pur si muove*" — it (the earth) does move for all that," — can be contrasted with that clergyman's "The sun, he do move," as illustrating the beginning and the end of all controversies in a civilized, advancing age. But the light, long after it has illuminated the mountain ranges of intelligence, finds its way down to the stagnant pools, and stirs multitudes of creeping things into action.

THE ARENA deserves credit for reopening the public discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare question. I say "public" discussion, for the controversy has never ceased to progress in thousands of minds all over the world. Even the advocates of Shakespeare, who have cried out most loudly, "The whole thing is exploded, the argument is ended," found themselves the next moment scuffling and wrestling with an army of new converts to Baconism, and had hardly a ray of fact or reason left on their backs when they got through.

I. TIMID ADVOCATES.

It is to be regretted that the opening argument in behalf of Francis Bacon, in the present discussion, has been placed in such — pardon the expression — insufficient hands. Mr. Reed, I might say,—if it is not too strong a phrase,—betrays his client. He “goes back” on him like Mark Twain’s frog in the celebrated jumping match. After talking for three hours in behalf of his illustrious client, Mr. Reed whirls around and employs the last half-hour of his speech in telling the jury they should give their verdict for the other side. This kind of thing is perplexing. If Sir Francis looks down from the clouds, and retains anything of his former mental perspicacity, I can imagine the open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder with which he must have regarded such an unreasonable and illogical performance. But Mr. Reed was doubtless influenced in this matter by the example of Mr. Appleton Morgan. That gentleman wrote a book and published it — a book of over three hundred pages, the great work of his life — to demonstrate, and did demonstrate, that William Shakespeare never wrote a line of the Shakespeare plays; and then in five minutes, without an additional fact or reason, he took it all back again. My old friend Sunset Cox used to tell a story of two Hindu jugglers who, by the light of their torches, performed some wonderful feats of legerdemain, and wound up the entertainment by each man taking his torch and jumping down the other’s throat, leaving the audience in darkness. Really, these commentators who swallow themselves produce a similar perplexing and astounding effect on the spectators.

Now, I hope I shall be pardoned for saying that all this seems to me a cowardly truckling to popular prejudices, which no courageous spirit would be capable of. Either Francis Bacon wrote the plays or he did not. If he wrote them, those who believe so should have the courage to assert their convictions in the face of the howling ignorance of four hundred such worlds as this. One should be either a man or a mouse. He should either stand up and fight for the truth to the last gasp, or he should crawl under the skirts of popular delusion, and not leave even his sleek, timid little tail sticking outside, to show the place he went in at. The saddest sight in this world is a bright brain that thinks, cringing before a mob of dull brains that do not think.

Infinite harm has been done the Baconian argument by these cowards. As Jack Falstaff says:—

“You rogue, here’s lime in this sack; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. . . . Call you that backing your friends? A plague on such backing; give me them that will face me.”

Think of the man who could give up God's truth and the cause of Francis Bacon, for the smiles of a lot of young gentlemen who call themselves a "Shakespeare society"!

"If manhood, good manhood," says old Jack, "be not forgot on the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring."

II. THE STATUS OF THE DISCUSSION.

In my judgment the debate has reached to-day a point where the question is not so much, "What further proofs are there that Bacon wrote the plays?" as, "What arguments have the defenders of the old faith to show that he did not write them?"

The proposition is incredible that a man should be able to produce the greatest, profoundest, broadest compositions ever put forth by any member of the human family since the world began, — works overflowing with evidences of vast industry and universal scholarship, — and yet leave behind him, apart from the writings in controversy, not a thought, a word, a scrap of writing, a letter, a fragment of the manuscript of the plays, or anything else, except three signatures to his will, and two to legal conveyances, none of them spelled as the name was spelled on the title pages of the plays published during his lifetime. Not even a tradition comes down to us which points to industry or scholarship; to association with any of the great men of his time, except two or three play-actors; or to any nobility of life, or elevation of soul or character. It is Goliath disappearing under a boy's hat; it is Jove sticking the tip of his nose out of a rat-hole.

The men who defend Shakespeare's title to the plays are those who, of themselves, never would have appreciated the vastness of those works. They are incapable of measuring the planetary distance between the thoughts expressed and the biography of their alleged author. They acutely perceive (to use Emerson's phrase) "the Shakespeare of earth," but they are blind to "the Shakespeare of Heaven." To them the rival of Colly Cibber and Boucicault might have lived any kind of life; he might have projected his tongue out of his mouth and wagged it about as he wrote, and still have composed the plays. But the rival of Homer, "the foremost man of all this world" — that is another matter. Halliwell Phillips, reverently storing away the sodden boards of an old stable supposed to have been once owned by the man Shakespeare, is a type of a class of critics the hardest to shake in their conviction that the play-actor of Stratford wrote the plays.

III. THE TOBY MATTHEW POSTSCRIPT.

The first point made by the Rev. A. Nicholson, in behalf of the defendant, is in reference to the famous postscript to an undated letter written by Sir Toby Matthew some time between the 27th

of January, 1621, and the date of Bacon's death. The first folio, in which the so-called Shakespeare plays were first collected, and in which half of them made their appearance for the first time, was entered in the registers of the Stationer's Company on Nov. 8, 1623. Sir Toby writes to Francis Bacon, "I have received your great and noble token and favour of the 9th of April." The "favour" was the letter; the "token" was something which accompanied the letter. It is generally supposed to have been a book. If it was not a book, what was it? The circumstances of the two friends forbid the suggestion that it was money; for Ben Jonson, we are told, made special efforts to sell copies of the first folio, and Bacon was at the time a ruined man, and sorely pressed for money. Moreover, we know that Sir Toby was Bacon's dearest friend; and their correspondence, still extant, shows that Bacon was in the habit of sending his writings to him, sometimes with injunctions not to let any one else see or copy them.

And why was Sir Toby, while profuse in compliments, so careful not to say one word that would indicate the nature of the "token"? And why did he add to his letter this strange postscript:—

"P. S. The most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, *though he be known by another.*"

If there was no mystery in the matter, why did he not speak right out? Is there not some connection between the "token," whose nature is not indicated, and this inexplicable postscript? Where there is nothing to be concealed, men do not whip his satanic majesty around the bush in that curious fashion.

But, says Mr. Nicholson, this letter does not allude to the first folio, because that work was not entered in the registry of the Stationer's Company until Nov. 8, 1623; and this letter of Sir Toby is written in answer to one from Bacon dated "April 9."

Surely this is profound reasoning. Might not Bacon's letter have been written April 9, 1624? And on the other hand, does our reverend friend suppose that this huge folio book, with its thousand pages, was all printed, or any part of it printed, on that eighth day of November, 1623? It was a stupendous work for that age, and would be even for the publishers of to-day. With the mechanical facilities of that period, it must have required months, possibly years, for its production. Did Mr. Nicholson never hear of "advance copies?"

But a complete answer to this objection is found in the fact that there is one copy of the first folio in existence, with the date 1622, instead of 1623, on the title page. (See Holmes' "Authorship of Shakespeare," 3d ed., p. 172.) This being so, part of the edition must have been printed in 1622; and there

would therefore be no difficulty in supposing Bacon to have sent a copy of the book to Sir Toby April 9, 1623. And Mr. Nicholson concedes that Sir Toby left England for Spain in March, 1623, and was in Spain on the 29th of May, 1623, and this would account for the phrase "and of this side of the sea." So that all the facts cohere with the contention that Bacon sent Sir Toby a copy of the first folio, April 9, 1623, and that Sir Toby, in that same April or in the May following, wrote Bacon the undated complimentary letter, with the mysterious postscript setting forth that the most prodigious wit of the whole world was of the name of Bacon, although he was known by another name.

But the reverend critic seeks to explain all this away in the following unique fashion:—

"In the postscript quoted, I contend there is no reference to any other than the philosophical works of Bacon. There is no mystery in Sir Toby Matthew's compliment; he means, 'of all philosophers, English or continental, however highly any other may be thought of, I, for my part, put first the name of Francis Bacon.' If the statement be not thus general, the reference is without doubt to Galileo."

This is extraordinary. Was Galileo's real name Bacon? Was he of Sir Toby's nation? Was there any law against mentioning the name of Galileo in a private letter? And if Sir Toby, writing to Bacon, desired to say that he, Bacon, was a greater wit than the Italian astronomer, why, in the name of all that is reasonable, did he not say so? There was no law then, any more than now, to prevent a man from expressing his preference for one philosopher over another.

The proposition, "The most prodigious wit of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name," is utterly incompatible with the proposition, "You, Francis Bacon, are a greater man than Galileo"; and then add to it the rest of the sentence, "though he be known by another" (name). The declaration will then stand, "You, Francis Bacon, are a greater man than Galileo, though he, Galileo, be known by another name!"

There is only one conclusion that can be reasonably entertained; to wit, Sir Toby received a book from Francis Bacon, which he does not dare to name or describe, by hint or otherwise, just about the time the first folio was going through the press; and desiring to compliment the author without betraying his secret, he resorts to a subtle and involved form of words, which no man, under any other circumstances, would have made use of.

IV. THE "CONCEALED POET."

The next point made by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson is in reference to those curious words with which Bacon concludes a letter to Sir John Davis, who was a poet himself. The letter is addressed to "Master Davis, then gone to the king, on his first entrance."

After requesting Davis to defend him to the new king (James I.), in case there should be "any biting or nibbling at his name," Bacon concludes, "So desiring you to be good to all concealed poets, I continue."

Mr. Nicholson argues that Bacon herein referred to those poetical compositions which were known to be his; not the translations of the Psalms,—for they were not made for about twenty years thereafter,—but certain fugitive poems, sonnets, etc. But the difficulty here is that, if Bacon referred to poems that were known to be his, which he had acknowledged, then he could not speak of himself, in connection therewith, as a "concealed" poet. One can only be a concealed poet by having written concealed poetry, and Bacon evidently alludes to some secret between himself and Davis,—some compositions which he had not acknowledged,—and on the strength of these he appeals to Davis to stand his friend with the king.

But when Mr. Nicholson suggests that Bacon was a poet, that he wrote poetical compositions which have not come down to us in his acknowledged writings, he came perilously near conceding the Baconian argument; for if Bacon did this, why might he not have done much more?

Nor do we rest alone upon the authority of this letter or Sir Toby Matthew's postscript for proof that Bacon was "a concealed poet"; for we have another witness who testifies, not only to these facts, but also that the secret writings were of the greatest magnitude and importance.

V. BEN JONSON'S DECLARATIONS.

Many years after the death of both Bacon and Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, the companion and "fellow" of Shakespeare and the amanuensis of Bacon, put forth in his work called "Discoveries," in discussing Francis Bacon, a most striking statement. It must be remembered that Ben Jonson is the chief witness in behalf of William Shakespeare's claim to the plays. His introductory verses to the first folio are always cited to prove that "the sweet swan of Avon" was the veritable author of those mighty works. Hence his statements in reference to Bacon are to be carefully studied and every word weighed. He is enunciating the great wits of his period, and yet he altogether omits the name of Shakespeare, whom he had described in those introductory verses as the

"Soul of the age!

The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage! . . .

He was not for an age, but for all time," etc.

He begins by saying:—

"Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio*. We have had many."

He then refers to Sir Thomas Moore, Sir Thomas Wiat, Henry, Earl of Surrey, Sir Nichol Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, concluding as follows:—

“Lord Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (although unfortunate) successor” (Bacon) “is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born that could honor a language or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named and stand as the mark and *acme* of our language.”

Let us consider this statement.

In the first place, there can be no question that “numbers” in that age meant poetry, so called because poetry is the only form of composition in which the syllables are necessarily all numbered. There is little need of proof of this. In “Love’s Labor Lost,” Longaville, speaking of some love verses he had written, says:—

“I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move,
O, sweet Maria, empress of my love,
These *numbers* will I tear, and write in *prose*.”

It has been urged by some one that Jonson used the word “numbers” in the Latin sense; but it will be seen that he declares that Bacon had “filled up all numbers . . . *in one tongue*.” If the sentence means anything, it means that Bacon had written all kinds of poetry in *English*. And this is rendered clearer when Jonson adds, “He (Bacon) may be named and stand as the mark and *acme* of our language.”

Now, if Bacon “filled all numbers,” what were they? Surely not the much derided Psalms. No one would think of instituting a comparison between those compositions and the greatest works of Greece and Rome. Then it follows that if Bacon did that in “numbers,” in poetry, which antiquity may be challenged to surpass, those writings must have been concealed under the name of some one else, or have been published anonymously. There were no great compositions put forth in that age without an author’s name on the title page; hence Bacon, if Jonson’s statement is true, must have written under a *nom de plume*. Where are we to seek for those hidden poetical writings? And here Ben Jonson furnishes us a clue thread which leads directly from the concealed poetical writings of Francis Bacon to the Shakespeare plays. He says that Bacon’s numbers “may be compared or preferred to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*”; and in his (Ben Jonson’s) introduction to the first folio of the plays, he says, speaking ostensibly of Shakespeare:—

“When thy socks are on,
 Leave thee alone for the *comparison*,
 Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.”

Consider for a moment that here the “comparison” is in both cases expressed in precisely the same words, arranged in precisely the same order. Why did he not, in one instance or the other, use simply the words “Greece and Rome”? Why is it in both cases *or* and not *and*? Why was it not in one instance “haughty Greece and insolent Rome,” or some other of the innumerable forms of expression that might have been employed? Jonson says Bacon was a great poet; greater than

“thundering Æschylus,
 Euripides and Sophocles to us,
 Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead ;”

a “concealed poet,”—for no such works are put forth among his acknowledged writings,—“a prodigious wit, known by another name,” says Sir Toby; and when we ask our excellent friend Ben,—“rare Ben,”—who had lived in Bacon’s house, and been one of his “good pens,” his clerks, where those great works are to be found, he slyly points his finger to that expression, *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*, which, like an umbilical cord, unites the parent to the offspring; and smiling, he walks away into the dark background and abyss of time.

But the Rev. Nicholson cannot see it. The sun in heaven might glare into his distended eyes, and he could not see it, if his theory required that there should be no sun. We read in the history of Galileo’s revelations, with that new instrument, the telescope:—

“A professor in the university of Padua argued that as there were only seven metals, seven days in the week, and seven apertures in a man’s head, so there could be but seven planets: and when forced to admit the visibility of the satellites through the telescope, he reasoned that, being invisible to the naked eye, they were useless, and consequently did not exist!”

Poor Galileo! He had a hard time of it. He might just as well have written a book on the Baconian hypothesis.

VI. SAINT ALBANS.

And then the reverend gentleman explains away the fact that St. Albans, Bacon’s residence, is named a score of times in the plays, and Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare’s birthplace, not once, by the assertion that St. Albans was on one of the principal roads going north! But in spite of that, might not Will Shakespeare, if he wrote the plays, have said a single word to immortalize the spot where he first saw the light; where he

courted his wife (married hurriedly at one calling of the bans); where, later in life, he set up an establishment as a gentleman, under a coat of arms never granted to him;— might he not have mentioned it even if it did not stand on one of “the principal roads going north”? The author of the plays mentions another Stratford, “Stony Stratford,” an insignificant village in the county of Bucks; but he has not a word for his birthplace or for that really charming river, the Avon. And why did he go out of his road to drag in St. Albans, in all sorts of ways and places, when, according to his biographers, he never had the slightest connection with that village or the marvellous and many-sided genius who resided there?

VII. THE GEOGRAPHICAL ARGUMENT.

But, says Mr. Nicholson, the plays were written by Shakespeare, because he refers to Wincot, Barton-heath, and the Forest of Arden. But there is no evidence that “Wincot” was Wilmecote, three miles from Stratford; “2 Henry IV.” v. i., shows that there was a “Woncot” in Gloucestershire; while the Forest of Arden referred to in “As You Like It” contained palm trees, olive trees, and lions; and the most credulous of Shakespearean advocates will not contend that such tropical adjuncts have ever blessed Warwickshire. And then the reverend gentleman argues that Shakespeare must have written the plays because the name of “Hacket” is mentioned in “Taming of the Shrew,” and there were “Hackets” in Wilmecote! Upon the same evidence it might be demonstrated that the author of the plays was an Irishman, for the name of “Hacket” is and was very common in the Green Isle!

VIII. THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT.

And Mr. Nicholson can see nothing significant in the fact that a curious manuscript volume was found recently in Northumberland House, in which the plays of “Richard the Second” and “Richard the Third” were mixed up in the same book with orations and essays of Francis Bacon; while the names of Bacon and Shakespeare are scribbled all over the cover in a handwriting of the age in which both men lived. And yet, before this controversy began, it was supposed that an interstellar distance separated the play-actor of Stratford and the philosopher of St. Albans, and that there was not a single point at which their lives touched each other.

IX. THE PLAY OF RICHARD II.

And when Bacon objected to prosecuting Essex for having had the play of “Richard II.” acted the night before his treasonable

outbreak, and told the council that "I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales," we clearly see that Bacon, writing for his contemporaries, who had listened to the "bruits," or rumors, meant to say that it had been charged that he was the author of that play, and for him to prosecute Essex on that especial ground, would be like giving in evidence against his former friend, his own workmanship, his own sins, his own tales. The Rev. Mr. Nicholson argues, on the other hand, this meant that Bacon had been charged with having invented lies against Essex upon other matters. But what had that to do with that charge? Bacon says "it" (the hiring of Augustine Phillips to put the play of "Richard II." on the boards) "had no coherence with the rest of the charges (they), being matters of Ireland." And how could that charge be "tales or inventions" of Bacon? It was sustained by the sworn testimony of those to whom the money was paid. Bacon did not allege it or prove it. He was simply asked to prosecute upon that particular branch of the case; and he objected because it would be said he gave in evidence his own tales; to wit, "Richard II."

And the Rev. Mr. Nicholson claims that the play of "Richard II.," which Sir Gilly Merrick hired Shakespeare's company of actors to play the night before the Essex rebellion, was not the so-called Shakespeare play, because one of the players objected to playing it on the ground that "the play was old, and they should have loss in playing it," and thereupon Merrick paid forty shillings extra as a compensation for any possible lack of audience; and the Shakespeare play, says Mr. Nicholson, "dated no further back than 1597," and therefore could not be called an "old play" in 1599. The reverend critic is probably more familiar with theology than play-acting, or he would have known that a play may become old in six months. And the Shakespeare play of "Richard II.," while it was entered at Stationer's Hall Aug. 29, 1597, stated on the title page that "it had been publicly acted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants," before that time; and Malone fixed the date of its composition as 1593 and Chalmers as 1596.

. And there is nothing else but these points in Mr. Nicholson's articles which one can pick out with a pair of forceps; it is nothing but wandering garrulity without substance.

X. PROFESSOR ROLFE'S ARGUMENT.

The next argument is that of Professor W. J. Rolfe. The professor steps to the front of the stage, and with a contemptuous wave of his hand dismisses the whole Baconian contention as "literally baseless." And yet in the next breath he gives the

whole case away, by admitting that some parts of some of the plays were not written by Shakespeare. He says:—

“In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well settled, and all the more important questions concerning their authorship—*what plays are wholly Shakespeare's* [he does not spell the name as the man of Stratford spelled it when he signed his will, but then it is perhaps one of the evidences of genius and scholarship for a man to sign his name one way to his publications, and another way to his legal documents], *what are his only in part*, how the *mixed authorship* is to be explained, etc.—have been satisfactorily answered.”

And again the professor says:—

“‘Timon of Athens,’ by the way, one of the worst printed and most corrupt plays in the folio, and one in which all the recent critics recognize two authors,—the second of whom is wretchedly inferior to Shakespeare, and probably finished the play after the death of the dramatist,” etc.

Now, really it does seem to a plain man, who is not a professor (and could not write a sentence like the above), and therefore is not entitled to speak oracularly, that when once it is admitted that *part* of the plays were *not* written by the Stratford man, the whole Shakespearean fabric falls to the ground. For the play-actor-editors of the first folio of 1623, Heminge and Condell, declare in their introduction that every word of the contents of the folio was printed from Shakespeare's original manuscripts, clearly and beautifully written by Shakespeare himself, without a blot. On the title page of that first collected edition we read: “Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. *Published according to the true original copies.*” And again, the list of “the principal actors in all these plays,” is prefaced with these words: “The works of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. *Truly set forth according to their first original.*” And Heminge and Condell say:—

“His mind and his hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that *we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.*”

And they go on to say that former editions, the quartos, were “stolen and surreptitious copies,” but that now they present the public with the simon-pure articles, in Shakespeare's own handwriting, from his own original, infallible copies.

If now the advocates of Shakespeare concede that the plays were of “mixed authorship,” then it follows that they did not come into the hands of Heminge and Condell “absolute in their numbers *as he conceived them*”; that they were not printed by them from “the true original copies”; in other words, that their statements in these respects are false; and being false in one particular, the whole allegation of Shakespeare's authorship, which

rests principally on this folio, falls to the ground. Where we find falsehood we suspect deception, and where we find deception we can reasonably anticipate mystery.

XI. THE MIXED AUTHORSHIP.

And if the professor admits that the plays were the work of more than one writer, then who shall say how much of them Shakespeare wrote, and how much the others? And who shall say whether the inferior part, spoken of by Professor Rolfe, was Shakespeare's composition or belonged to the other fellows? And once you admit that some one else had a hand in the composition of the immortal works which go by the name of Shakespeare, you let the enemy inside the Stratford breastworks. If it is conceded that Shakespeare did not write part of the plays, may it not reasonably follow that he did not write any of them? The charm is gone. The prescriptive rights of three centuries are brushed away. The whole case is at sea. And the professor has done it all, with that charmingly contemptuous wave of his lily-white hand, as he utters the sweeping sentence, "The theory is literally a baseless one."

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

And how does Professor Rolfe, after admitting that several hands took part in writing the plays, demonstrate that Francis Bacon was not one of them? After opening the door to every contemporary Englishman who could read and write, so that they might crowd through into immortality, how does he manage to shut it in the face of the greatest Englishman then living? After conceding that some members of the vast army of the mediocre unknown of that period had a share in the composition of those splendid plays, why does he rule out that man best fitted for the work, of whom great thinkers offer such testimonies as the following:—

"Everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive."—*Edmund Burke*.

"The poetical faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind. No imagination was ever at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated."—*Macaulay*.

"For elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, it seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man."—*Addison*.

"A grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction. Terse and burning words from the lips of an irresistible commander."—*Fowler*.

"The bright torch of his incorrigible imaginativeness. He was a genius second only to Shakespeare."—*Church*.

"A great and luminous intellect; one of the finest of this poetic progeny."—*Taine*.

Let in, says Professor Rolfe, the rag-tag and bob-tail of London to a share in the mixed authorship of the world's im-

mortal works, but shut out that man! If a mighty genius appears upon the scene, says the professor, the play-actor may have to fall back on his buskins, his tinsel, and his lath sword.

XII. SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOLARSHIP.

Professor Rolfe objects that Bacon could not have written the plays, because they do not exhibit accurate scholarship. But Mr. Reed has already answered this argument (see p. 438, et seq., September ARENA, 1892). He shows Bacon falling into a multitude of errors, in his prose works, as great as any that can be pointed out in the plays. It has even been proved (see Mrs. Potts' *Promus*, pp. 31-38) that Bacon's notes, in his own handwriting, in the *Promus* sheets, now preserved in the British Museum, are full of false Latin. These critics do not seem to recognize the difference between a scholar and a pedagogue: between one who gathers into his brain all treasures of thought and fact recorded in another language, and one whose soul can never rise above prepositions and conjugations. These details are the lumber of the mechanism of speech surrounding ideas; and the one who has the most power to acquire the first will generally have the least faculty to grasp the latter.

XIII. ANACHRONISMS.

A great deal is always said by the Shakespeareans about the *anachronisms* of the plays as demonstrating that the writer of them was not a man of learning. But the argument proves too much. If Shakespeare believed that Aristotle lived before the semi-mythical Trojan war, he did not know enough to write the "Troilus and Cressida," in which the blunder occurs; and yet Richard Grant White, who was no Baconian, says (*Life and Gen. of Shak.*, p. 257):—

"Where, even in Homer's song, are the subtle wisdom of the crafty Ulysses; the sullen selfishness and conscious martial might of broad Achilles; the blundering courage of thick-headed Ajax; or the mingled gallantry and foppery of Paris, so vividly portrayed, as in 'Troilus and Cressida'?"

And if we find in the Roman plays "holy churchyards, nuns, striking clocks, and mediæval manners and customs," we might conclude that the author was an ignoramus, until we read what Knight says:—

"In his Roman plays he appears co-existent with his wonderful characters, and to have read all the obscure pages of Roman history with a clearer eye than philosopher or historian. . . . The marvellous accuracy, the real substantial learning of the three Roman plays of Shakespeare, present the most complete evidence to our minds that they were the result of a profound study of the whole range of Roman history, including the nicer details of Roman manners, not in those days to

be acquired in a compendious form, but to be brought out by diligent reading alone."

A man cannot be at the same time so learned as to provoke the wonder of scholars, and so ignorant as to arouse the laughter of schoolboys. Where the conflicting appearances of such a state of things are found in the same writings, they should at once put us upon suspicion and inquiry; there is some mystery about such gross contradictions. A man could not write a profound history of English civilization and at the same time relegate Oliver Cromwell to a period before the birth of Christ.

But fiction is fiction. Sir Walter Scott did not scruple, in his "Ivanhoe," to bring into the same scene three characters, Robin Hood, Robin Adair, and Richard of the Lion Heart, who lived in three different ages,—there being, indeed, considerable doubt whether one of them ever lived at all. And no one ever thought of arguing from that *anachronism* that the novel must have been written by an ignorant, untaught man, and not by the learned writer of the Signet.

And Professor Rolfe seems to argue that when the author of the plays put into the mouth of the tinker Sly, the words, "The Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with *Richard Conqueror*," that the author did not know that the Conqueror's given name was William! This is terrible! He will next argue that when Edgar, disguised as a peasant, in *Lear* (act iv., scene vi.), said, "Ch! ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion," that the author of the plays did not know how to spell those words correctly, and consequently it must have been Shakespeare, and not Bacon.

And in his eagerness to prove that the author of the plays was an ignorant blockhead—and therefore the Stratford man—Professor Rolfe actually garbles the original text of the play of "1 Henry IV." I quote:—

"In '1 Henry IV.' (i. 1, 71) the King speaks of
 'Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas';

but he was not the son of Douglas, but of the Duke of Albany. How did Shakespeare make this mistake which Bacon could never have made? He was misled by the accidental omission of a comma in the edition of Holinshed, which he followed. Mordake is thus apparently described as 'son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas,' and not merely son to the governor, or *regent*, the office then held by the Duke of Albany; 'Archembald, earle Dowglas' being another person in the list of prisoners which the old chronicler is giving."

Now the fact is, as an examination of the original folio will demonstrate, that Professor Rolfe deliberately inserts the word "the" in the first line quoted above, and takes out a comma after the word "Fife"! The original reads:—

“Of prisoners Hotspurre took
Mordake Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Atholl,
Of Murray, Angus and Menteith.”

By taking out a few more commas Professor Rolfe could have demonstrated that Mordake was half a dozen men.

XIV. THE PROFESSOR'S CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

But Professor Rolfe, at this point, wheels into line his Maxim gun, which is to end the battle forever, and drown out with its roar the clatter of the revolvers, muskets, and rifles of the small controversialists. He proudly boasts that he is the inventor of the gun, — like the man in the story, who made the bridge out of his own head, and had wood enough left to make half a dozen more. And what is this terrible instrument of death and devastation which is to blow Francis Bacon and the lunatical Baconians into everlasting smithereens? Simply this: —

To make his point he shifts his whole argument from the question, *Did Bacon write the plays?* to an entirely different question, *Is there a cipher in the plays?* He rather fears that public opinion has become so demoralized, on the first issue, that he cannot safely appeal to it; but on the latter inquiry — thanks to a generation of ignorant reviewers — he feels that he can fall back with safety on the broad bosom of popular incredulity; and so he wheels his machine-gun about by the right flank, and proceeds to pour shot and shell into a question which is not at all in issue in this controversy; because even a Shakespearean must have wit enough to perceive that the alleged cipher discovery may be a fraud or a delusion, and yet Francis Bacon may have written the plays. The authorship does not depend on the cipher, although the cipher, if proved, settles the authorship.

His point is that the first folio disproves the Baconian parentage because it is abominably printed and full of typographical errors. But is this conclusion inevitable?

Suppose Bacon wrote the plays, and that there is no cipher in them; suppose he threw them from him as “trifles”; used them to eke out his small income by dividing the profits with the play-actor, Shakespeare, and thought no more about them, and cared nothing for them; and suppose they were gathered up from the actor's hands, with all their imperfections on their heads, and so jumbled together and printed by Heminge and Condell. In this view of the case, Professor Rolfe's point is no point at all — the point is knocked off his point. For the typographical errors are in that case as consistent with the authorship of Bacon as with the authorship of Shakespeare; in fact, more so, for the play-actor-editors, Heminge and Condell, assure us that this wretchedly

imperfect folio (according to Professor Rolfe) was actually printed from Shakespeare's original copies, "absolute in their numbers as he conceived them," and so plainly and perfectly written as to be without blot or blemish. How, then, could the folios have been printed from the dog-eared "actors' copies," with the actors' names substituted for the names of the characters in the plays, if the book was printed from Shakespeare's original manuscripts, unless Heminge and Condell told a falsehood? And if they did upon so important a point as this, why should we believe them upon any other matter? If they did not have Shakespeare's original, unblotted copies when they said they had them, what reason have we to believe them when they say the plays were written by Shakespeare? "False in one thing, false in all."

So we perceive that, setting aside the question of a cipher, the typographical errors of the first folio do not disprove Bacon's authorship of the plays; but they completely overthrow the veracity and credibility of Heminge and Condell, on whom the Shakespeare authorship mainly rests.

XV. THE CIPHER.

Then we come to Professor Rolfe's contention, that these typographical errors of the folio disprove the existence of a cipher in the plays.

On the other hand, I claim they prove it. A complex cipher of words, depending on the arithmetical paging of the folio, and running through every column and every paragraph of it, would necessitate more or less distortion and displacement of the text. The external narrative would have to be adjusted to the internal, and the internal to the external. If in the counting there was a word too many, what more natural than to drop an "and" or a "the"? And hence we find ("1 Henry IV." v. 3):—

"This earth that bears *the* dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."

The "the" should be "thee." Does Professor Rolfe pretend that Shakespeare did not know the difference between the two words, and that this is accurately printed from his original copy? But if the cipher story required a "the" there instead of a "thee," Bacon inserted it, and probably chuckled to think that it would mislead some foolish people into believing that the author was an ignorant play-actor, or that the books had been hurriedly and carelessly printed.

But the critics do not all take the view of this great work held by Professor Rolfe. Collier says of the folio:—

"As a specimen of typography, it is on the whole remarkably accurate; and so desirous were the editors and printers of correctness, that

they introduced changes for the better even while the sheets were in progress through the press."

One has only to examine the punctuation of the folio to see that the proof had been carefully read; and where we find the proof-reader correcting certain minute errors and leaving other flagrant ones unchanged, we may reasonably conclude that there was some reason for it. And where (as Professor Rolfe points out) *Jack Wilson* was substituted for *Balthazar*, *Kemp* nine times printed for *Dogberry*, *Cowley* twice inserted in place of *Verges*, and *Sinklo* taking the place of other characters, — these men being all play-actors, — and these gross errors were not corrected by the printers when they stopped the press to make other more insignificant alterations, is it unreasonable to suppose that there is a cipher-narrative in the plays in which these men were mentioned? Professor Rolfe explains their presence in this way: that the folio was printed from actors' copies, where the names of the actors were given instead of the names of the *dramatis personæ*. But this does not explain other peculiarities. For instance, in "1 Henry IV." i. 2, we read: —

"I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaffe, Harvey, Rossill, and Gads-hill shall rob those men that we have already way-layde," etc.

Here the names "*Harvey*" and "*Rossill*" are substituted for *Bardolfe* and *Peto*. There is no *Harvey* or *Russell* in the list of actors which prefaces the folio; nor have I ever read of any actors of those names in that era. Indeed, Russell and Harvey are aristocratic names, while the players were usually taken from the humbler walks of society. And men of the names of *Russell* and *Harvey* were mixed up in the life of Francis Bacon — the noble family of Russells were his cousins; and Sir William Russell was Lord Deputy in Ireland at the time the play of "1 Henry IV." was printed. On the other hand, William Harvey was subsequently the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and another Harvey was, I think, one of Bacon's creditors.

Moreover, I am prepared to prove that the names of nearly all the players given in that list in the first folio, reappear most ingeniously in the plays, showing that Bacon's relations to the actors were very close and continuous; and that where the names of "*Wilson*," "*Kemp*," "*Cowley*," and "*Sinklo*" are forced into the text, it was not accidentally, but because they were referred to in the internal narrative, the cipher.

XVI. "THE CIPHER EXPLODED."

And my courteous commentator, Professor Rolfe, winds up his article by a kick at the cipher as he walks off the stage. He says, "It was long since exploded."

Let us see.

I wrote and published in the *North American Review* — I think it was in December, 1890 — an article in which I showed the existence of the following extraordinary facts: —

1. There are on three consecutive pages of the folio of 1623, to wit, pages 53, 54, and 55, of "1 Henry IV." scattered through the text, without any apparent connection with each other, the words, — *Francis — Bacon — Sir — Nicholas — Bacon's — son*. I have repeatedly challenged the whole world to show another book in all literature in which on any three consecutive pages, or any ten or twenty or one hundred consecutive pages, the same words and all of the same words can be found; and no one has as yet produced any such book.

2. I showed in *The Great Cryptogram* that the cipher-numbers which told the internal story were obtained by multiplying the number of the pages of the first folio by the number of bracketed or italicized words on the first column of that particular page.

3. On the first column of page 53 there are seven italicized words; and on the first column of page 54 there are twelve italicized words. If we multiply 53 by 7 it gives us 371; and 54 multiplied by 12 gives us 648; and these two numbers, 371 and 648, are cipher-numbers, which reveal a narrative of thousands of words, much of which I have worked out.

4. It is at this particular place, on these three pages, that Bacon makes known definitely who he is, in that internal narrative, and identifies himself as the son of the great Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, under Elizabeth, and one of the most illustrious wits, orators, and statesmen of his age.

5. There are, on these three pages, thirteen breaks in the text of the play, caused by the stage directions, such as "Enter Falstaffe," "They whistle," etc., and by the sub-division of the act into scenes, and there are six columns on the three pages.

6. If we take that cipher-number, 371, and count from the beginnings or ends of a few of the scenes or stage directions, thirteen in all, or the tops and bottoms of said six columns, we find that the words, — *Francis — Bacon — Sir — Nicholas — Bacon's — son*, are each and every one of them the 371st word from one of those points of departure.

7. If, now, we take the other cipher number, 648, and count in the same way from a part of those points of departure, we will find that each of those words, — *Francis — Bacon — Sir — Nicholas — Bacon's — son*, is also the 648th word from one of those points of departure.

To appreciate this, let us consider "the law of chances" or "the doctrine of probabilities."

If we found in any written or printed matter that the tenth

word was "*our*," the twentieth word "*Father*," the thirtieth word "*who*," the fortieth word "*art*," the fiftieth word "*in*," the sixtieth word "*heaven*," the seventieth word "*hallowed*," the eightieth word "*be*," the ninetieth word "*thy*," and the hundredth word "*name*," there would be ten billion chances against one that those words could have come there, in that order, by accident. The reader can make the calculation for himself. There are ten chances against one that the tenth word will be "*our*"; and there are ten times ten chances against one that the twentieth word will be "*Father*," and so forth. Hence we have the result: $1 \times 10 = 10$; $10 \times 10 = 100$; $100 \times 10 = 1,000$; $1,000 \times 10 = 10,000$; $10,000 \times 10 = 100,000$; $100,000 \times 10 = 1,000,000$; $1,000,000 \times 10 = 10,000,000$; $10,000,000 \times 10 = 100,000,000$; $100,000,000 \times 10 = 1,000,000,000$; $1,000,000,000 \times 10 = 10,000,000,000$ — ten thousand millions, or, as we say in this country, ten billions. In *The Great Cryptogram* I worked out a narrative of about a thousand words, every one of which came from one root-number and were found in half-a-dozen pages.

Now let us apply the above rule to the words, — *Francis* — *Bacon* — *Sir* — *Nicholas* — *Bacon's* — *son*. There was only one chance out of 371 that the 371st word would be *Francis*; only one chance out of 371 times 371 that the word *Bacon* would also be the 371st word from one of those thirteen points of departure. And so on. Let the reader make the calculation, and he will find that there is but one chance against *two hundred and fifty-nine trillions* that those five words could so come out, in the text, each one the 371st word. But if we continue the calculation through the repetition of the same five words, by the root-number 648, multiplying the 259,000,000,000,000 by 648, and carrying it through five multiplications, we reach numbers for which there are no words in our language, or perhaps in any human speech. Hence it may be said that it is an absolute impossibility that those words should so appear in that text by accident. Hence it follows that there is a cipher in that so-called Shakespeare play, in which the names of Francis Bacon and his father are twice mentioned.*

* And now I come to that which induces me to refer to this matter in answer to the sweeping statement of Professor Rolfe that the "cipher was exploded long ago."

When I sent the article containing this surprising revelation to the *North American Review*, I requested the editor to place the manuscript in the hands of some person in whom he had confidence, and ask him to count the words of the text and report to him whether those words held the arithmetical relations to the language of the play and to each other which I claimed they did. He wrote back that he had submitted the article to Professor W. J. Rolfe, and that Professor Rolfe had reported to him that my statements were correct; but that Professor Rolfe would reply to my article in the next number of the *North American Review*.

I looked for the reply with great curiosity. I could not see how he could reply to it. If he admitted the correctness of my statements then he must, it seemed to me, admit, as a reasonable human being, that such results could not have come about by chance; and if he admitted that much, then he must further admit that there was a cipher in the plays. What was my astonishment, when Professor Rolfe's article appeared, to find in it not a single reference to the facts he was to reply to, not a single attempt to

THE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

But I would briefly refer to the argument that the translation of some of the Psalms into English verse, made by Bacon shortly before his death, proves conclusively that he had not the poetical capacity to write the Shakespeare plays.

In answer to this I would say, that that translation is below the standard of Bacon's genius as revealed in his acknowledged prose works. To prove this, let one read the expressions of opinion I have quoted in this article from Macaulay, Burke, Taine, and others, as to the sweep and vastness of his imagination, his poetical power, his wit, the dignity and grandeur of his style, and compare it with the doggerel in some of those Psalms. There is as great a distance between Bacon's higher prose and these translations as there is between Lear and Hamlet and the verses attributed by tradition to the play-actor, Shakespeare:—

“Ten in a hundred lies here ingraved,
Tis a hundred and ten his soul is not saved.
If any man asks who lies in this tomb,
‘Ho ! Ho !’ says the devil, ‘tis my John-a-Coombe.”

deny or explain them away; but, instead, a lot of arguments, similar to the weak sisterhood of sophistries which I have replied to in this article, about the typographical inaccuracies of the first folio proving conclusively that Francis Bacon did not write the plays! It was as if I had led the professor up to witness a dynamite explosion, and, while the air was still black with flying rocks and the earth torn into great cavities, the professor should pick up a fragment of the bomb-shell and proceed to learnedly demonstrate that they did not make as good tin in Nebraska as in Wales, without the slightest reference to the astonishing spectacle he had just witnessed. For the professor knows very well that if it is conceded that there is a cipher in the Shakespeare plays, dependent upon the paging of a volume printed seven years after Shakespeare's death, and presupposing the most exquisitely careful proof-reading, which could not have been done by the dead Stratfordian, that the whole Heminge and Condell introduction, and with it the whole Shakespearean claim of authorship, falls to the ground.

And Professor Rolfe knows very well that in the second folio edition of the plays, published in 1632, and the third, printed in 1664, every page repeats the precise arrangement of words of the corresponding page of the 1623 folio; each one begins and ends with the same words, and contains the same number of words; each one repeats all the blunders of the first folio, even to the omission and repetition of words, the incorrect pagination, and the extraordinary bracketing and hyphenating of the text; so that we have in the seventeenth century, nearly two hundred years before stereotyping was invented, a literal and exact copy of the first folio, made forty-one years after it was first printed and forty-eight years after the death of Shakespeare; printed from different type, but repeating, with minute accuracy, the very mistakes which Professor Rolfe says render it impossible that Bacon supervised the first edition! And the proof is conclusive that all this was done under instructions; for when the printers of one of these editions came to reprint page 79 of “2 Henry IV.” of the first folio, it was so crowded that they could not get all the six hundred and odd words upon the page, but carried a line or two over to the next page, where there was plenty of room; but before they got to the end of that column they had readjusted their work, so that it ended with the same words (“loosely studied”) which end the corresponding column in the 1623 folio! Now no reasonable man can doubt that this strange *fac-simile* work must have been enforced by some person or society, and that there must have been some reason for it; and what more natural than that some person or persons knew that there was a cipher in the 1623 folio, which depended on the numbering of the pages, the number of words on each column, and all the strange peculiarities of bracketing and hyphenation which so distinguish and disfigure the original text.

Lack of space prevents me from dwelling upon some of the other points presented by Professor Rolfe, but I may return to the subject at some future time; for surely THE ARENA cannot better employ its space than in the discussion of the authorship of the greatest works extant in the world.

Or that other beautiful production :—

Goliah comes with sword and spear,
And David with a sling ;
Although Goliah rage and roar,
Down David does him bring."

Shakespeare's title to these noble conceptions rests on the same basis as his claim to the plays,—tradition, and the consensus of opinion of his contemporaries,—for no man is recorded as testifying that he ever saw Shakespeare write a line of the plays; nor did the Stratford man ever put forth any claim to them in his will or otherwise. If the "doggerel" in the Psalms precludes the Baconian authorship, the "doggerel" in the epitaphs written by Shakespeare for his friends and neighbors precludes the Stratford authorship; for they are a million times more rude, ignorant, barbarous, and stupid than anything found in the Psalms. But if a great man and scholar puts forth bare and barren poetical compositions far below the recognized level of his achievements in prose, may we not surmise that this mental emasculation was part of a general scheme to mislead and deceive his own generation, which had "wronged him by bruits" that he was the real author of the plays? The fact that the second and third folios were precise reproductions, in *fac simile*, forty years after Bacon's death, of the first shows that some persons, whether you call them a society (Rosicrucian or otherwise) or not, must have been in existence who knew there was a cipher in the plays, who knew it depended upon the paging and typographical arrangements of the first folio; who believed that the cipher would some day be revealed; and who desired to perpetrate the proof of it by printing many additional copies, preserving the particulars of form on which it depended, lest the devouring maw of time should utterly swallow up the first folio. But

"No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day;
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting."

PART II. CLOSING ARGUMENTS FOR THE DEFENCE.

BY FELIX E. SCHELLING, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The case before us is an action in ejectment brought by certain counsel, purporting to represent one Francis Bacon, an able, unscrupulous, and dishonest lawyer of the reign of Elizabeth, against one William Shakespeare, actor, playwright, and part

owner in certain London theatres, for all that part and parcel of the Elizabethan drama embraced in some thirty-seven plays, more or less, commonly known as "The Works of Shakespeare," handed down as such in perpetuity of enjoyment to his heirs throughout the civilized world. The said Francis Bacon is acknowledged to have made no such claim in his life, and it may be suspected that the counsel for the plaintiff has been retained much after the manner of that illustrious luminary of the law, Sergeant Buzfuz.

The burden of proof lies solely with the plaintiff, who has sought by his affirmations to disturb rights and conditions long universally recognized; and hence the rebuttal of his evidence is alone sufficient to throw him out of court. The defendant has courteously waived all bars of action, and is generously content to let the case go to the jury upon such merits as they may determine it to possess.

But before taking another step, we must repudiate Mr. Reed as of counsel for the defence, and demur to the disingenuous nature of several points in his so-called "Brief for the Defendant." This "counsel for the defence," referring to the universal repute of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays, tells us that "fortunately . . . we are not altogether limited to negative testimony. Three of Shakespeare's personal friends are ready to take the witness stand in his behalf" (p. 694). Nay, he is even so generous as to summons "the whole population of Stratford *en masse*" (p. 696); why not the whole population of London, does not appear, although what Shakespeare's neighbors at Stratford knew about the authorship of the plays that his neighbors in London didn't know, only a Baconian could surmise.

Now before the publication of the folio of 1623, besides numerous allusions, anonymous and others, such as Heywood's or Thorpe's, Shakespeare is mentioned as an author by Harvey, Richard Carew, Meres, Barnfield, Manningham, and Camden; and praised by Chettel, Weever, (I should like to believe) Spenser, John Davies of Hereford, Barkstead, Webster, Freeman, and Basse, all or any of whom might have been cited to prove this point. As "counsel for the defence," Mr. Reed thinks that actors were held in low repute (see pp. 693 and 702, and Dr. Furnivall's denial, p. 448); as counsel for the plaintiff, he affirms that Shakespeare and Bacon had the same friends (p. 556). Surely things are somewhat mixed. Retransmuted into "counsel for the defendant," Mr. Reed insinuates that the plays were originally published anonymously, falls into that ancient trap of the Baconians, the hyphen of the "Shak-speare" of the title of the folio, nudges the old Shakespearean critics in the ribs about their mistake as to *Vortigern*, and finally sets up a row of objections, which

he answers feebly, drawing his conclusion for the defendant with enormous show of candor. Now it is proverbial that we lawyers *do* do something or other on both sides, but assuredly not often in the same case. It may be affirmed with confidence that neither the defendant, William Shakespeare, nor any of his heirs, until lately in the undisturbed enjoyment of their priceless heritage, could dream of retaining as counsel one who, peradventure, might stumble in the nice distinction between a hawk and a handsaw.

The briefs for the plaintiff exhibit three kinds of "proofs": First, statements, true, but wholly irrelevant; second, assumptions, wholly false; third, arguments, based on fact, but false in inference. Of the first class is the statement that both Shakespeare and Bacon were fond of flowers (p. 278), from which only a Baconian could draw any inference. Of the second are Shakespeare's classical learning, his degradation "in the qualitie he professes," Bacon's idleness of twenty years in the midst of an exacting political and professional career, during which time, as he must have been doing something, he was probably writing these plays. The third class, if not the largest, is that wherein the Baconian hydra performs its most extraordinary contortions. The chief instances are noticed below.

The briefs of the defendant are then three: Dr. Nicholson, who joins issue wherever issue is possible, and deals refutation *seriatim* and complete; Professor Rolfe, who supports Dr. Nicholson with corroborative evidence, and adds a flank movement upon the unguarded Baconian wing; Dr. Furnivall, who supports both defence and new attack, and at full gallop pursues the disconcerted and retreating foe.

In section 1 the plaintiff claims that the author of these plays was a linguist, a man possessed of an intimate knowledge of ancient and modern literature, a jurist and a philosopher (pp. 189-192). It will be noticed that these "notes" apply almost equally well to Bacon, Camden, or Selden, the three most scholarly contemporaries of Shakespeare; that they involve qualities the result of education, not so much of innate character; and that as generic characteristics they are wholly inapplicable to every dramatist of the age from Lily to Shirley, with possible exceptions in the cases of Chapman and Jonson. Dr. Furnivall has given us other "notes." "The writer of Shakespeare's works," he says, "had the highest dramatic power, the highest poetic power, the greatest gifts of characterization and humor, a charming fancy, a romantic, unselfish nature, a wonderful insight into women, and a strong love of them." Now these words point to inherent character, to nature, not to environment; and "not one of these qualities did Francis Bacon possess." (*Ibid.*) But to

return to the allegations. The author of these plays has not been considered a learned man by any but Baconians since the days of Dr. Johnson. "The education of the writer of the plays," says Professor Rolfe, "must have been some such as Shakespeare's. The education and training of Bacon was impossible to produce such a result" (pp. 175-177, and see 449). "The writer of the plays was no amateur, but an accomplished master of stagecraft." Could Selden or Camden, whose educations were analogous to that of Bacon, have written plays of a like general character? Certainly not. Could Marlowe, Heywood, or Webster, whose educations were analogous to that of Shakespeare, have written plays of a like general character? They assuredly did. The plays of the scholar smack of conscious effort, as witness Ben Jonson. The plays of Shakespeare, like those of Marlowe, Heywood, and Webster, are redolent with the life of the stage, its glory, its power, its coarseness, its personal allusions, its national spirit, and the fulness thereof. Hence we may infer that innate character and environment, the two prime factors in literary, as in other evolution, make for the Shakespearean authorship of the plays and absolutely against Bacon's.

In section 2 we have the plaintiff's distorted picture of Shakespeare, constructed with a wanton disregard of fact which makes it difficult to be patient. We agree that the "Shakespeare" of this section could scarcely have written so much as Mr. Reed's arguments; but we earnestly submit that the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, from even the meagre data at hand, reveals a personality utterly at variance with the caricature. In short, these data reveal precisely the man of all men who is the most likely to have written these very plays.

Against section 3 of the plaintiff's brief, Dr. Nicholson brings the phalanx of his defence, closing on every issue of fact. Of the score of "points" of the plaintiff, Dr. Nicholson dismisses as irrelevant: first, the learning of Bacon, and second, the eminence of his family; third, the suggestion that Bacon, if he wrote the plays, might have had a possible reason for concealing his authorship; and fourth, the absurd, "Bacon loved flowers; Shakespeare loved flowers, *ergo* [rather *argal*], Bacon wrote Shakespeare." Dr. Nicholson shows that the frequent mention of St. Albans and York Place in the historical plays is due to their place as a part of history, and that there is nothing Baconian about it. He also rebuts the gratuitous statement that Shakespeare does not mention Stratford and the Avon (17), and is supported in this by Professor Rolfe with an overwhelming array of local names contained in the plays (see p. 279). Dr. Nicholson trips a Baconese translation of *nescio quid* in a manner somewhat to disconcert our implicit trust in these judges of the latinity of Shakespeare

and Bacon, shows that Ben Jonson cannot be proved to have been "Bacon's private secretary," and shows up the midsummer madness that contorts Jonson's lines on Shakespeare's portrait into a lampoon (p. 19). Other assumptions of the plaintiff proved to be without a shadow of evidence are these: that Shakespeare was a *nom de plume* with the dramatic wits of the time (17), that Shakespeare was "ready to adopt any child of the drama laid upon his door steps," that Heminge and Condell could not have written their preface to the folio (point 19), that "Henry VIII." and "Timon" bear upon them marks of the personal history of Bacon (20), etc. Nor is Dr. Nicholson's refutation of the Baconian inference less complete. Sir Tobie Matthew's letter (4) is shown to be inapplicable to the case in point from a Baconian inadvertency as to date: "the deadly parallel" unfortunately proves too much, as by it Robert Greene may possibly have written some of the works of Bacon (p. 14). Other inferences squarely met and absolutely refuted are the allusion to "concealed poets" and the interpretation of the phrase "mine own tales" and the story of the Northumberland House box and its contents, which, told without suppression or distortion, amounts, Baconically speaking, to naught.

Dr. Furnivall, too, does yeoman's service in the *mêlée*, showing up the absurdity of calling Bacon's "Apothegms" "the world's most famous jest-book" (p. 443), disproving Bacon's alleged dramatic power (444), and pointing out that Shakespeare's omission to write a play on the subject, "Henry VII.," proved his tact in rejecting material inferior for dramatic treatment; displaying how Shakespeare, paraphrasing Plutarch, makes gold of mere dross, and how Bacon, paraphrasing the Psalmist, makes dross of pure gold. I shall beg to differ with Professor Rolfe. We have in the Baconian vagary no such dignified reptile as the hundred-headed Lernaean hydra. We have here nothing but a squirming, scampering, many-legged thing now, with not one of its fifth part of a hundred slender supports left to run away on. All are hopelessly curled and shrivelled at the touch of the flame of fact.

We have thus descended into the dust, taken the level but not the methods of our assailant, and, giving up the lance and knightly sword of scholarly criticism, beat him at twenty points in his own play at cudgels. Here is the tale: four points irrelevant; seven points with their bifurcations, false in assumption; nine points with their ramifications, false in inference.

But I leave the consideration of this general repulse of the plaintiff's attack, to note the flank movement of the forces of the defendants, now plumed and panoplied in glittering arms. With

his admirable distinction between intentional and artistic anachronism, Professor Rolfe beats down the last vestige of the alleged erudition of the Shakespearean plays; whilst his proof that the biographical allusions of the sonnets are incompatible with the circumstances of the life of Bacon, his contrast of the scholar's and the playwright's use of historical material, and his apt and original arguments, by which the peculiarities and imperfections of the folio of 1623 are accounted for on the basis of Shakespeare's authorship of the plays, and shown to be wholly inapplicable to the assumption of revision and addition by Bacon (pp. 178-180), ought to be enough to convince even a Baconian.

Here, gentlemen of the jury, is the plaintiff's case: unfounded in fact, unsupported by a solitary scrap of creditable evidence; based upon wild or ignorant assumption, proceeding by false inference and illogical argument; supported with subterfuge, disingenuousness, and contortion of fact. We have before us a series of dramas, peculiar in their intimate knowledge of the stage, and in their adaptation to its ends; exhibiting those defects in unessentials, those slips in accuracy as to small matters, which are impossible to trained scholarship, but displaying in their chronology a growth in power, an expansion in range and grasp, precisely such as would infallibly result from an education of self, carried on with the deliberate purpose of writing plays of this class. We have, moreover, before us a series of dramas marking the height of the romantic spirit in the most romantic of ages, ranging from the coarse ribaldry of Falstaff or Sir Toby Belch, to the purest conceptions of ideal womanhood, the most delicate play of fancy, and the noblest flights of imagination; running the gamut of human passion and emotion in all its thousand vibratory strings, and governed by an all-embracing charity and love of man in his folly and his crime, as in his strength and his triumph.

We accept the opening challenge of the plaintiff: "Of improbabilities, as of evils, choose the least." We have then

ON THE ONE HAND A MAN:

By nature, cool, calculating, unscrupulous, difficult of approach, speculative, unpoetical, witty, but neither humorous nor sympathetic.

By education, a courtier, a lawyer, and a scholar bred in the schools; imbibing the classical spirit from books, and distrustful of his mother-tongue; displaying himself at all points the trained and practiced politician, the speculative and constructive philosopher. Acquainted intimately, apparently, with Jonson alone of the playwrights of the day. Slow in his work and indefatigable in revision.

ON THE OTHER A MAN:

By nature, warm hearted, imprudent in youth, "upright in dealing" (*Chettel*), "of an open and free nature" (*Jonson*), famed for his wealth of humor, his "gentle" and kindly sympathy.

By education, an actor, "excellent in the qualitie he professes" (*Chettel*), a country lad, bred in one of the loveliest counties of England, imbibing the romantic spirit of his age from man and nature, acquainted with perhaps his mother-tongue alone; schooled by Peele and Marlowe, the intimate of Jonson and Fletcher, the friend of Essex and Southampton. Facile and ready in writing, "never blotting out a line."

ON THE ONE HAND A MAN:

In his life, scheming as to marriage, untrue to his friend, corrupt in his profession, subservient in the dedication of his works to princes (see *dedication to the "Advancement of Learning"*).

ON THE OTHER A MAN:

In his life, marrying imprudently for love, inspiring his friends with all but idolatry (*Jonson*), "his demeanor no less civil than he is excellent," etc. (*Chettel*), self-respecting in his dedications to patrons (see *dedication to "Venus and Adonis"* or "*Lucrece*").

The history of English literature discloses no man, of the general characteristics and training of Bacon, who has written a play comparable to the least of Shakespeare's. The history of Elizabethan literature discloses several men of origin and education similar to those of Shakespeare who have written immortal dramas. To attribute the Shakespearean plays to Bacon is to believe that one man has done what is distinctly at variance with his characteristics of mind and training, and that a second man has not done precisely that to which his nature and the circumstances of his life must indubitably have led him. To attribute the Shakespearean plays to Bacon, in words already quoted by Professor Rolfe, is to seek to prove one absurdity on the assumption of two miracles.

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

DEAR God, how good to let me see
The face of "*Love in Heaven*" once more !
The face that waits to welcome me
On that torch-lighted shore,
When Life is growing dark enough
To kindle beacon-fires of love !

A new life quivers through me, quick
With longing never felt before :
But the old mortal life grows sick,
And ailing to the core ;
As if 'twere sloughing off the earth,
In pangs that give the new life birth.

Ay me ! the momentary gain
Was followed by abiding loss !
Bewildered Memory strives in vain
To know the Vision was—
That left no likeness ; and that I
Know naught on earth to know it by !

Last night unveiled its perfect Star,
For one immortal moment seen ;
To-day the Vision fades afar
As it had never been !
And yet the glory came to bless
With added sense of preciousness.

She would have had me share her calm,
But thrilled me with divine desire ;
She would have brought me cooling balm,
But filled my soul with fire !

And, O! Her sweetness almost slew
Me, as it pierced me through and through!

Eager as Lightning was her glance;
And lo! by light of day I find
My spirit must have fallen in trance,
With that great splendor blind;
Her vanished face I shall not see
Until she comes to waken me!

O! sighing soul, we must be still,
Nor let sad breath the mirror dim,
Lest she descend once more to fill
My being to the brim;
When 'tis again divinely given
To see the face of "*Love in Heaven.*"

PRESENT DAY TENDENCIES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

ROOM FOR THE SOUL OF MAN.

SOME poets insist that art must not be made the servant of utility. They tell us that poetry, when it descends to plead for the oppressed, the poor, and the miserable, becomes intolerable — mark the word “descends.” Art for art’s sake, and above all, poetry for art alone; such is their creed. Some of these singers dwell in the shadows of Niobe, chanting sad, sweet strains; others flit in joy-lit, love-laden sunbeams, making the heart glad, as swallow-like they skim the surface of human emotion. Others there are with profounder genius, who sound the depths of the soul and stir our inmost being. Still all unite in the clamor of art for art’s sake. Why should the muse soil her robes with the mud of the slums? Why should the music in her voice carry the heart cry of the starving? Why should the fate of the girl struggling for virtue in the face of starvation, or the man striving for work that his loved ones may not die, concern her? Is she not patrician? Is not her votive shrine unsullied marble? Ah, they tell us that when art descends — mark the word — to the commonplace details of life, poetry takes wings. These champions of art for art’s sake, sneer at the prophet poets, whose trumpet tones arouse the sleeping conscience. They scorn the poets of the people, who voice living wrongs, and who unmask injustice endured by the poor. “Sing if you will,” they say, “of the wrongs of other ages — the horrors of classic Greece, the shame of ancient Rome; this is legitimate. But do not draggle the stainless robe of poetry in the mud of the present-day misery.” This contention is not new. It is the old cry of the *dilettante* against the utilitarian. It is an echo of the vanished past, which conservatism treasures as a melody divine. It is the cry of a waning power. After the gladiator’s brawn came the supremacy of brain. Now room for the soul. Art must be rescued from the bondage of ages brutalized by the supremacy of selfishness. As long as there remains a starving soul, brain, or body, as long as there remains a tear undried or a wrong unrighted, the highest mission of poetry and song will be in the domain of utility. Victor Hugo, the peerless poet prophet of the nineteenth century, has

perhaps better than any one else defended art from her traducers in these thought-freighted words:—

Be of some service. Do not be fastidious when so much depends on being efficient and good. Art for art's sake may be very fine, but art for progress is finer still. To dream of castles in Spain is well; to dream of Utopia is better. Ah! you must think? Then think of making man better.

But critics protest: To undertake the cure of social evils, to amend the codes, to impeach law in the court of right, to utter those hideous words, "penitentiary," "convict-keeper," "galley-slave," "girl of the town"; to inspect the police registers, to conduct the business of dispensaries, to study the questions of wages and want of work, to taste the black bread of the poor, to seek labor for the working woman, to confront fashionable idleness with ragged sloth, to throw down the partition of ignorance, to open schools, to teach little ones how to read; to attack shame, infamy, error, vice, crime, want of conscience; to preach the multiplication of spelling books, to proclaim the equal right to sunlight, to improve the food of intellects and hearts, to give meat and drink, to demand solutions for problems, and shoes for naked feet,—these things are not the business of the azure. Art is the azure. Yes, art is the azure—but the azure from above, whence falls the ray which swells the wheat, yellows the maize, rounds the apple, gilds the orange, sweetens the grape. Again, I say, a further service is an added beauty. At all events, where is the diminution? To ripen the beet-root, to water the potato, to increase the yield of lucern, of clover, or of hay; to be a fellow-workman with the plowman, the vine-dresser, and the gardener,—this does not deprive the heavens of one star. Ah! immensity does not despise utility.

Yet people insist that to compose social poetry, human poetry, popular poetry, to grumble against the evil and laud the good, to be the spokesman of public wrath, to insult despots, to make knaves despair, to emancipate man before he is of age, to push souls forward and darkness backward, to know that there are thieves and tyrants, to clean penal cells, to flush the sewer of public uncleanness,—shall Polyhymnia bare her arm to these sordid tasks? Why not?

Many of our poets, especially those dear to the hearts of the people, have realized that the supreme mission of art was to be the handmaid of justice, progress, and liberty. Whittier appreciated this. His heart burned with that ethical fire which sends lightning coursing through the veins of peaceful people when occasion demands. On the altar of utility he placed much of his noblest work. Lowell in his earlier days, before the plaudits of the *dilettante* and the enervating spell of conventionalism tamed the fervid zeal of a nature naturally in alignment with the highest impulses of justice and freedom, gave us verses which will be an inspiration for generations to come. Gerald Massey, perhaps more than any other of the people's poets of England which this generation has produced, apprehended the true mission of song; and William Morris, in his latest poems, shows that the *dilettante* poet of yesterday has been touched by the higher truth. The popular poet of to-morrow will be a soul-awakened man. The cry of the oppressed for justice, the voice of ignorance pleading for

light, the muffled sob of man-made misery, will be ever surging in his ear; compelling him to lay his soul's best gift on the altar of utility.

The age of brawn failed to give man peace and happiness. The age of intellectual supremacy has likewise failed to satisfy the craving of the human soul. The next step will be into the broad domain of ethics, where justice, freedom, and fraternity will be taken in their broadest significance; where the horizon will not be limited by prejudice nor fettered by ancient thought; where the chains of dogma will fall from the shackled mind, and the broad spirit of love will pervade all society. In the ushering in of this new order, we must summon all that makes for beauty, nobility, and unfoldment, in art, music, and song. They must be rallied under the banner of utilitarianism. The highest voicings of the soul must permeate every recess of the brain of the morrow. The ideal enunciated by Jesus, the sublime truths which haunted the brain of the ancient Stoics of Greece and Rome, the vision which was ever with Confucius, the lofty craving of Gautama, and the evangel sung by the noblest singers of the nineteenth century, must be realized — the soul must blossom with the brain. I repeat, in the service of the higher civilization, now persistently forcing itself upon the conscience of millions of thoughtful people, all lives imbued with the thought of the age, all brains made luminous with love, must place their chaplets on the altar of utility. The poet and the singer must touch the heart of the people. The orator, the minister, and the essayist of the new time must sink self, sink the dogmatism of the bloody past, sink the prejudice and bigotry of the night of the ages, and, facing the dawn with spirit brave, fearless, and loving, demand justice for all men. The philosopher and the philanthropist must also allow their vision to extend. The present demands palliative measures. Do not despise them, O philosopher; commend, aid, and assist all work for the amelioration of human misery, pointing out, however, that they are, in the nature of things, only temporary. Great fundamental economic changes must be brought about, O philanthropist; and the sooner you realize this, the better for the generation of to-day, and the generations yet unborn. You cannot cure the patient by palliatives. Injustice is at the root of the disease. Therefore, while pushing forward thy noble labor for palliation, strike hands with the philosopher in this new crusade, and let all who love humanity swell the anthem of progress.

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